

# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVI.

MAY, 1883.

No. 1.

## FATHER JUNIPERO AND HIS WORK.

A SKETCH OF THE FOUNDATION, PROSPERITY, AND RUIN OF THE FRANCISCAN MISSIONS IN CALIFORNIA. I.

AMONG the treasures of the Franciscan College in Santa Barbara, California, is an old daguerreotype, taken from a portrait painted more than a hundred years ago at the College of San Fernando, in Mexico. The face is one, once seen, never to be forgotten; full of spirituality, tenderness, and unutterable pathos; the mouth and chin so delicately sensitive that one marvels how such a soul could have been capable of heroic endurance of hardship; the forehead and eyes strong, radiant with quenchless purpose, but filled with that solemn, yearning, almost superhuman sadness, which has been in all time the sign and seal on the faces of men born to die for the sake of their fellows. It is the face of Father Junipero Serra, the first founder of Franciscan Missions in South California.

Studying the lineaments of this countenance, one recalls the earliest authentic portrait of Saint Francis, the one painted by Pijano, which hangs in the sacristy of the Assisi Church. There seems a notable likeness between the two faces; the small and delicate features, the broad forehead, and the expression of great gentleness are the same in both. But the saint had a joyousness which his illustrious follower never knew. The gayety of the troubadour melodies which Francis had sung all through his youth never left his soul. Serra's first songs, and only, were the solemn chants of the Church; his first lessons in a convent, his earliest desire to become a priest.

He was born of lowly people, in the island of Majorca, and while he was yet a little child, sang as chorister in the Convent of San Bernardino. He was but sixteen when

he entered the Franciscan order, and before he was eighteen he had taken the final vows. This was in the year 1730. On becoming a monk, his baptismal name, Michael Joseph, he laid aside, and took the name of Junipero, after that quaintest and drollest of all Saint Francis's early companions; him of whom the saint jocosely said, "Would that I had a whole forest of such Junipers."

It is recorded that during the months when Saint Francis went up and down the streets of Assisi, carrying in his delicate, unused hands the stones for rebuilding the St. Damiano Chapel, he was continually singing psalms, breaking forth into ejaculations of gratitude, his face beaming as that of one who saw visions of unspeakable delight.

How much of the spirit or instinct of prophecy there might have been in his exultant joy, only he himself knew; but it would have been strange if there had not been vouchsafed to him at least a partial revelation of the splendid results which must of necessity follow the carrying out in the world of the divine impulses which had blazed up in his soul like a fire.

As Columbus, from the trend of imperfectly known shores and tides, from the mysterious indications of vague, untracked wilds, could deduce the glorious certainty of hitherto undreamed continents of westward land, so might the ardent spiritual discoverer see with inextinguishable faith the hitherto undreamed heights which must be surely reached and won by the path he pointed out. It is certain that very early in his career Francis had the purpose of founding an order, whose members, being utterly unselfish in life,

should be fit heralds of God and mighty helpers of men. The absoluteness of self-renunciation which he inculcated and demanded startled even the thirteenth century's standard of religious devotion. Cardinals and Pope alike doubted its being within the pale of human possibility; and it was not until after much entreaty that the Church gave its sanction to the "Seraphic Saint's" band of "Fratres Minores," and the organized work of the Franciscan Order began. That was in 1208. From then until now the Franciscans have been, in the literal sense of the word, helpers of men.

Others of the orders in the Catholic Church have won more distinction, in the way of learning, political power, marvelous suffering of penances and deprivation; but the record of the Franciscans is in the main a record of lives and work, like the life and work of their founder; of whom a Protestant biographer has written:

"So far as can be made out, he thought little of himself, even of his own soul to be saved, all his life. The trouble has been on his mind, how sufficiently to work for God and to help men."

Under the head of helping men come all enterprises of discovery, development, and civilization which the earth has known; and in many more of these than the world generally suspects, this order has been an influence dating back to the saint of Assisi.

America preëminently stands his debtor. Of the three to whom belongs the honor of its discovery, one, Juan Perez de Marchena, was a Franciscan friar; the other two, Queen Isabella and Columbus, members of Saint Francis's third order; and of all the wondrous development and splendid promise on the California coast to-day, Franciscan friars were the first founders.

At the time when Junipero Serra entered the Majorca convent, three other young monks were studying there—Palafox, Verger, and Crespi. The four became intimate and affectionate companions. The friendship thus early begun never waned, and no doubt their hearty and loving coöperation had much to do with the success of the great enterprises in which afterward they jointly labored, and to which, even in their student days, they looked forward with passionate longing. New Spain was, from the beginning, the goal of their most ardent wishes, and all their conversations turned on this theme.

To the eighteenth century's spiritual enthusiast, a wilderness full of savage souls in danger of hell was a stronger lure than unconquered worlds to an Alexander. It is impossible at this distance of time to get any complete realization of the halo of exalted sentiment and rapture which then invested undertakings of this kind. It reached from the highest to the lowest, the oldest to the



OLD ENGRAVING OF A SHIP FOR AN ANCIENT MAP, MADE BY A BENEDICTINE MONK ABOUT 1740.





FATHER JUNIPERO SERRA.

youngest. Every art was lent to its service; every channel of expression was stamped with its sign. Even on the wide charts and atlases of the day were pictures of monks embarking in ships of discovery: the Virgin herself looking on, from the skies, with the motto above, "Matre Dei Monstrante. viam," and on the ships' sails, "Unus non sufficit orbis."

Long years of delay and monastic routine did not dampen the ardor of the four friends. Again and again they petitioned to be sent as missionaries to the New World, and again and again were disappointed. At last, in 1749, there assembled in Cadiz a great body of missionaries, destined chiefly for Mexico, and Palon and Serra received permission to join the band. Arriving at Cadiz, and finding two vacancies still left in the party, they pleaded warmly that Crespi and Verger be allowed to go also. At the very last moment this permission was given, and the four friends set sail, joyful, in the same ship.

In the memoir of Junipero Serra, written by his friend Palon, are many interesting incidents of their voyage to Vera Cruz. It lasted ninety-nine days. Provisions and water fell short; starvation threatened; terrific storms nearly wrecked the ship; but through all Father Junipero's courage never

failed. "Remembering the end for which they had come," he said, he felt no fear. He performed mass each morning, and cheered the sinking spirits of all on board by psalms and exhortations; by humorous sayings also, announcing one day with great gravity that he had discovered "the secret of keeping free from thirst." It was to "eat little and speak less."

For nineteen years after their arrival in Mexico, Serra and his companions were kept at work there, under the guidance and control of the College of San Fernando, in founding missions and preaching.

On the suppression of the Jesuit Order in 1767, and its consequent expulsion from all the Spanish dominions, it was decided to send a body of Franciscans to take charge of the Jesuit missions in California. These were all in Lower California, no attempt at settlement having yet been made in Upper California. Once more the friends, glad and exultant, joined a missionary band, bound to new wildernesses. They were but three now, Verger remaining behind in charge of the College of San Fernando. The band numbered sixteen. Serra was put in charge of it, and was appointed president of all the California missions.



OLD MILL BUILT BY INDIANS AT SAN ANTONIO.

His biographer says he received this appointment "unable to speak a single word for tears." It was not strange, on the realization of a hope so long deferred. He was now fifty-six years old; and from boyhood his longing had been to labor among the Indians on the western shores of the New World.

It was now the purpose of the Spanish Government to proceed as soon as possible to the colonization of Upper California. The passion of the Church allied itself gladly with the purpose of the State; and the State itself had among its statesmen and soldiers many men who were hardly less fervid in religion than were those sworn exclusively to the Church's service. Such an one was Joseph de Galvez, who held the office of Visitor-General and Commander, representing the person of the King, and inspecting the working of the Government in every province of the Spanish empire. Upon him rested the responsibility of the practical organization of the first expedition into Upper California. It was he who ordered the carrying of all sorts of seeds of vegetables, grains, and flowers; everything that would grow in old Spain he ordered to be planted in New. He ordered that two hundred head of cattle should be taken from the northernmost of the Lower California missions, and carried to the new posts. It was he also, as full of interest for chapel as for farm, who selected and packed with his own hands sacred ornaments and vessels for church ceremonies. A

curious letter of his to Palon is extant, in which he says laughingly that he is a better sacristan than Father Junipero, having packed the holy vessels and ornaments quicker and better than he. There are also extant some of his original instructions to military and naval commanders which show his religious ardor and wisdom. He declares that the first object of the expedition is "to establish the Catholic religion among a numerous heathen people, submerged in the obscure darkness of paganism, to extend the dominion of the King our Lord, and to protect this peninsula from the ambitious views of foreign nations."

With no clearer knowledge than could be derived from scant records of Viscayno's voyage in 1602, he selected the two best and most salient points

of the California coast, San Diego and Monterey, and ordered the founding of a mission at each. He also ordered the selection of a point midway between these two, for another mission, to be called Buena Ventura. His activity, generosity, and enthusiasm were inexhaustible. He seems to have had humor as well; for, when discussing the names of the missions to be founded, Father Junipero said to him, "But is there to be no mission for our Father St. Francis?" he replied, "If St. Francis wants a mission, let him show us his post, and we will put one there for him!"

The records of this first expedition into California are full of interest. It was divided into two parts, one to go by sea and one by land; the sea party in two ships, and the land party in two divisions. Every possible precaution and provision was thought of by the wise Galvez; but neither precaution nor provision could make the journey other than a terrible one. Father Junipero, with his characteristic ardor, insisted on accompanying one of the land parties, although he was suffering severely from an inflamed leg, the result of an injury he had received twenty years before in journeying on foot from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico. Galvez tried in vain to detain him; he said he would rather die on the road than not go, but that he should not die, for the Lord would carry him through. However, on the second day out, his pain became so great that he could neither sit, stand, nor sleep. Portalá, the military commander of the party, implored him to be car-

ried in a litter; but this he could not brook. Calling one of the muleteers to him, he said:

"Son, do you not know some remedy for this sore on my leg?"

"Father," replied the muleteer, "what

some march from Velicatá to San Diego is full of quaint and curious entries, monotonous in its religious reiterations, but touching in its simplicity and unconscious testimony to his own single-heartedness and patience. The



SANTA YNEZ MISSION.

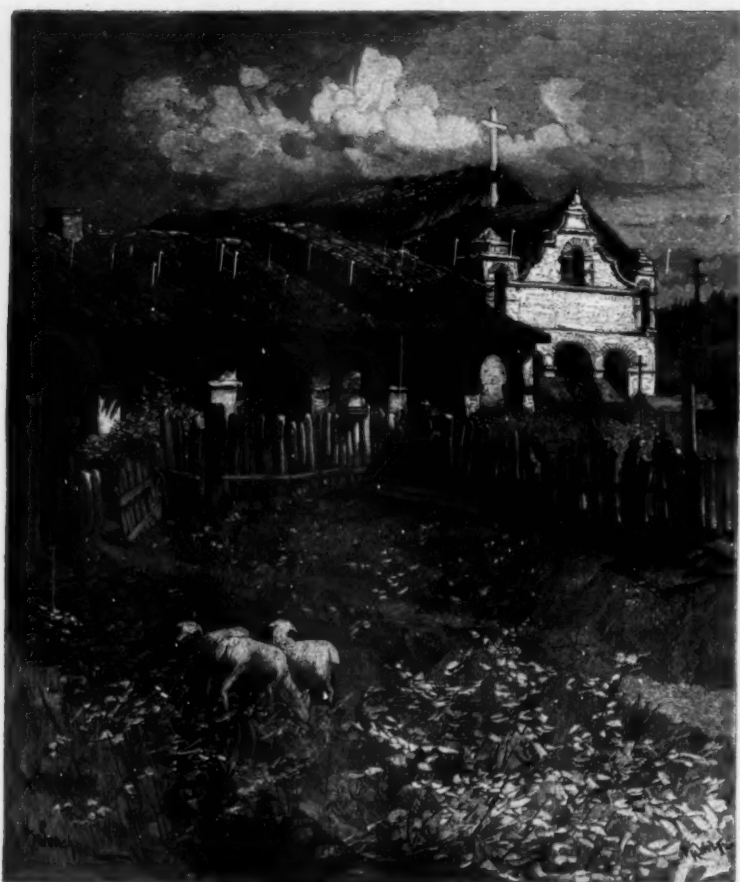
remedy can I know? I have only cured beasts."

"Then consider me a beast," answered Serra; "consider this sore on my leg a sore back, and give me the same treatment you would apply to a beast."

Thus adjured, the muleteer took courage, and saying, "I will do it, Father, to please you," he proceeded to mix herbs in hot tallow, with which he anointed the wound, and so reduced the inflammation that Father Junipero slept all night, rose early, said matins and mass, and resumed his journey in comparative comfort. He bore this painful wound to the end of his life; and it was characteristic of the man as well as of the abnormal standards of the age, that he not only sought no measures for a radical cure of the diseased member, but, obstinately accepting the suffering as a cross, allowed the trouble to be aggravated in every way, by going without shoes or stockings, and by taking long journeys on foot.

A diary kept by Father Crespi on his toil-

nearest approach to a complaint he makes is to say that "nothing abounds except stones and thorns." When they journey for days with no water except scanty rations from the precious casks they are carrying, he always piously trusts water will be found on the morrow; and when they come to great tracts of impenetrable cactus thickets, through which they are obliged to hew a pathway with axes, as through a forest, and are drenched to the skin in cold rains, and deserted by the Christian Indians whom they had brought from Lower California as guides, he mentions the facts without a murmur, and has even for the deserters only a benediction: "May God guard the misguided ones." A far more serious grievance to him is that toward the end of the journey he could no longer celebrate full mass because the wafers had given out. Sometimes the party found themselves hemmed in by mountains, and were forced to halt for days while scouts went ahead to find a pass. More than once, hoping that at last they had found a direct and easy route, they struck



SAN ANTONIO MISSION.

down to the sea-shore, only to discover themselves soon confronted by impassable spurs of the coast range, and forced to toil back again up into the labyrinths of mesas and cactus plains. It was Holy Thursday, the 24th of March, when they set out, and it was not until the 13th of May that they reached the high ground from which they had their first view of the bay of San Diego, and saw the masts of the ships lying at anchor there—"which sight was a great joy and consolation to us all," says the diary.

They named this halting-place "Espiritu Santo." It must have been on, or very near, the ridge where now runs the boundary line between the United States and Mexico, as laid down by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. It is a grand promontory, ten miles south-east of San Diego, thrusting out to sea; bare of

trees, but matted thick with the dewy ice-plant, and in early spring carpeted with flowers. An ugly monument of stone stands there, bearing the names of the American and Mexican commissioners who established this boundary line in October, 1849. It would seem much more fitting to have there a monument bearing the names of the heroic men—friars and soldiers of Spain—who on that spot, on May 14, 1769, sang the first Easter hymn heard on California shores.

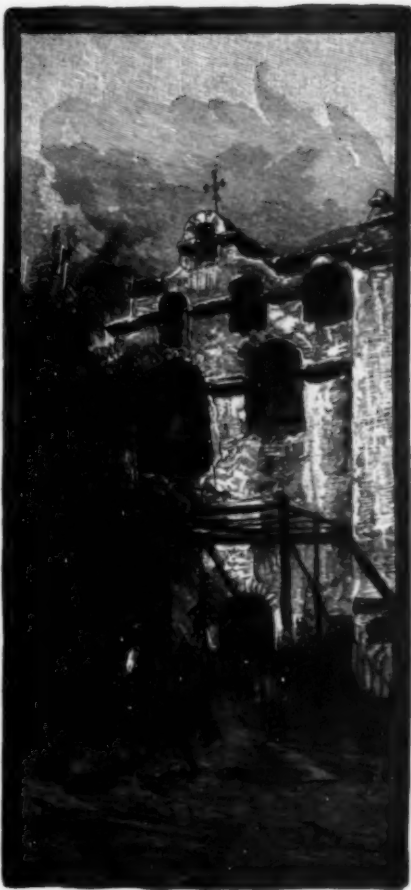
It was a sore grief for Father Crespi that the commandant of the party would not wait here for him to say a mass of thanksgiving: but, with the port in sight, impatience could not be restrained, and the little band pushed on. As soon as the San Diego camp was seen, the soldiers discharged a salute of firearms, which was answered instantly from

sho  
The  
and  
dan  
ship  
ing  
poc  
from  
que  
the  
a m  
Wh  
with  
cee  
fou  
dyi  
twe  
The  
frie  
thie  
sich  
on  
cro  
rud  
cele  
Cre  
the  
arm  
the  
was  
thu  
tion  
7  
Cre  
par  
On  
dia  
mu  
late  
con  
gui  
of l  
the  
pos  
piti  
the  
one  
que  
if i  
sine  
of  
bay  
rec  
rec  
Sai  
a n  
tho  
hac  
led  
mo  
Th

shore and ship. Great joy filled every heart. The friars who had come by sea ran to meet and embrace their brothers. The gladness was dampened only by the sad condition of the ships' crews, many of whom were dead or dying. They had been four months, with their poor charts and poorer ships, making their way from La Paz up to San Diego; and, in consequence of insufficient and unwholesome food, the scurvy had broken out among them. It was a melancholy beginning for the new enterprise. When, six weeks later, the second land party with Father Junipero arrived, eager to proceed to the establishing of the mission, they found that their first duty was to the sick and dying of their own people. In fifteen days twenty-nine of the sailors and soldiers died. The Indians, who at first had been gentle and friendly, grew each day more insolent and thievish, even tearing off the clothes of the sick lying helpless in the tents or tule huts on the beach. At last, on the 16th of July, a cross was set up facing the port, and in a rude booth of branches and reeds, mass was celebrated and the grand hymn of "Veni Creator" was sung, the pilgrims "supplying the want of an organ by discharging fire-arms," says the old record, and with only the "smoke of muskets for incense." Thus was founded the Mission of San Diego; and thus was laid the corner-stone of the civilization of California on July 16, 1769.

Two days before this the indefatigable Crespi had set off with another overland party, Portalá at its head, to find Monterey. On this journey, also, Father Crespi kept a diary,—little suspecting, probably, with how much interest it would be studied a century later. It was not strange that, with only a compass and seventeenth century charts to guide them along the zigzagging labyrinths of bays, headlands, and sand-hills which make the California shore, they toiled to no purpose seeking the Monterey harbor. It is pitiful to read the record of the days when they were close upon it, setting up a cross on one of its hills, and yet could not see it; even querying, so bewildered and lost were they, if it might not have been filled up with sands since Viscayno's time. Forty leagues north of it they went, and discovered the present bay of San Francisco, which they at once recognized by Viscayno's description; and recalling the speech of Galvez in regard to Saint Francis pointing out a port if he wanted a mission of his own name, the pious fathers thought it not unlikely, that the saint himself had hidden Monterey from their sight, and led them to his own harbor. Month after month passed, and still they were wandering. They were foot-sore, weary, hungry, but not

VOL. XXVI.—2.



RUINS OF THE SAN GABRIEL MISSION.

disheartened. Friendly Indians everywhere greeted them kindly, gave them nuts, and shell-fish, and bread made from acorn flour. At one time seventeen of the party were too ill to travel. Twice they halted and held council on the question of abandoning the search. Some were ready to continue as long as the provisions held out, then to eat their mules, and go back on foot. Fathers Crespi and Gomez volunteered to be left behind alone.

At last, on the 11th of November, it was decided to return by the route by which they had come. On the 20th, finding that their flour had been stolen by the soldiers, they divided the remainder into equal parts, giving to each person enough to last him two days. On Christmas Day, they had a present of nuts from friendly Indians, and on New Year's Day they had the luck to kill a bear and three



cubs, which gave them a feast for which they offered most devout thanksgivings. For the rest, they lived chiefly on mussels, with now and then a wild goose. On the 24th of January they came out on the table-lands above

that of this little, suffering band, separated by leagues of desert and leagues of ocean from all possible succor. At last, an examination showed that there were only provisions sufficient left to subsist the party long enough to



INDIAN BOOTH AT PACHUNGA IN WHICH MASS IS CELEBRATED.

San Diego, six months and ten days from the time of their departure. Firing a salute, they were answered instantly by shots from the camp, and saw an eager crowd running to meet them, great anxiety having been felt at their long absence.

It is worth while, in studying the history of these Franciscan Missions, to dwell on the details of the hardships endured in the beginning by their founders. Only narrow-minded bigotry can fail to see in them proofs of a spiritual enthusiasm and exaltation of self-sacrifice which are rarely paralleled in the world's history. And to do justice to the results accomplished, it is necessary to understand thoroughly the conditions at the outset of the undertaking.

The weary, returned party found their comrades in sorry plight. The scurvy had spread, and many more had died. Father Junipero himself had been dangerously ill with it; provisions were running low; the Indians were only half friendly, and were not to be trusted out of sight. The supply-ships looked for from Mexico had not arrived.

A situation more helpless, unprotected, discouraging, could not be conceived, than

make the journey back to Velicatá. It seemed madness to remain longer; and Governor Portalá, spite of Father Junipero's entreaties, gave orders to prepare for the abandonment of the missions. He fixed the 20th of March as the last day he would wait for the arrival of the ship. This was St. Joseph's Day. On the morning of it, Father Junipero, who had been praying night and day for weeks, celebrated to St. Joseph a high mass, with special supplications for relief. Before noon a sail was seen on the horizon. One does not need to believe in saints and saints' interpositions, to feel a thrill at this coincidence, and in fancying the effect the sudden vision of the relief-ship must have produced on the minds of devout men who had been starving. The ship appeared for a few moments—then disappeared; doubtless there were some who scoffed at it as a mere apparition. But Portalá believed, and waited; and, four days later, in the ship came!—the *San Antonio*, bringing bountiful stores of all that was needed.

Courage and cheer now filled the very air. No time was lost in organizing expeditions to go once more in search of the mysteriously hidden Monterey. In less than three weeks

two parties had set off—one by sea in the *San Antonio*. With this went Father Junipero, still feeble from illness. Father Crespi, undaunted by his former six months of wandering, joined the land party, reaching the Point of Pines, on Monterey Harbor, seven days before the ship arrived. As soon as she came in sight bonfires were lighted on the rocks, and the ship answered by firing cannon. It was a great rejoicing. The next day, June 1st, the officers of the two parties met, and exchanged congratulations; and on the third they took formal possession of the place: first, in the name of the Church, by religious ceremonies; secondly, in the name of the King of Spain, unfurling the royal standard, and planting it in the ground, side by side with the cross.

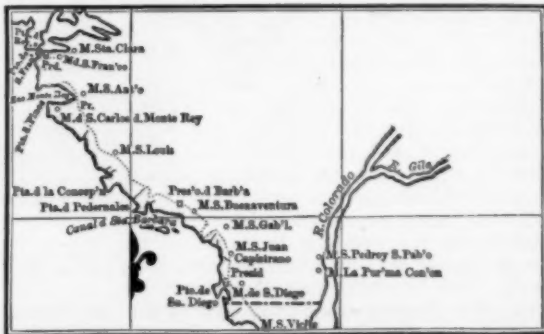
To one familiar with the beauty of the Monterey shore in June, the picture of this scene is vivid. The sand-dunes were ablaze with color; lupines in high, waving masses, white and yellow; and great mats of the glittering ice-plant, with myriads of rose-colored umbels, lying flat on the white sand. Many rods inland, the air was sweet with their fragrance, borne by the strong sea-wind. On long cliffs of broken, tempest-piled rocks stood ranks upon ranks of grand old cypress-trees,—gnarled, bent, twisted, defiant, full of both pathos and triumph in their loneliness, in this the only spot on earth to which they are native.

The booth of boughs in which the mass was performed was built under a large oak, on the same spot where Viscayno had landed and his Carmelite monks had said mass one hundred and sixty-seven years before. The ceremonies closed with a ringing *Te Deum*,—sailors, soldiers, monks, alike jubilant.

When the news of the founding of this second mission reached the city of Mexico, there was a furore of excitement. The bells of the city were rung; people ran up and down the streets telling each other; and the viceroy held at his palace a grand reception, to which went all persons of note, eager to congratulate him and Galvez. Printed proclamations, giving full accounts, were circulated, not only in Mexico but throughout Spain. No province so remote, no home so lowly, as to fail to hear the good news. It was indeed good news to both state and church. The fact of the occupation of the new country was accomplished; the scheme for the conversion and salvation of the savage race was fairly inaugurated; Monterey and San Diego

being assured, ultimate possession of the whole of the coast line between would follow. Little these gladdened people in Spain and Mexico realized, however, the cost of the triumph over which they rejoiced, or the true condition of the men who had won it.

The history of the next fifteen years is a history of struggle, hardship, and heroic achievement. The indefatigable Serra was the mainspring and support of it all. There seemed no limit to his endurance, no bound to his desires; nothing daunted his courage or chilled his faith. When, in the sixth year after the founding of the San Diego Mission, it was attacked by hostile Indians, one of the fathers being most cruelly murdered, and the buildings burned to the ground, Father Junipero exclaimed, "Thank God! The seed of the Gospel is now watered by the blood of a martyr; that mission is henceforth established"; and in a few months he was on the spot, with money and materials, ready for rebuilding; pressing sailors, neophytes, soldiers, into the service; working with his own hands also, spite of the fears and protestations of all, and only desisting on positive orders from the military commander. He journeyed, frequently on foot, back and forth through the country, founding a new mission whenever, by his urgent letters to the College of San Fernando and to the Mexican viceroys, he had gathered together men and money enough to do so. In 1772, when perplexities seemed inextricably thickened and supplies had fallen so short that starvation threatened the missions, he took ship to San Blas. With no companion except one Indian boy, he toiled on foot from San Blas to Guadalajara, two hundred and forty miles. Here they both fell ill of fever, and sank so low that they were supposed to be dying, and the Holy Viaticum was administered to them. But they recovered, and, while only partly convalescent, pushed on again, reaching the city of



MAP OF THE COAST LINE, DRAWN IN 1787.

SOME OF THE WINDOWS  
AT SAN CARLOS.

Mexico in February, 1773. Hard-hearted indeed must the Mexican viceroy have been to refuse to heed the prayers of an aged man who had given such proofs as this of his earnestness and devotion. The difficulties were cleared up, money and supplies obtained, and Father Junipero returned to his post with a joyful heart. Before leaving, he kissed the feet of the friars in the college, and asked their blessing, saying that they would never behold him more.

Father Junipero's most insatiable passion was for baptizing Indians, the saving of one soul thus from death filled him with unspeakable joy. His biographer illustrates this by the narrative of the first infant baptism attempted at the San Diego Mission. The

Indians had been prevailed upon to bring an infant to receive the consecration. Everything was ready: Father Junipero had raised his hand to sprinkle the child's face; suddenly heathen terror got the better of the parents, and in the twinkling of an eye they snatched their babe and ran. Tears rolled down Father Junipero's cheeks: he declared that

only some unworthiness in himself could have led to such a disaster; and to the day of his death he could never tell the story without tears, thinking it must be owing to his sins that the soul of that particular child had been lost.

When he preached he was carried out of himself by the fervor of his desire to impress his hearers. Baring his breast, he would beat it violently with a stone, or burn the flesh with a lighted torch, to enhance the effect of his descriptions of the

tortures of hell. There is in his memoir a curious engraving, showing him lifted high above a motley group of listeners, holding in his hands the blazing torch and the stone.

In the same book is an outline map of California as he knew it. It is of the coast line from San Diego to San Francisco, and the only objects marked on it are the missions and dotted lines showing the roads leading from one to another. All the rest is a blank.

There were nine of these missions, founded by Serra, before his death in 1784. They were founded in the following order:

San Diego, July 16, 1769; San Carlos de Monterey, June 3, 1770; San Antonio de Padua, July 14, 1771; San Gabriel, September 8, 1771; San Luis Obispo, September 1, 1772; San Francisco (Dolores), October

9, 1776; San Juan Capistrano, November 1, 1776; Santa Clara, January 18, 1777; San Buena Ventura, March 31, 1782.

The transports into which Father Junipero was thrown by the beginning of a new mission are graphically told by the companion

be baptized, saying that she had seen a vision in the skies of a man clad like the friars, and that her father had repeated to her in her youth the same words they now spoke.

The history of this San Antonio Mission

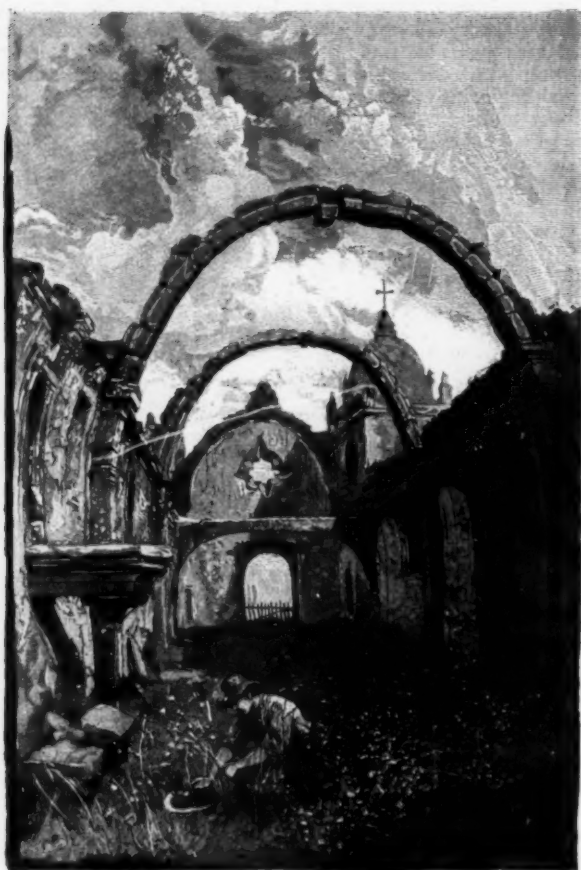


SAN CARLOS MISSION.

who went with him to establish the mission of San Antonio. With his little train of soldiers, and mules laden with a few weeks' supplies, he wandered off into the unexplored wilderness sixty miles south of Monterey, looking eagerly for river valleys promising fertility. As soon as the beautiful oak-shaded plain, with its river swift and full even in July, caught his eye, he ordered a halt, seized the bells, tied them to an oak bough, and fell to ringing them with might and main, crying aloud: "Hear, hear, O ye Gentiles! Come to the Holy Church! Come to the faith of Jesus Christ!" Not a human creature was in sight, save his own band, and his companion remonstrated with him. "Let me alone," cried Father Junipero. "Let me unburden my heart, which could wish that this bell should be heard by all the world, or at least by all the Gentiles in these mountains"; and he rang on till the echoes answered, and one astonished Indian appeared—the first instance in which a native had been present at the foundation of a mission. Not long afterward came a very aged Indian woman named Agreda, begging to

justified Father Junipero's selection. The site proved one of the richest and most repaying, including, finally, seven large farms with a chapel on each, and being famous for the best wheat grown and the best flour made in the country. The curious mill in which the flour was ground is still to be seen—a most interesting ruin. It was run by water brought in a stone-walled ditch for many miles, and driven through a funnel-shaped flume so as to strike the side of a large water-wheel, revolving horizontally on a shaft. The building of this aqueduct, and the placing of the wheel, were the work of an Indian named Nolberto, who took the idea from the balance-wheel of a watch, and did all the work with his own hands. The walls are broken now; and the sands have so blown in and piled around the entrance, that the old wheel seems buried in a cellar; linnets have builded nests in the dusky corners, and are so seldom disturbed that their bright eyes gaze with placid unconcern at curious intruders.

Many interesting incidents are recorded in connection with the establishment of these first missions. At San Gabriel; the Indians



INTERIOR OF SAN CARLOS MISSION, SHOWING ORIGINAL SPRING OF ROOF AND CURVE OF WALLS.

gathered in great force, and were about to attack the little band of ten soldiers and two friars preparing to plant their cross; but on the unfurling of a banner with a life-size picture of the Virgin painted on it, they flung away their bows and arrows, came running toward the banner with gestures of reverence and delight, and threw their beads and other ornaments on the ground before it, as at the feet of a suddenly recognized queen.

The San Gabriel Indians seem to have been a superior race. They spoke a soft, musical language, now nearly lost. Their name for God signified "Giver of Life." They had no belief in a devil or in hell, and persisted always in regarding them as concerning only white men. Robbery was unknown among them, murder was punished by death, and marriage between those near of kin was not allowed. They had names

for the points of the compass, and knew the North Star, calling it Runi. They had games at which they decked themselves with flower garlands, which wreathed their heads and hung down to their feet. They had certain usages of politeness, such as that a child, bringing water to an elder, must not taste it on the way; and that to pass between two who were speaking was an offense. They had song contests, often lasting many days, and sometimes handed down to the next generation. To a people of such customs as these, the symbols, shows, and ceremonies of the Catholic Church must needs have seemed especially beautiful and winning.

The records of the founding of these missions are similar in details, but are full of interest to one in sympathy either with their spiritual or their historical significance. The

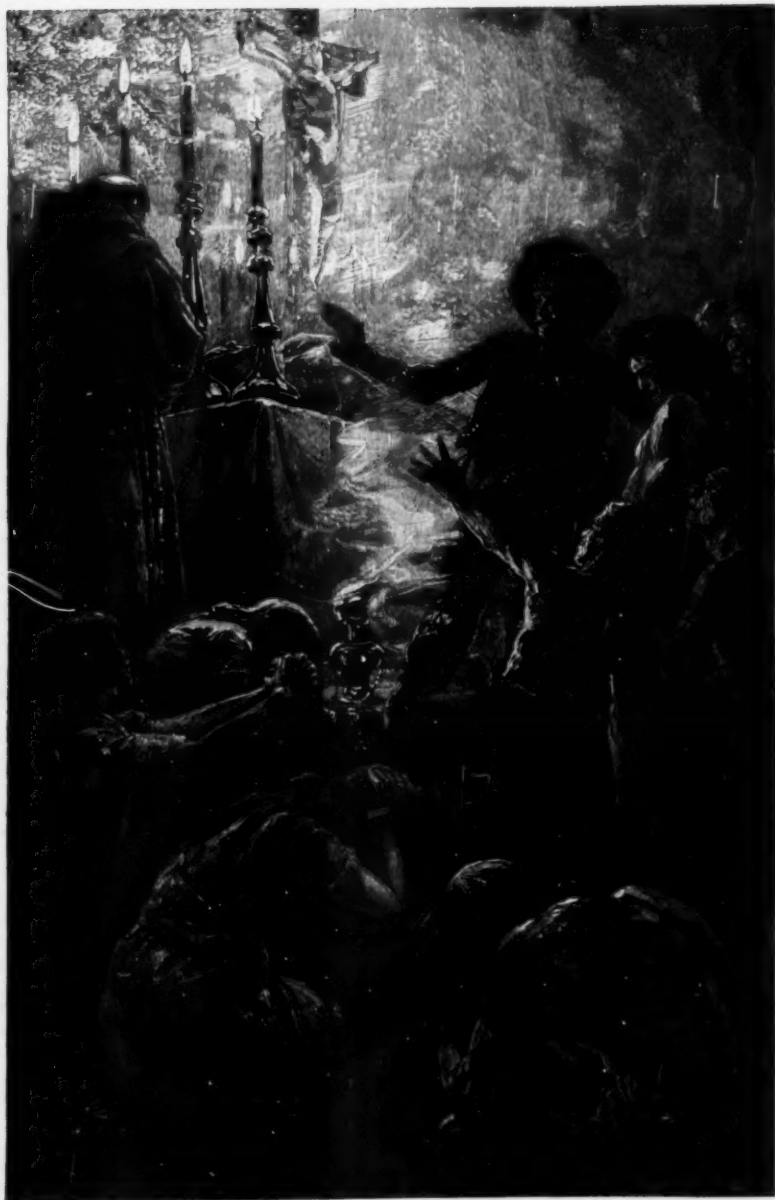


routine was the same in all cases. A cross was set up; a booth of branches was built; the ground and the booth were consecrated by holy water and christened by the name of a saint; a mass was performed; the neighboring Indians, if there were any, were roused and summoned by the ringing of bells swung on limbs of trees; presents of cloth and trinkets were given them to inspire them with trust, and thus a mission was founded. Two monks (never, at first, more) were appointed to take charge of this cross and booth, and to win, baptize, convert, and teach all the Indians to be reached in the region. They had for guard and help a few soldiers, and sometimes a few already partly civilized and Christianized Indians; several head of cattle, some tools and seeds, and holy vessels for the church service, completed their store of weapons, spiritual and secular, offensive and defensive, with which to conquer the wilderness and its savages. There needs no work of the imagination to help this picture. Taken in its sternest realism it is vivid and thrilling; contrasting the wretched poverty of these single-handed beginnings with the final splendor and riches attained, the result seems well-nigh miraculous.

From the rough booth of boughs and reeds of 1770 to the pillars, arched corridors and domes of the stately stone churches of a half-century later, is a change only a degree less wonderful than the change in the Indian, from the naked savage, with his one stone tool, grinding acorn-meal in a rock bowl, to the industrious tiller of soil, weaver of cloth, worker in metals, and singer of sacred hymns. The steps of this change were slow at first. In 1772, at the end of five years' work, five missions had been founded; and four hundred and ninety-one Indians baptized. There were then, in these five missions, but nineteen friars and sixty soldiers. In 1786, La Perouse, a French naval commander, who voyaged along the California coast, leaves it on record that there were but two hundred and eighty-two soldiers, and about one hundred officers and friars, all told, in both Upper and Lower California, from Cape Saint Lucas to San Francisco, a line of eight hundred leagues. At this time there were five thousand one hundred and forty-three Indians, in the missions of Upper California alone. In the year 1800 there were, at the mission of San Diego, fifteen hundred and twenty-one Indians; and the San Diego garrison, three miles away from the mission, numbered only one hundred and sixty-seven souls,—officers, soldiers, servants, women, and children. Such figures as these seem sufficient refutation of the idea sometimes advanced, that the Indians were con-

verted by force and held in subjection by terror. There is still preserved in the archives of the Franciscan College at Santa Barbara, a letter written by Father Junipero to the Viceroy of Mexico, in 1776, imploring him to send a force of eighty soldiers to be divided among seven missions. He patiently explains that the friars, stationed by twos, at new missions, from sixty to a hundred miles distant from each other, cannot be expected to feel safe without a reasonable military protection; and he asks pertinently what defense could be made, "in case the enemy should tempt the Gentiles to attack us." That there was so little active hostility on the part of the savage tribes, that they looked so kindly as they did to the ways and restraints of the new life, is the strongest possible proof that the methods of the friars in dealing with them must have been both wise and humane.

During the first six years there was but one serious outbreak,—that at San Diego; no retaliation was shown toward the Indians for this: on the contrary, the orders of both friars and military commanders were that they should be treated with even greater kindness than before; and in less than two years the mission buildings were rebuilt, under a guard of only a half-score of soldiers with hundreds of Indians looking on, and many helping cheerfully in the work. The San Carlos Mission at Monterey was Father Junipero's own charge. There he spent all his time, when not called away by his duties as president of the missions. There he died, and there he was buried. There, also, his beloved friend and brother, Father Crespi, labored by his side for thirteen years. Crespi was a sanguine, joyous man, sometimes called *El Beato*, from his happy temperament. No doubt, his gayety made Serra's sunshine in many a dark day; and grief at his death did much to break down the splendid old man's courage and strength. Only a few months before it occurred, they had gone together for a short visit to their comrade, Father Palon, at the San Francisco Mission. When they took leave of him, Crespi said, "Farewell forever; you will see me no more." This was late in the autumn of 1781, and on New Year's Day, 1782, he died, aged sixty years, and having spent half of those years in laboring for the Indians. Serra lived only two years longer, and is said never to have been afterward the same as before. For many years he had been a great sufferer from an affection of the heart—aggravated, if not induced, by his fierce beatings of his breast with a stone, while he was preaching. But physical pain seemed to make no impression on his mind. If it did not incapacitate him



THE FUNERAL OF FATHER JUNIFERO.

for  
the  
ye  
on  
in  
the  
tim  
alo  
on  
co  
sa  
fro  
no

an  
las  
of  
so  
clo  
to

ita  
his  
the  
a s  
Th  
ale  
me  
in  
ale

wi  
Pa  
th  
tic  
Th  
th

as  
str  
th  
ple  
th  
th  
tu  
of  
an  
th  
su  
In

for action, he held it of no account. Only the year before his death, being then seventy years old, and very lame, he had journeyed on foot from San Diego to Monterey, visiting every mission and turning aside into all the Indian settlements on the way. At this time there were on the Santa Barbara coast alone, within a space of eighty miles, twenty-one villages of Indians, roughly estimated as containing between twenty and thirty thousand souls. He is said to have gone weeping from village to village because he could do nothing for them.

He reached San Carlos in January, 1784, and never again went away. The story of his last hours and death is in the old church records of Monterey, written there by the hand of the sorrowing Palon the second day after he had closed his friend's eyes. It is a quaint and touching narrative.

Up to the day before his death, his indomitable will upholding the failing strength of his dying body, Father Junipero had read in the church the canonical offices of each day, a service requiring an hour and a half of time. The evening before his death he walked alone to the church to receive the last sacrament. The church was crowded to overflowing with Indians and whites, many crying aloud in uncontrollable grief.

Father Junipero knelt before the altar with great fervor of manner, while Father Palon, with tears rolling down his cheeks, read the services for the dying, gave him absolution, and administered the Holy Viaticum. Then rose from choked and tremulous voices the strains of the grand hymn "Tantum Ergo."

Tantum ergo Sacramentum  
Veneremur cernui,  
Et antiquum documentum  
Novo cedat ritui;  
Præstet fides supplementum  
Sensuum defectui.

Genitori genitoque  
Laus et jubilatio,  
Salus, honor, virtus quoque  
Sit et benedictio;  
Procedenti ab utroque  
Compar sit laudatio.

A startled thrill ran through the church as Father Junipero's own voice, "high and strong as ever," says the record, joined in the hymn. One by one the voices of his people broke down, stifled by sobs, until at last the dying man's voice, almost alone, finished the hymn. After this he gave thanks, and, returning to his cell-like room, spent the whole of the night in listening to penitential psalms and litanies, and giving thanks to God: all the time kneeling or sitting on the ground supported by the loving and faithful Palon. In the morning, early, he asked for the plen-

ary indulgence, for which he again knelt, and confessed again. At noon, the chaplain and the captain of the bark *St. Joseph*, then lying in port at Monterey, came to visit him. He welcomed them, and, cordially embracing the chaplain, said, "You have come just in time to cast the earth upon my body." After they took their leave, he asked Palon to read to him again the Recommendations of the Soul. At its conclusion he responded earnestly, in as clear voice as in health, adding, "Thank God, I am now without fear." Then with a firm step he walked to the kitchen, saying that he would like a cup of broth. As soon as he had taken the broth, he exclaimed, "I feel better now; I will rest"; and, lying down, he closed his eyes, and without another word or sign of struggle or pain, ceased to breathe; entering indeed into a rest of which his last word had been solemnly prophetic.

Ever since morning the grief-stricken people had been waiting and listening for the tolling death-bell to announce that all was over. At its first note they came in crowds, breathless, weeping, and lamenting. It was with great difficulty that the soldiers could keep them from tearing Father Junipero's habit piecemeal from his body, so ardent was their desire to possess some relic of him. The corpse was laid at once in a coffin which he himself had ordered made many weeks before. The vessels in port fired a salute of one hundred and one guns, answered by the same from the guns of the presidio at Monterey—an honor given to no one below the rank of general. But the hundred gun salutes were a paltry honor in comparison with the tears of the Indian congregation. Soldiers kept watch around his coffin night and day till the burial, but they could not hold back the throngs of the poor creatures who pressed to touch the hand of the Father they had so much loved, and to bear away something, if only a thread, of the garments he had worn.

His ardent and impassioned nature and his untiring labors had won their deepest affection and confidence. It was his habit when at San Carlos to spend all his time with them, working by their side in the fields, making adobe, digging, tilling, doing, in short, all that he required of them. Day after day he thus labored, only desisting at the hours for performing offices in the church. Whenever an Indian came to address him, he made the sign of the cross on his forehead, and spoke to him some words of spiritual injunction or benediction. The arbitrariness, or, as some of his enemies called it, haughty self-will, which brought Serra at times into conflict with the military authorities when their purposes or views clashed with his own, never came to the

surface in his spiritual functions, or in his relation with the indian converts. He loved them, and yearned over them as brands to be snatched from the burning. He had baptized over one thousand of them with his own hands; his whole life he spent for them, and was ready at any moment to lay it down if that would have benefited them more. Absolute single-heartedness like this is never misunderstood by, and never antagonizes equally single-hearted people, either high or low. But, to be absolutely single-hearted in a moral purpose is almost inevitably to be doggedly one-ideaed in regard to practical methods, and the single-hearted, one-ideaed man, with a great moral purpose, is sure to be often at swords' points with average men of selfish interests and mixed notions. This is the explanation of the fact that the later years of Serra's life were marred by occasional collisions with the military authorities in the country. No doubt the impetuosity of his nature made him sometimes hot in resentment and indiscreet of speech. But, in spite of these failings, he yet remains the foremost, grandest figure in the missions' history. If his successors in their administration had been equal to him in spirituality, enthusiasm, and intellect, the mission establishments would never have been so utterly overthrown and ruined.

Father Junipero sleeps on the spot where he labored and died. His grave is under the ruins of the beautiful stone church of his mission—the church which he saw only in ardent and longing fancy. It was, perhaps, the most beautiful, though not the grandest of the mission churches, and its ruins have to-day a charm far exceeding all the others. The fine yellow tint of the stone, the grand and unique contour of the arches, the beautiful star-shaped window in the front, the simple yet effective lines of carving on pilaster and pillar and door-way, the symmetrical Moorish tower and dome, the worn steps leading up to the belfry,—all make a picture whose beauty, apart from hallowing associations, is enough to hold one spell-bound. Reverent nature has rebuilt with grass and blossoms even the crumbling window-sills, across which the wind blows free from the blue ocean just beyond; and on the day we saw the place, golden wheat, fresh reaped, was piled in loose mounds on the south slope below the church's southern wall; it reminded me of the tales I had heard from many aged men and women of a beautiful custom the Indians

had of scattering their choicest grains on the ground at the friars' feet, as a token of homage.

The roof of the church long ago fell in; its doors have stood open for years; and the fierce sea-gales have been sweeping in, piling sands until a great part of the floor is covered with solid earth on which every summer grasses and weeds grow high enough to be cut by sickles. Of the thousands of acres which the Mission Indians once cultivated in the San Carlos valley, only nine were finally decreed by the United States Government to belong to the church. These were so carelessly surveyed that no avenue of approach was left open to the mission buildings, and a part of the land had to be sold to buy a right of way to the church. The remnant left makes a little farm, by the rental of which a man can be hired to take charge of the whole place, and keep it, if possible, from further desecration and ruin. The present keeper is a devout Portuguese, whose broken English becomes eloquent as he speaks of the old friars whose graves he guards.

"Dem work for civilize," he said, "not work for money. Dey work to religion."

In clearing away the earth at the altar end of the church, in the winter of 1882, this man came upon stone slabs evidently covering graves. On opening one of these graves, it was found to hold three coffins. From the minute description, in the old records, of Father Junipero's place of burial, Father Carenova, the priest now in charge of the Monterey parish, became convinced that one of these coffins must be his. On the opposite side of the church is another grave, where are buried two of the earliest governors of California.

It is a disgrace to both the Catholic Church and the State of California that this grand old ruin, with its sacred sepulchers, should be left to crumble away. If nothing is done to protect and save it, one short hundred years more will see it a shapeless, wind-swept mound of sand. It is not in our power to confer honor or bring dishonor on the illustrious dead. We ourselves, alone, are dishonored when we fail in reverence to them. The grave of Junipero Serra may be buried centuries deep and its very place forgotten, yet his name will not perish, nor his fame suffer. But, for the men of the country whose civilization he founded, and of the Church whose faith he so glorified, to permit his burial-place to sink into oblivion, is a shame indeed!

H. H.

[The Author desires to express her acknowledgments to H. H. Bancroft, of San Francisco, who kindly put at her disposal all the resources of his invaluable library. Also to the Superior of the Franciscan College in Santa Barbara, for the loan of important books and manuscripts and the photograph of Father Junipero.]

## A BALLAD OF THE MIST.

"I LOVE the Lady of Merle," he said.  
"She is not for thee!" her suitor cried;  
And in the valley the lovers fought  
By the salt river's tide.

The braver fell on the dewy sward,  
The unloved lover returned once more;  
In yellow satin the lady came  
And met him at the door.

"Hast thou heard, dark Edith," laughed he grim,  
"Poor Hugh hath craved thee many a day?  
Soon would it have been too late for him  
His low-born will to say.

"I struck a blade where lay his heart's love,  
And voice for thee have I left him none  
To brag he still seeks thee over the hills  
When thou and I are one!"

Fearless across the wide country  
Rode the dark Lady Edith of Merle;  
She looked at the headlands soft with haze,  
And the moor's mists of pearl.

The moon it struggled to see her pass  
Through its half-lit veils of driving gray;  
But moonbeams were slower than the steed  
That Edith rode away.

Oh, what was her guerdon and her haste,  
While cried the far screech-owl in the tree,  
And to her heart crept its note so lone  
Beating tremulously?

About her a black scarf floated thin,  
And over her cheek the mist fell cold,  
And shuddered the moon between its rifts  
Of dark cloud's silvery fold.

Oh, white fire of the nightly sky  
When burns the moon's wonder wide and far,  
And every cloud illumed with flame  
Engulfs a shaken star!

Bright as comes morning from the hill,  
There comes a face to her lover's eyes;  
Her love she tells, and he dying smiles,—  
And smiles yet in the skies.

He is dead, and closer breathe the mists;  
He is dead, the owlet moans remote;  
He is buried, and the moon draws near,  
To gaze and hide and float.

Fearless within the churchyard's spell  
The white-browed lady doth stand and sigh;  
She loves the mist, and the grave, and the moon,  
And the owl's quivering cry.

*Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.*



## POMONA'S DAUGHTER.\*

In the pretty walk, bordered by bright flowers and low, overhanging shrubbery, which lies back of the Albert Memorial, in Kensington Gardens, London, Jonas sat on a green bench, with his baby on his knee. A few nurses were pushing baby-carriages about in different parts of the walk, and there were children playing not far away. It was drawing toward the close of the afternoon, and Jonas was thinking it was nearly time to go home, when Pomona came running to him from the gorgeous monument, which she had been carefully inspecting.

"Jone," she cried, "do you know I've been lookin' at all them great men that's standin' round the bottom of the monnymint, an' though there's over a hundred of 'em, I'm sure, I can't find a American among 'em! There's poets, an' artists, an' leadin' men, scraped up from all parts, an' not one of our illustrious dead. What d'ye think of that?"

"I can't believe it," said Jonas. "If we go home with a tale like that we'll hear the recruiting-drum from Newark to Texas, and, ten to one, I'll be drafted."

"You needn't be makin' fun," said Pomona; "you come an' see for yourself. Perhaps you kin' find jus' one American, an' then I'll go home satisfied."

"All right," said Jonas.

And, putting the child on the bench, he told her he'd be back in a minute, and hurried after Pomona to give a hasty look for the desired American.

Corinne, the offspring of Jonas and Pomona, had some peculiarities. One of these was that she was accustomed to stay where she was put. Ever since she had been old enough to be carried about, she had been carried about by one parent or the other; and, as it was frequently necessary to set her down, she had learned to sit and wait until she was taken up again. She was now nearly two years old, very strong and active, and of an intellect which had already begun to tower. She could walk very well, but Jonas took such delight in carrying her that he seldom appeared to recognize her ability to use her legs. She could also talk, but how much her parents did not know. She was a taciturn child, and preferred to keep her thoughts to herself, and, although she sometimes astonished us all by imitating remarks she had heard, she frequently declined to repeat the simplest words that had been taught her.

Corinne remained on the bench about a minute after her father had left her, and then, contrary to her usual custom, she determined to leave the place where she had been put. Turning over on her stomach, after the manner of babies, she lowered her feet to the ground. Having obtained a foothold, she turned herself about and proceeded, with sturdy steps, to a baby-carriage near by which had attracted her attention. This carriage, which was unattended, contained a baby, somewhat smaller and younger than Corinne, who sat up and gazed with youthful interest at the visitor who stood by the side of her vehicle. Corinne examined, with a critical eye, the carriage and its occupant. She looked at the soft pillow at the baby's back, and regarded with admiration the afghan crocheted in gay colors which was spread over its lap, and the spacious gig-top which shielded it from the sun. She stooped down and looked at the wheels, and stood up and gazed at the blue eyes and canary hair of the little occupant. Then, in quiet but decided tones, Corinne said:

"Dit out!"

The other baby looked at her, but made no movement to obey. After waiting a few moments, an expression of stern severity, spreading itself the while over her countenance, Corinne reached over and put her arms around the fair-haired child. Then, with all her weight and strength, she threw herself backward and downward. The other baby, being light, was thus drawn bodily out of its carriage, and Corinne sat heavily upon the ground, her new acquaintance sprawling in her lap. Notwithstanding that she bore the brunt of the fall upon the gravel, Corinne uttered no cry; but, disengaging herself from her incumbance, she rose to her feet. The other baby imitated her, and Corinne, taking her by the hand, led her to the bench where she herself had been left.

"Dit up!" said Corinne.

This, however, the other baby was unable to do; but she stood quite still, evidently greatly interested in the proceedings. Corinne left her and walked to the little carriage, into which she proceeded to climb. After some extraordinary exertions, during which her fat legs were frequently thrust through the spokes of the wheels and ruthlessly drawn out again, she tumbled in. Arranging herself as comfortably as she knew how, she drew the gay

\* See "The Rudder Grangers in England," *THE CENTURY* for January, 1883.

afghan over her, leaned back upon the soft pillow, gazed up at the sheltering gig-top, and resigned herself to luxurious bliss. At this supreme moment, the nurse who had had charge of the carriage and its occupant came hurrying around a corner of the path. She had been taking leave of some of her nurse-maid friends, and had staid longer than she had intended. It was necessary for her to take a suitable leave of these ladies, for that night she was going on a journey. She had been told to take the baby out for an airing, and to bring it back early. Now, to her surprise, the afternoon had nearly gone, and hurrying to the little carriage she seized the handle at the back and rapidly pushed it home, without stopping to look beneath the overhanging gig-top, or at the green bench, with which her somewhat worried soul had no concern. If anything could add to Corinne's ecstatic delight, it was this charming motion. Closing her eyes contentedly, she dropped asleep.

The baby with canary hair looked at the receding nurse and carriage with widening eyes and reddening cheeks. Then, opening her mouth, she uttered the cry of the deserted; but the panic-stricken nurse did not hear her, and, if she had, what were the cries of other children to her? Her only business was to get home quickly with her young charge.

About five minutes after these events, Jonas and Pomona came hurrying along the path. They, too, had staid away much longer than they had intended, and had suddenly given up their search for the American, whom they had hoped to find in high relief upon the base of the Albert Memorial. Stepping quickly to the child, who still stood sobbing by the bench, Jonas exclaimed: "You poor itty——!"

And then he stopped suddenly. Pomona also stood for a second, and then she made a dash at the child, and snatched it up. Gazing sharply at its tear-smear'd countenance, she exclaimed: "What's this?"

The baby did not seem able to explain what it was, and only answered by a tearful sob. Jonas did not say a word; but, with the lithe quickness of a dog after a rat, he began to search behind and under benches, in the bushes, on the grass, here, there, and everywhere.

About nine o'clock that evening, Pomona came to us with tears in her eyes, and the canary-haired baby in her arms, and told us that Corinne was lost. They had searched everywhere; they had gone to the police; telegrams had been sent to every station; they had done everything that could be done, but had found no trace of the child.

"If I hadn't this," sobbed Pomona, hold-

ing out the child, "I believe I'd go wild. It isn't that she can take the place of my dear baby, but by a-keepin' hold of her I believe we'll git on the track of Corinne."

We were both much affected by this news, and Euphemia joined Pomona in her tears.

"Jonas is scourin' the town yet," said Pomona. "He'll never give up till he drops. But I felt you ought to know, and I couldn't keep this little thing in the night-air no longer. It's a sweet child, and its clothes are lovely. If it's got a mother, she's bound to want to see it before long; an' if ever I ketch sight of her, she don't git away from me till I have my child."

"It is a very extraordinary case," I said. "Children are often stolen, but it is seldom we hear of one being taken and another left in its place, especially when the children are of different ages, and totally unlike."

"That's so," said Pomona. "At first, I thought that Corinne had been changed off for a princess, or something like that, but nobody couldn't make anybody believe that my big, black-haired baby was this white-an'-yaller thing."

"Can't you find any mark on her clothes," asked Euphemia, "by which you could discover her parentage? If there are no initials, perhaps you can find a coronet or a coat of arms."

"No," said Pomona, "there aint nothin'. I've looked careful. But there's great comfort to think that Corinne's well stamped."

"Stamped!" we exclaimed. "What do you mean by that?"

"Why, you see," answered Pomona, "when Jone an' I was goin' to bring our baby over here among so many million people, we thought there might be danger of its gittin' lost or mislaid, though we never really believed any such thing would happen, or we wouldn't have come. An' so we agreed to mark her, for I've often read about babies bein' stole an' kept two or three years, an' when found bein' so changed their own mothers didn't know 'em. Jone said we'd better tattoo Corinne, for them marks would always be there, but I wouldn't agree to have the little creature's skin stuck with needles, not even after Jone said we might give her chloroform; so we agreed to stamp initials on her with Perkins's Indelible Dab. It is intended to mark sheep, but it don't hurt, and it don't never come off. We put the letters on the back of her heels, where they wouldn't show, for she's never to go barefoot, an' where they'd be easy got at if we wanted to find 'em. We put R. G. on one heel for the name of the place, and J. P. on the other heel for Jonas an' me. If, twenty years from

now," said Pomona, her tears welling out afresh, "I should see a young woman with eyes like Corinne's, an' that I felt was her, a-walkin' up to the bridal altar, with all the white flowers, an' the floatin' veils, an' the crowds in the church, an' the music playin', an' the minister all ready, I'd just jerk that young woman into the vestry-room, an' have off her shoes an' stockin's in no time. An' if she had R. G. on one heel, an' J. P. on the other, that bridegroom could go home alone."

We confidently assured Pomona that with such means of identification, and the united action of ourselves and the police, the child would surely be found, and we accompanied her to her lodgings, in a house not far from our own.

When the nurse reached home with the little carriage it was almost dark, and, snatching up the child, she ran to the nursery without meeting any one. The child felt heavy, but she was in such a hurry she scarcely noticed that. She put it upon the bed, and then lighting the gas she unwrapped the afghan, in which the little creature was now almost entirely enveloped. When she saw the face, and the black hair, from which the cap had fallen off, she was nearly frightened to death, but, fortunately for herself, she did not scream. She was rather a stupid woman, with but few ideas, but she could not fail to see that some one had taken her charge, and put this child in its place. Her first impulse was to run back to the gardens, but she felt certain that her baby had been carried off; and, besides, she could not, without discovery, leave this child here or take it with her; and while she stood in dumb horror, her mistress sent for her. The lady was just going out to dinner, and told the nurse that, as they were all to start for the Continent by the tidal train, which left at ten o'clock that night, she must be ready with the baby, well wrapped up for the journey. The half-stupefied woman had no words nor courage with which to declare, at this moment, the true state of the case. She said nothing, and went back to the nursery and sat there in dumb consternation, and without sense enough to make a plan of any kind. The strange child soon awoke and began to cry, and then the nurse mechanically fed it, and it went to sleep again. When the summons came to her to prepare for the journey, in cowardly haste she wrapped the baby, so carefully covering its head that she scarcely gave it a chance to breathe; and she and the lady's waiting-maid were sent in a cab to the Victoria Station. The lady was traveling with a party of friends, and the nurse and the waiting-maid were placed in the adjoining compartment of the railway-carriage. On the

six hours' channel passage from Newhaven to Dieppe the lady was extremely sick, and reached France in such a condition that she had to be almost carried on shore. It had been her intention to stop a few days at this fashionable watering-place, but she declared that she must go straight on to Paris, where she could be properly attended to, and, moreover, that she never wanted to see the sea again. When she had been placed in the train for Paris she sent for the nurse, and feebly asked how the baby was, and if it had been seasick. On being told that it was all right, and had not shown a sign of illness, she expressed her gratification, and lay back among her rugs.

The nurse and the waiting-maid traveled together, as before, but the latter, wearied by her night's attendance upon her mistress, slept all the way from Dieppe to Paris. When they reached that city, they went into the waiting-room until a carriage could be procured for them, and there the nurse, placing the baby on a seat, asked her companion to take care of it for a few minutes. She then went out of the station door, and disappeared into Paris.

In this way, the brunt of the terrible disclosure, which came very soon, was thrown upon the waiting-maid. No one, however, attached any blame to her: of course, the absconding nurse had carried away the fair-haired child. The waiting-maid had been separated from her during the passage from the train to the station, and it was supposed that in this way an exchange of babies had been easily made by her and her confederates. When the mother knew of her loss, her grief was so violent that for a time her life was in danger. All Paris was searched by the police and her friends, but no traces could be found of the wicked nurse and the fair-haired child. Money, which, of course, was considered the object of the inhuman crime, was freely offered, but to no avail. No one imagined for an instant that the exchange was made before the party reached Paris. It seemed plain enough that the crime was committed when the woman fled.

Corinne, who had been placed in the charge of a servant until it was determined what to do with her, was not at all satisfied with the new state of affairs, and loudly demanded her papa and mamma, behaving for a time in a very turbulent way. In a few days, the lady recovered her strength, and asked to see this child. The initials upon Corinne's heels had been discovered, and, when she was told of these, the lady examined them closely.

"The people who left this child," she ex-

claimed, "do not intend to lose her! They know where she is, and they will keep a watch upon her, and when they get a chance they will take her. I, too, will keep a watch upon her, and when they come for her I shall see them."

Her use of words soon showed Corinne to be of English parentage, and it was generally supposed that she had been stolen from some travelers, and had been used at the station as a means of giving time to the nurse to get away with the other child.

In accord with her resolution, the grief-stricken lady put Corinne in the charge of a trusty woman, and, moreover, scarcely ever allowed her to be out of her sight.

It was suggested that advertisement be made for the parents of a child marked with R. G. and J. P. But to this the lady decidedly objected.

"If her parents find her," she said, "they will take her away, and I want to keep her till the thieves come for her. I have lost my child, and as this one is the only clew I shall ever have to her, I intend to keep it. When I have found my child, it will be time enough to restore this one."

Thus selfish is maternal love.

Pomona bore up better under the loss than did Jonas. Neither of them gave up the search for a day; but Jonas, haggard and worn, wandered aimlessly about the city, visiting every place into which he imagined a child might have wandered, or might have been taken, searching even to the crypt in the Guildhall and the Tower of London. Pomona's mind worked quite as actively as her husband's body. She took great care of "Little Kensington," as she called the strange child, from the place where she had been found; and therefore could not go about as Jonas did. After days and nights of ceaseless supposition, she had come to the conclusion that Corinne had been stolen by opera singers.

"I suppose you never knew it," she said to us, "for I took pains not to let it disturb you, but that child has notes in her voice about two stories higher than any operer prymer donner that I ever heard, an' I've heard lots of 'em, for I used to go into the top gallery of the operer as often as into the theayter; an' if any operer singer ever heard them high notes of Corinne's,—an' there was times when she'd let 'em out without the least bit of a notice,—it's them that's took her."

"But, my poor Pomona," said Euphemia, "you don't suppose that little child could be of any use to an opera singer; at least, not for years and years."

"Oh, yes, ma'am," replied Pomona; "she was none too young. Sopranners is like

mocking-birds; they've got to be took young."

No arguments could shake Pomona's belief in this theory. And she daily lamented the fact that there was no opera in London at that time that she might go to the performances, and see if there was any one on the stage who looked mean enough to steal a child.

"If she was there," said Pomona, "I'd know it. She'd feel the scorn of a mother's eye on her, an' her guilty heart would make her forget her part."

Pomona frequently went into Kensington Gardens, and laid traps for opera singers who might be sojourning in London. She would take Little Kensington into the gardens, and, placing her carefully in the corner of a bench, would retire to a short distance and pretend to be absorbed in a book, while her sharp eyes keep up the watch for a long-haired tenor, or a beautifully dressed soprano, who should suddenly rush out from the bushes and seize the child.

"I wouldn't make no fuss if they was to come out," she said. "Little Kensington would go under my arm, not theirs, an' I'd walk calmly with 'em to their home. Then I'd say: 'Give me my child, an' take yourn, which, though she probably hasn't got no voice, is a lot too good for you; an' may the house hurl stools at you the next time you appear, is the limit of a mother's curse."

But, alas for Pomona, no opera singers ever showed themselves.

These days of our stay in London were not pleasant. We went about little, and enjoyed nothing. At last Pomona came to us, her face pale but determined.

"It's no use," she said, "for us to keep you here no longer, when I know you've got through with the place, and want to go on, an' we'll go, too, for I don't believe my child's in London. She's been took away, an' we might as well look for her in one place as another. The perlice tells us that if she's found here they'll know it fust, an' they'll telegraph to us wherever we is; an' if it wasn't for nuthin' else, it would be a mercy to git Jone out of this place. He goes about like a cat after her drowned kittens. It's a-bringin' out them chills of hisn, an' the next thing it'll kill him. I can't make him believe in the findin' of Corinne as firm as I do, but I know as long as Perkins's Indelible Dab holds out (an' there's no rubbin' nor washin' it off) I'll git my child."

I admitted, but not with Pomona's hopefulness, that the child might be found as easily in Paris as here.

"And we've seen everything about Lon-



don," said Euphemia, "except Windsor Castle. I did want, and still want, to see just how the Queen keeps house, and perhaps get some ideas which might be useful; but Her Majesty is away now, and, although they say that's the time to go there, it is not the time for me. You'll not find me going about inspecting domestic arrangements when the lady of the house is away."

So we packed up and went to Paris, taking Little Kensington along. Notwithstanding our great sympathy with Corinne's parents, Euphemia and myself could not help becoming somewhat resigned to the affliction which had befallen them, and we found ourselves obliged to enjoy the trip very much. Euphemia became greatly excited and exhilarated as we entered Paris. For weeks I knew she had been pining for this city. As she stepped from the train she seemed to breathe a new air, and her eyes sparkled as she knew by the prattle and cries about her that she was really in France.

We were obliged to wait some time in the station before we could claim our baggage, and while we were standing there Euphemia drew my attention to a placard on the wall. "Look at that!" she exclaimed. "Even here, on our very entrance to the city, we see signs of that politeness which is the very heart of the nation. I can't read the whole of that notice from here, but those words in large letters show that it refers to the observance of the ancient etiquettes. Think of it! Here in a railroad station people are expected to behave to each other with the old-time dignity and gallantry of our forefathers. I tell you it thrills my very soul to think I am among such a people, and I am glad they can't understand what I say, so that I may speak right out."

I never had the heart to throw cold water on Euphemia's noble emotions, and so I did not tell her that the notice merely requested travelers to remove from their trunks the *anciennes etiquettes*, or old railway labels.

We were not rich tourists, and we all took lodgings in a small hotel to which we had been recommended. It was in the Latin Quarter, near the river, and opposite the vast palace of the Louvre, into whose labyrinth of picture-galleries Euphemia and I were eager to plunge.

But first we all went to the office of the American Consul, and consulted with him in regard to the proper measures to be taken for searching for the little Corinne in Paris. After that, for some days, Jonas and Pomona spent all their time, and Euphemia and I part of ours, in looking for the child. Euphemia's Parisian exhilaration continued to

increase, but there were some things that disappointed her.

"I thought," said she, "that people in France took their morning coffee in bed, but they do not bring it up to us."

"But, my dear," said I, "I am sure you said before we came here that you considered taking coffee in bed as an abominable habit, and that nothing could ever make you like it."

"I know," said she, "that I have always thought it a lazy custom, and not a bit nice, and I think so yet. But still, when we are in a strange country, I expect to live as the other people do."

It was quite evident that Euphemia had been looking forward for some time to the novel experience of taking her coffee in bed. But the gray-haired old gentleman who acted as our chambermaid, never hinted that he supposed we wanted anything of the kind.

Nothing, however, excited Euphemia's indignation so much as the practice of giving a *pourboire* to cabmen and others. "It is simply feeding the flames of intemperance," she said. When she had occasion to take a cab by herself, she never conformed to this reprehensible custom. When she paid the driver, she would add something to the regular fare, but as she gave it to him she would say in her most distinct French: "*Pour manger. Comprenez-vous?*" The *cocher* would generally nod his head, and thank her very kindly, which he had good reason to do, for she never forgot that it took more money to buy food than drink.

In spite of the attractions of the city, our sojourn in Paris was not satisfactory. Apart from the family trouble which oppressed us, it rained nearly all the time. We were told that in order to see Paris at its best we should come in the spring. In the month of May it was charming. Then everybody would be out-of-doors, and we would see a whole city enjoying life. As we wished to enjoy life without waiting for the spring, we determined to move southward, and visit during the winter those parts of Europe which then lay under blue skies and a warm sun. It was impossible, at present, for Pomona and Jonas to enjoy life anywhere, and they would remain in Paris, and then, if they did not find their child in a reasonable time, they would join us. Neither of them understood French, but this did not trouble them in the slightest. Early in their Paris wanderings they had met with a boy who had once lived in New York, and they had taken him into pay as an interpreter. He charged them a franc and a half a day, and I am sure they got their money's worth.

Soon after we had made up our minds to



move toward the south, I came home from a visit to the bankers, and joyfully told Euphemia that I had met Baxter.

"Baxter?" said she, inquiringly, "who is he?"

"I used to go to school with him," I said; "and to think that I should meet him here!"

"I never heard you mention him before," she remarked.

"No," I answered; "it must be fifteen or sixteen years since I have seen him, and really it is a great pleasure to meet him here. He is a capital fellow. He was very glad to see me."

"I should think," said Euphemia, "if you like each other so much that you would have exchanged visits in America, or, at least, have corresponded."

"Oh, it is a very different thing at home," I said; "but here it is delightful to see an old school friend like Baxter. He is coming to see us this evening."

That evening Baxter came. He was delighted to meet Euphemia, and inquired with much solicitude about our plans and movements. He had never heard of my marriage, and, for years, had not known whether I was dead or alive. Now he took the keenest interest in me and mine. We were a little sorry to find that this was not Baxter's first visit to Europe. He had been here several times; and, as he expressed it, "had knocked about a good deal over the Continent." He was dreadfully familiar with everything, and talked about some places we were longing to see in a way that considerably dampened our enthusiasm. In fact, there was about him an air of superiority which, though tempered by much kindness, was not altogether agreeable. He highly approved our idea of leaving Paris. "The city is nothing now," he said. "You ought to see it in May." We said we had heard that, and then spoke of Italy. "You mustn't go there in the winter," he said. "You don't see the country at its best. May is the time for Italy. Then it is neither too hot nor too cold, and you will find out what an Italian sky is." We said that we hoped to be in England in the spring, and he agreed that we were right there. "England is never so lovely as in May."

"Well!" exclaimed Euphemia, "it seems to me, from all I hear, that we ought to take about twelve years to see Europe. We should leave the United States every April, spend May in some one place, and go back in June. And this we ought to do every year until we have seen all the places in May. This might do very well for any one who had plenty of money, and who liked the ocean, but I don't think we could stand it. As for me," she con-

tinued, "I would like to spend these months, so cold and disagreeable here, in the sunny lands of Southern France. I want to see the vineyards and the olive groves, and the dark-eyed maidens singing in the fields. I long for the soft skies of Provence, and to hear the musical dialect in which Frederic Mistral wrote his 'Miréio.'"

"That sounds very well," said Baxter, "but in all those southern countries you must be prepared in winter for the rigors of the climate. The sun is pretty warm sometimes at this season, but as soon as you get out of it you will freeze to death if you are not careful. The only way to keep warm is to be in the sun, out of the wind, and that won't work on rainy days, and winter is the rainy season, you know. In the houses it is as cold as ice, and the fires don't amount to anything. You might as well light a bundle of wooden tooth-picks and put it in the fire-place. If you could sleep all the time it might do very well, for they give you a feather-bed to cover yourself with. Outside you may do well enough if you keep up a steady walking, but indoors you will have hard work to keep warm. You must wear chest-protectors. They sell them down there—great big ones, made of rabbit-skins; and a nice thing for a man to have to wear in the house is a pair of cloth bags lined with fur. They would keep his feet and legs warm when he isn't walking. It is well, too, to have a pair of smaller fur bags for your hands when you are in the house. You can have a little hole in the end of one of them through which you can stick a pen-holder, and then you can write letters. An india-rubber bag, filled with hot water, to lower down your back, is a great comfort. You haven't any idea how cold your spine gets in those warm countries. And, if I were you, I'd avoid a place where you see them carting coal stoves around. Those are the worst spots. And you need not expect to get one of the stoves, not while they can sell you wood at two sticks for a franc. You had better go to some place where they are not accustomed to having tourists. In the regular resorts they are afraid to make any show of keeping warm, for fear people will think they are in the habit of having cold weather. And in Italy you've got to be precious careful, or you'll be taken sick. And another thing. I suppose you brought a great deal of baggage with you. You, for instance," said our friend, turning to me, "packed up, I suppose, a heavy overcoat for cold weather, and a lighter one, and a good winter suit, and a good summer one, besides another for spring and fall, and an old suit to lie about in in the orange groves, and a dress suit, besides such convenient articles

as old boots for tramping in, shut-up lanterns, and so forth.

Strange to say I had all these, besides many other things of a similar kind, and I could not help admitting it.

"Well," said Baxter, "you'd better get rid of the most of that as soon as you can, for if you travel with that sort of heavy weight in the Mediterranean countries, you might as well write home and get your house mortgaged. All along the lines of travel, in the south of Europe, you find the hotels piled up with American baggage left there by travelers, who'll never send for it. It reminds one of the rows of ox skeletons that used to mark out the roads to California. But I guess you'll be able to stick it out. Good-bye. Let me hear from you."

When Baxter left us, we could not but feel a little down-hearted, and Euphemia turned to her guide-book to see if his remarks were corroborated there.

"Well, there is one comfort," she exclaimed at last, "this book says that in Naples epidemics are not so deadly as they are in some other places, and if the traveler observes about a page of directions, which are given here, and consults a physician the moment he feels himself out of order, it is quite possible to ward off attacks of fever. That is encouraging, and I think we might as well go on."

"Yes," said I, "and here, in this newspaper, a hotel in Venice advertises that its situation enables it to avoid the odors of the Grand Canal; and an undertaker in Nice advertises that he will forward the corpses of tourists to all parts of Europe and America. I think there is a chance of our getting back, either dead or alive, and so I also say, let us go on."

But before we left Paris, we determined to go to the Grand Opera, which we had not yet visited, and Euphemia proposed that we should take Pomona with us. The poor girl was looking wretched and woe-begone, and needed to have her mind diverted from her trouble. Jonas, at the best of times, could not be persuaded to any amusement of this sort, but Pomona agreed to go. We had no idea of dressing for the boxes, and we took good front seats in the upper circle, where we could see the whole interior of the splendid house. As soon as the performance commenced, the old dramatic fire began to burn in Pomona. Her eyes sparkled as they had not done for many a day, and she really looked like her own bright self. The opera was "*Le Prophète*," and, as none of us had ever seen anything produced on so magnificent a scale, we were greatly interested, especially

in the act which opens with that wonderful winter scene in the forest, with hundreds of people scattered about under the great trees, with horses and sleighs and the frozen river in the background where the skaters came gliding on. The grouping was picturesque and artistic; the scale of the scene was immense; there was a vast concourse of people on the stage; the dances were beautiful; the merry skaters graceful; the music was inspiring.

Suddenly, above the voices of the chorus, above the drums and bass strings of the orchestra, above the highest notes of the sopranos, above the great chandelier itself, came two notes distinct and plain, and the words to which they were set, were:

"Ma-ma!"

Like a shot Pomona was on her feet. With arms outspread and her whole figure dilating until she seemed twice as large as usual, I thought she was about to spring over the balcony into the house below. I clutched her, and Euphemia and I, both upon our feet, followed her gaze and saw upon the stage a little girl in gay array, and upturned face. It was the lost Corinne.

Without a word, Pomona made a sudden turn, sprang up the steps behind her, and out upon the lobby, Euphemia and I close behind her. Around and down the steps we swept, from lobby to lobby, amazing the cloak-keepers and attendants, but stopping for nothing; down the grand staircase like an avalanche, almost into the arms of the astonished military sentinels, who, startled from their soldier-like propriety, sprang, muskets in hand, toward us. It was only then that I was able to speak to Pomona, and breathlessly ask her where she was going.

"To the stage-door!" she cried, making a motion to hurl to the ground the soldier before her. But there was no need to go to any stage-door. In a moment there rushed along the corridor, a lady dressed apparently in all the colors of the rainbow, and bearing in her arms a child. There was a quick swoop, and in another moment Pomona had the child. But clinging to its garments, the lady cried, in excellent English but with some foreign tinge:

"Where is my child you stole?"

"Stole your grandmother!" briefly ejaculated Pomona. And then, in grand forgetfulness of everything but her great joy, she folded her arms around her child, and standing like a statue of motherly content she seemed, in our eyes, to rise to the regions of the caryatides and the ceiling frescoes. Not another word she spoke, and amid the confusion of questions and exclamations, and

the wild demands of the lady, Euphemia and I contrived to make her understand the true state of the case, and that her child was probably at our lodgings. Then there were great exclamations and quick commands; and, directly, four of us were in a carriage whirling to our hotel. All the way, Pomona sat silent with her child clasped tightly, while Euphemia and I kept up an earnest but unsatisfactory conversation with the lady; for, as to this strange affair, we could tell each other but little. We learned from the lady, who was an assistant soprano at the Grand Opera, how Corinne came to her in Paris, and how she had always kept her with her, even dressing her up, and taking her on the stage in that great act where as many men, women, and children as possible were brought upon the scene. When she heard the cry of Corinne, she knew the child had seen its mother, and then, whether the opera went on or not, it mattered not to her.

When the carriage stopped, the three women sprang out at once, and how they all got through the door, I cannot tell. There was such a tremendous ring at the gate of the court that the old *concerge*, who opened it by pulling a wire in his little den somewhere in the rear, must have been dreadfully startled in his sleep. We rushed through the court and up the stairs past our apartments to Pomona's room; and there in the open door-way stood Jonas, his coat off, his sandy

hair in wild confusion, his face radiant, and in his hands Little Kensington in her night-gown.

"I knew by the row on the stairs you'd brought her home," he exclaimed, as Little Kensington was snatched from him and Corinne was put into his arms.

We left Jonas and Pomona to their wild delight, and I accompanied the equally happy lady to the opera house, where I took occasion to reclaim the wraps which we had left behind in our sudden flight.

When the police of Paris were told to give up their search for an absconding nurse accompanied by a child, and to look for one without such incumbrance, they found her. From this woman was obtained much of the story I have told, and a good deal more was drawn out, little by little, from Corinne, who took especial pleasure in telling, in brief sentences, how she had ousted the lazy baby from the carriage, and how she had scratched her own legs in getting in.

"What I'm proud of," said Pomona, "is that she did it all herself. It wasn't none of your common stealin's an' findin's; an' it aint everywhere you'll see a child that kin git itself lost back of Prince Albert's monnymment, an' git itself found at the operer in Paris, an' attend to both ends of the case itself. An', after all, them two high notes of hern was more good than Perkins's Indelible Dab."

Frank R. Stockton.



### ANTIQUITY.

He spoke to us of Egypt in her prime;  
He showed us pictures of the rock-hewn kings  
And Memnon's hoary bulk, that no more sings  
His greeting to the morning sun. The time  
Slipped back through thirty centuries, dim with rime  
And mist that veils the dawn of human things,  
Until we felt the awe the great past brings  
To us who dwell in this unstoried clime.

And then he paused and turned; the night was torn  
With flying clouds, but once, there gleamed a star,—  
A single sun of all the heavenly band;  
And he, "Lo! that dim light saw Egypt born;  
Before it, all earth's ages moments are,  
And all her greatness but a grain of sand."

James Sanderson.

### MY ADVENTURES IN ZUÑI. III.

"The rattled-tailed serpents  
Have gone into council;  
For the god of the Ice-caves,  
From his home where the white down  
Of wind in the north-land  
Lies spread out forever,  
Breathes over our country  
And breaks down the pine-boughs."<sup>\*</sup>

THUS say the grandfathers of Zuñi children when the snow-storms whiten the distant mountains and mesas. Next to autumn, winter is the merriest season of the year; merry to the lazy Indians, because a time of rest, festivity, and ceremonial. There is not much to be done; only the wood to be gathered from the mesas and cañons and brought in on "burro-back," the herds to be looked after, and the snow, when it happens to get piled up on the terraces, to be shoveled with wooden spades into blankets, and carried on the head down ladders to the outer edge of the pueblo, and there banked against the corrals. The days, save when some national observance claims the time, or betting over elaborate games in the plazas runs high, are dreary and monotonous enough; but the firelit evenings lengthen into hours of merry conversation. Old gray-heads sit around the hearths, telling their children of the adventures of men and the gods "when the world was young in the days of the new."

When the new-year of 1880 brought such times as these, I had been four months in Zuñi, and was counted one of the Children of the Sun. As I strolled through the streets or over the house-tops, children stopped pelting dogs with snow-balls, or playing checkers with bits of pottery on flat stones, and shouted my new name, "Te-na-tsa-li! Te-na-tsa-li!" at the tops of their shrill little voices. I was able, too, to share somewhat in the conversations and councils of the older ones; no longer did the cigarette of my "brother," the old governor of the tribe, gleam alone when the blazes on the hearth shrank back into the red embers, leaving only the shadows of the night in my little room. No; a dozen red stars glowed and perished with every whiff of as many eager visitors, or burned in concert at the end of each joke or story, revealing strange features which started forth from the darkness, like the ruddy ghosts of some pre-Columbian decade. "Shake the blazes out of the brands," one of

these ghosts would say; and another, with a long cedar stick, would poke the brands, till the flames would dart up the black chimney anew, the cigarette stars would fade into ashes in the sunlight of the piñon, when lo! the ancient ghosts became sprawling, half-nude Indians again.

No sooner had I begun to enjoy these evening diversions of the pueblo home than they were interrupted for several days. I then first learned of the existence of thirteen orders or societies, some of which were actually esoteric, others of a less strict nature, but all most elaborately organized and of definitely graded rank, relative to one another. For the introduction here of a few words relative to these organizations, I beg the pardon of the reader; since their existence is a fact of ethnologic importance, and moreover my statements relative to them have been most acrimoniously criticised and persistently disputed.

Functionally they are divisible into four classes: Those of War, of the Priesthood, of Medicine, and of the Chase; yet the elements of every one of these classes may be traced in each of all the others.

Of the first class (Martial) there is but one society—the "A-pi-thlan-shi-wa-ni," or the "Priests of the Bow," at once the most powerful and the most perfectly organized of all native associations, in some respects resembling the Masonic order, being strictly secret or esoteric; it is possessed of twelve degrees, distinguished by distinctive badges.

Of the second class (Ecclesiastical) there is also but one order—the "Shi-wa-ni-kwe," or society of priests, of the utmost sacred importance, yet less strictly secret than the first.

Of the third class (Medical) are the "Kashi-kwe" and "A-tchi-a-kwe," or cactus and knife orders—the martial and civil surgeons of the nation; the "Ne-we-kwe" and "Thle-we-kwe," or the gourmands and stick-swallowers; "Bearers of the Wand," who treat diseases of the digestive system; the "Ka-

<sup>\*</sup> An almost literal translation from a Zuñi folk-lore tale of winter.



ka-thla-na-kwe" and "Ma-ke-thla-na-kwe," or grand ka-ka (dance) and grand fire orders, who treat inflammatory diseases; the "Ma-ke-tsa-na-kwe" and "Pe-sho-tsi-lo-kwe," or the lesser fire and insect orders, who treat burns, ulcers, cancers, and parasitic complaints; the "U-hu-hu-kwe," or "Ahem" (cough) order, who treat colds, etc.; and lastly, the "Tchi-to-la-kwe," or rattlesnake order, who treat the results of poisoning, actual or supposed, resulting from sorcery or venomous wounds.

Of the fourth class (Hunters) there is again but one order—the "San-ia-k'ia-kwe," or "Tus-ki-kwe," blood or coyote order—the hunters of the nation.

To all these a fourteenth organization might be added, were it not too general to be regarded as esoteric, notwithstanding its operations are strictly secret and sacred. I refer to the much quoted, misspelled, and otherwise abused "Ka-ka," "the Dance," which is wonderfully perfect in structure, and may be regarded as the national church, and, like the church with ourselves, is rather a sect than a society.

Perhaps the Priesthood of the Bow is the only truly esoteric of all these bodies, since members of it may be admitted to meetings of all the others, while members of the other societies are strictly excluded from the meetings of this.

Early learning this, I strove for nearly two years to gain membership in it, which would secure at once standing with the tribe and entrance to all sacred meetings, as well as eligibility to the Head Chieftaincies. I succeeded, and the memory of my experiences in this connection are to me the most interesting chapter of my Zuni life.

These orders were engaged in their annual ceremonies, of which little was told or shown me; but, at the end of four days, I heard one morning a deep whirring noise. Running out, I saw a procession of three priests of the bow, in plumed helmets and closely-fitting cuirasses, both of thick buckskin,—gorgeous and solemn with sacred embroideries and war-paint, begirt with bows, arrows, and war-clubs, and each distinguished by his badge of degree,—coming down one of the narrow streets. The principal priest carried in his arms a wooden idol, ferocious in aspect, yet beautiful with its decorations of shell, turquois, and brilliant paint. It was nearly hidden by symbolic slats and prayer-sticks most elaborately plumed. He was preceded by a guardian with drawn bow and arrows, while another followed, twirling the sounding slat which had attracted alike my attention and that of hundreds of the

Indians, who hurriedly flocked to the roofs of the adjacent houses or lined the street, bowing their heads in adoration, and scattering sacred prayer-meal on the god and his attendant priests. Slowly they wound their way down the hill, across the river, and off toward the mountain of Thunder. Soon an identical procession followed and took its way toward the western hills. I watched them long until they disappeared, and a few hours afterward there arose from the top of "Thunder Mountain" a dense column of smoke, simultaneously with another from the more distant western mesa of "U-ha-na-rai," or "Mount of the Beloved."

Then they told me that for four days I must neither touch nor eat flesh or oil of any kind, and for ten days neither throw any refuse from my doors, nor permit a spark to leave my house, for "This was the season of the year when the 'grandmother of men' (fire) was precious."

Since my admission to the Priesthood of the Bow, I have been elected to the office of guardian to these gods; have twice accompanied them to their distant lofty shrines, where, with many prayers, chants, and invocations, they are placed in front of their predecessors' accumulation. Poetic in name and ascribed nature are these cherished and adored gods of war: one is called "A-hai-iu-ta," and the other "Ma-tsai-le-ma," and they are believed to be single in spirit, yet dual in form, the child or children of the God of the Sun, and to guard from year to year, from sunrise to sunset, the vale and children of those they were first sent to redeem and guide. These children receive without question the messages interpreted by their priests from year to year, which unfailingly shape the destinies of their nation toward the "encircling cities of mankind."

When the fast was over and the nation had gladly thrown aside its yoke of restriction with the plumed sacrifices, which were cast into the river or planted on the sandy plain, the nightly sittings were again resumed in my little home. One night, at the pause of a long story, I heard a priest counting his fingers to fix the date of the ceremonies of initiation to be performed, he said, "by the rattlesnakes and fire-eaters." He lamented greatly the loss of some sacred black paint, with which he wished to decorate afresh the tablets of his altar, and was wondering what he would do about it. Conversation recurred to the stories, and I fell to thinking how I could turn the priest's difficulties to account. At last a plan struck me: I took from my trunk a book illustrated with colored prints and pretended to read it before the dim fire-light. As



I had designed, the curiosity of my companions was excited. Then I told them how the pictures had first been painted, and getting my water-color box, which contained some India ink, proceeded to illustrate what I had said. In describing how the colors were made, I dwelt particularly on the ink, saying that it was "made only by the *Chi-ni-kwe*, who were a Celestial people and lived on the back side of the world." I then painted with it a tablet of wood, and the deep black gloss excited their admiration. When I saw this, I hastened to add that "the black pigment was most precious; that they might use the other tints, but I could not part with that for an instant." At their usual late hour the company broke up. The priest, on leaving, looked longingly toward the corner wherein I had placed the box of paints, but said nothing. I awaited further developments most anxiously.

Four or five days later he came to me in company with one or two others. It was quite early in the day. As I had hoped, he asked for a "small piece of the *Chi-ni-kwe* ink." I refused it, repeating what I had already said. For a time he looked blank, but finally asked if I would not *lend* him some of it. Again I refused, saying "I could not trust it out of my sight." Finally, after much consultation with the others, he asked me if I "liked the Mexicans and other fools." I said "No"; then he begged that I should come to the "Chamber of the Rattlesnakes," and bring with me some of the "*Chi-ni-kwe* black." I purposely hesitated a long time, but finally said that "may-be" I would.

As soon as the embassy had departed, I made up a package of tobacco, candles, etc., with the black paint and an elaborate Chinese ink-stone. Near noon I took my way to the Chamber. I stepped down the ladder with perfect assurance, and observing that all the members were barefooted, drew my own moccasins off and went up to the front of the altar; at the same time speaking the greeting which had been taught me when I visited the "*Ko-yi-ma-shi*," I deposited the articles one by one, last of all the paint.

✓ Had a ghost appeared in their midst he would not have caused more surprise than my assurance and seeming familiarity with the forms excited in the members of the order. They occupied one of the largest rooms in the town, along the walls of which were painted figures of the gods, among them a winged human monster with masked face, and a giant corn-plant which reached from floor to ceiling and was grasped on either side by a mythologic being. Toward the western end of the room stood the altar, with attendant priests before, behind, and on

either side of it. Above all was suspended a winged figure, like the painting on the wall. Between the altar and the blazing hearth were gathered the members, all of whom, save the women, were nearly nude; but elaborate devices in red, white, and yellow paint, representing serpents, suns, and stars, made them appear dressed in skin-fitting costumes. They were at work grinding and mixing paint, adorning costumes, and cleaving blocks of straight-grained cedar into splints about a yard in length, and nearly as thin as grass straws. Others, again, were tying, with strips of "yucca" leaf, the splints thus prepared into bundles about as large as one's arm.

As soon as I had deposited the presents, I approached and saluted the chief-priest, grasped his hands with both my own, and telling him I would "return at evening for the paint," breathed on them and hastily withdrew. On my way home an Indian who had seen me enter cursed me heartily, and said I would suffer for my imprudence, but I paid no attention to him. He told my old brother, however, and when long after dark I threw my serape over my shoulders, the latter asked where I was going. I said "To see the rattlesnakes." "No!" said the old man. "Yes," said I; "if the priest be willing, why should *you* object?" and amid family imprecations I darted out of the door and hurried along the dark streets to the place of meeting. I climbed the ladder and entered, blinking at the flood of light with which the place was aglow. Several of the members started up and motioned me out with their flat hands; but I only breathed deeply from my own, until I reached the place of the old priest. Knowing that Mexican was forbidden, I pretended not to understand what was said, when the latter advised me, in his own language, to go home: on the contrary, I wrung his hand, and, as I pulled off my moccasins, incoherently expressed my thanks for the privilege of remaining, and immediately seated myself as if for the night. It was a heavy "game of bluff"; but utterly bewildered by it, the old priest said nothing for some moments, until, evidently in despair, he lighted a cigarette, blew smoke into the air, uttered a prayer, and then handed the cigarette to me. I smoked a whiff or two, said a prayer in English, and handed the cigarette to the nearest member. I had the satisfaction of hearing them say, "Let him stay; he is no fool, and what if he be—he is our *Ki-he*, and the '*Beings*' will throw the light of their favor upon him, because he cannot understand and knows no better." So they rolled another cigarette and told me I "must smoke all night, and help to make clouds for their little world"; that I "must occasionally give

to the fathers (priests and song-masters) my cigarettes, roll more, and never be idle, nor cease smoking." I had never smoked before. The first cigarette made me desperately sick; the second, sicker; so that, when I rose to present it, I reeled and had to sit down again; with the third, the sickness disappeared, and with the fourth I first came to feel the dreamy pleasures of the smoker.

At midnight, a long succession of cries like the voices of strange night-birds penetrated our smoky den. The musicians began to beat their great drum and sing a weird, noisy song, celebrating the origin of their order. Soon a grand company of dancers filed in, costumed like the members of the Rattlesnake order, save that black streaks of paint encircled their mouths, bordered and heightened by lines and daubs of yellow pigment. After passing through a rapid dance, which was attended by the round-headed "Sa-la-mo-pi-a," they settled down along the opposite side of the room. Only the "Sa-la-mo-pi-a" now remained, dancing wildly up and down before the altar, waving his wand of yucca and willow, with which, on occasion, he soundly thrashed the unfortunate sleepers whom his keen little round eyes failed not to discover.

There was now a sudden pause in the music. The Sa-la-mo-pi-a retired, and only members of the two orders remained. Two lads who were undergoing their novitiate, were brought into the middle of the room. The fires and huge grease lamps were freshly kindled and lighted, until the smoke near the ceiling looked almost like the clouds of sunset. A nude functionary brought great armfuls of the splint bundles, and deposited them in front of the hearth. The music struck up—wilder, more mysterious and deafening than ever. The two boys looked wistfully about; one trembled visibly, while the other, more imbued with the spirit of his race, seemed possessed, after the first movements, with a dogged apathy. Two members of the order approached them from behind, pinioned their arms, and stood holding them. All the other members rose, each procured a bundle of the splints, breathed on it, prayed over it, and all, save the leading priests, sat down again; these set up long, terrific cries, rushed toward the fire, howled at it as if in defiance, and stuffed the ends of the splints into the flames and embers. Soon their torches set the place more aglow than ever. They approached the terrified boys, danced, and joined in the wild song, brandishing their flambeaux, and yelling more and more vociferously. Suddenly, two by two, they stepped into the light, thrust the blazing splints into their mouths and throats, drew them forth still

aglow with coals, and put the latter out in the mouths of the boys. The stoic stood unmoved, but the other writhed and turned his head piteously; to no purpose, however, for the stalwart priests held him firmly to the fiery ordeal. Two by two, all the members in order of their rank, even the song-masters, went through this process, until just before day-break there remained only the prayers to be said over the wretched pair to complete their initiation. This completed they were conducted to seats, and all present said their prayers before the altar; meal was thrust into my hand and I was dragged up with the rest. A long silence ensued. Sleepy participants nodded, grimaced, fell against one another, re-straightened up, only to repeat again and again the same experience, before daylight sifted in and sunbeams followed through the holes in the blanket curtains. Finally, a woman's voice called down from the roof. One by one she passed down huge bowls of meat broth, red with chili, guava and Indian delicacies, until four rows extended from the end of the room to the altar. She then came in accompanied by a plumed priest of another order; together they said a prayer of presentation, which the priests present replied to with one of thanksgiving. The "bad influence" of the feast was skimmed off with eagle plumes and "thrown up" the altar by a medicine priest. Then the leader called out, "Eat all!" The weary crowd woke up of one accord, and with boisterous jokes, loud smacking, and gurgling exclamations of satisfaction, soon cleared away a good portion of the liberal feast. A bowl of hot broth and meat was set before the novices. It was red with pepper, powder, or chili. They took a mouthful each, and with tears in their eyes desisted, for their lips were as black with cinders as their tongues were white with blisters, but they were bidden to eat. The more timid one refusing was grasped by the nape of the neck by one priest, while another stuffed the hot smoking food down his throat.

Horrible as are these ordeals, they are less so than those of the Cactus order, where the young candidate is scourged with willow wands and cactus thorns, until his naked body is covered with a net-work of ridges and punctures. Far from blaming my foster-people for these things, I look rather to the spirit of their at first imposed, but afterward voluntary sufferings, that they may place themselves beyond the evil they strive to overcome in others; may strengthen the faith of their patients to the sublime power of their medicines, given, they aver, by the gods themselves for the relief of suffering humanity. So, annually, they and their brother orders

give public exhibitions of their various powers—sometimes, as is the case with the slat swallows (or "Bearers of the Wand"), producing injuries for life, or even suffering death; but, nevertheless unflinchingly, year after year, performing their excruciating rites.

When all was over I followed the little ray of golden sunshine, which shot down through the neat covering of the sky-hole, up the slanting ladder and out into the cold winter morning air. A chill seized me before I had reached my little room. Several Indians who noticed my pallor attributed it to my transgressions. They were not long in communicating their thoughts to my old brother, who lamented having allowed me to go. As days passed I grew little better, and a few colds—the result of my scant costume and almost constantly damp, cold feet—at last prostrated me with pneumonia. When I began to recover, I was for weeks almost confined to my room. A walk across the pueblo would exhaust me. During this long illness and convalescence, I was constantly attended by my old brother and K'ia-wu ("sister"). My hammock was once more brought out and strung, and I was allowed more blankets. An almost constant crowd of visitors assembled during the day in my little room, leaving only with the late hours of night. They kept up a steady conversation, and I determined to improve the time by studies of the language. My old brother was delighted. Hour after hour he would sit by my bedside, drilling me in pronunciation and compelling me to say, over and over, the hard new words which he continually produced and explained for my benefit.

I now began to learn that the language spoken by my foster-people is by no means either meager or crude. It has most of the cases, moods, and tenses of the Greek, and like it possessed the singular, dual-plural, plural, and collective-plural numbers. It abounds in synonyms. For instance, the word *much* or *many* is expressed by no fewer than three words: *En-ma*, *te-u-tcha*, *ko-ho-ma-sho-ko*. For our verb *to know*, five expressions occur, strikingly delicate in their distinctive shades of meaning. *To know*—intensively or abstractly, self-evident knowledge, *ai-yu-ya-na*; *to know* through the understanding, acquired knowledge, *tu-he-ta*; *to know*—how to act, speak, think, do or make anything,—methodic knowledge, *an-i-kwa*; *to know*—a country, road, river, mountain, or place—geographic knowledge, *te-na-di*; *to know*—a place, person, animal, or personified object—knowledge of acquaintance, *a-na-pi*. Each of these expressions is again capable of modification by

grammatical prefixes, suffixes, or interjections; so that more than fifteen almost distinct terms for the one English verb, *to know*, can be produced. Nor are these refinements of meaning limited to this one example; they extend through the whole range of verbs, adverbs, and adjectives of the language. I was at first overwhelmed; but my old brother so invariably pounced upon a wrong use of any apparent synonym, that I soon overcame the difficulty.

To get used to the proper number, however, was not so easy. A friend's face would smile in at my open door. I would say *Kwa-ta* (Come in). He would thank me and obey instantly. Three or four, old and young, would appear; I would address them in the same way. They would look at one another and then at me, and finally begin a discussion as to which of their number I had meant. My old brother would look up and remark *U-kwa-ta*. They would troop in, and he would rate me soundly before them all for such a blunder. But if it happened that two appeared at the door, and I repeated the plural expression, they would unfailingly look over their shoulders as though they expected some one else to follow. Then the old man would laugh at me, swear a little, and call out *Atch-kwa-ta*. Imagine my surprise when I thought I had mastered these distinctions to find myself yet again sharply rebuked by my old teacher. Several dancers came to my door-way. I said *U-kwa-ta*; they looked offended. *An-samu-kwa-ta*, said my old brother; the looks vanished before smiles at my ignorance, and my brother explained that they all belonged to "one class" (*ta-nan-ne*).

He trained me diligently in another peculiarity of his speech. A man may say for "I want" *ha-anti-shi-ma*, but he must not say *ha-kwa-anti-shi-ma* for "I do not want." He must say *kwa* (not) *ha* (I) *anti-shi-ma* (want) *nam-me*, negative ending. "Good" was *Rok-shi*; "not good," *kwa-Rok-sham-me*; and this double negative was a sore perplexity, especially when *Kwa* initiated a long sentence and the negative ending was added to each subject verb or adverb as well as to the close of the whole sentence. After I had gained an insight into case, mood, and tense, endings, prefixes, and interjections, my progress was more rapid. The tenses presented the greatest obstacle. One night I went to bed rather discouraged. I dreamed of having gained a clear conception of the tenses (which probably resulted from my long thinking on the subject), and of speaking at great length many of the roots I already knew, with their proper prefixes and endings. Next morning I spoke according to my dream, and found to



ZUÑI CEREMONY.

THUNDER MOUNTAIN.

my surprise that the fogs about the whole subject had cleared; for it proved that nearly all Zuñi verbs are regular, my subsequent studies having revealed only four or five exceptions to this rule. Wonder of wonders—a language of regular verbs!

And now began my most interesting studies—in which, alas, my teacher could not help me—of the etymology of the language.

Advocates of the "Bow-wow" theory of the origin of language may find convincing facts among the Zuñis. Take, for instance, the root *a-ti*. It is primarily an exclamation of mortal fear. As *a'-ti*, it means blood. It is a termination expressing violence, as in *la-pa-a-ti*—to shake violently—from *la-pa*, the sound of a shaken blanket, and *ati*. *Ta-pa-at-i*—to rap or pound, as at a door, from *ta-pa*—to tap—and *a-ti*. *Tsi-a-a-ti*—to cut or tear flesh or soft substance—from *tsi-a*, in imitation of the sound of cutting flesh, and *a-ti*. *Teshl-a-ti*—to fear; from *teshl*—to breathe hard, and *a-ti*. *A'-tu*—dark blood—from *a-ti*, the exclamation, and *u-e*—painful,—since black blood is supposed to cause inflammation. *A'-tu*, again, is a violent expression for "get out"; and *tuh* becomes an exclamation of anger, equivalent to our word damn. In fact, the number of words in which elements and roots occur derived from this one exclamation, *a-ti*, are so numerous as to become tedious to others than specialists. I venture, however, on one or two additional

examples of derivation through imitation. *Pi-wi-wi-ke-a* is the sound of a string or thread drawn over a resisting body or through the damp fingers. From this the word *pi-le*—a string—is derived. *Tsu-nu-nu-ke-a* is the sound of air escaping from the punctured paunch of a slain animal. From it the word *tsu-le* (paunch) is derived. These two words shortened and combined, *pi-tsu-li-a*, signify a round line, a circle—from string and the shape of a paunch, which is round. Thus almost throughout is this remarkable archaic language of the Zuñis built up, bearing in itself no small portion of the primitive history, especially of the intellectual development of the people by whom it is spoken.

During my illness, I was brought into very close contact with the people. I began to think, from the domestic harmony by which I was surrounded, that I had found the long-sought-for social Utopia. One day, however, the governor had a quarrel with his brother-in-law, and with a few sarcastic and telling epithets gathered up his sheep-skins and blankets, came into my room, slammed the door after him, and did not cross the threshold again for months. The weeping but faithful K'ia-wu followed, and thenceforth they took up quarters with me. More than a year elapsed before I had any more privacy while in Zuñi.

The governor was a rare and singular character. I never tire of speaking or writing



of him. He was long-suffering to a degree incredible, but silent, emotionless, and unswerving when he had determined. One of his traits was cleanliness. One sunny afternoon he was pottering about the eagle-cage, picking up some hard-wood sticks, and carrying them to the oven, behind which he was carefully piling them. K'ia-wu was on the roof sifting corn, and chatting with some neighboring women. Presently I heard a whine; looking round I saw a large, fine dog limping along, his knee, left eye, lips, mouth, and whole face covered with the yellow spines of a porcupine.

"Ha! a yellow beard comes, and is unhappy," I cried.

"A yellow mustache," echoed and queried the governor.

"Why did you tell him?" called K'ia-wu from the roof, for she had just espied the miserable creature.

But the emotionless governor paid attention to neither dog nor remarks. He had just loaded his arms full of the sticks. K'ia-wu, encouraged, warned him that it was his "own uncle's dog." The governor approached the oven with his load; suddenly choosing from it a suitable club, he edged toward the dog, dropped the others, and with two blows across the muzzle dispatched it. Then catching the still struggling brute by the hind-legs, he dragged it toward the river, remarking: "Yellow beards sometimes make little children crazy, and cause thoughts," with which he threw him over the bank, and bade him "go west to the spirit-land of dogs," where he assured him "it would be well to hunt other game than porcupines." Then, under the full shower of K'ia-wu's reproaches, he anxiously asked, "Is supper ready?"

If any of the numerous aggrieved complained to him, he listened gravely with an expression of sympathetic interest, until the plaint was spent, then replied: "I have heard; indeed!" And if this somewhat unsatisfactory reply provoked further remarks, he usually went about what he had to do, or with his characteristic summary manner sent the malcontent home, or left him to plead to an empty room.

K'ia-wu troubled herself much with her husband's actions. They usually slept along the opposite side of my little room. Night after night, hour after hour, I have heard her, in the peculiar sing-song tone of her race and sex, lecture the silent governor. The darkness would grow deeper, the embers on the hearth fade to ashes, but the theme lost neither interest nor voice. It used sorely to provoke me; and in my own language, hopelessly striving to sleep, I would sometimes

curse both the persistency of the Zuñi Caudle and the silence of the matrimonial stoic. The voice would change, but not cease. "Ho! the younger brother is thoughtful; tomorrow I will fix his bed better," it would say; and the governor, filling the exclamation with the most perfect understanding of the situation, would ejaculate, "Humph!" but no more. Undisturbed, the current would then flow on until later, by considerable distance of the stars, the tone would die away. A moment of dead silence, then a cough from the governor, followed by the bland inquiry:

"Is that all?"

"What more should I say, talkless?" the old woman would reply, in a most injured and ill-controlled tone.

"Well, then" (with a yawn), "let's go to sleep, old girl (*o' ka-si-ki*), for it is time, and the younger brother is restless." With which he would turn over, cough again, and lapse into silence, hopeless to the tongue-weary woman, as evinced by her long-continued, half-smothered sobs.

I had nearly given up seeing a pair of garters which had been promised me, when one day, all bustle and smiles, the "Little mother" came in bearing them.

They were beautiful and well made,—they endure even yet,—and with matronly pride she laid them before me. I paid her liberally, that the subject of Lai-iu-lut-sa should not be resumed. But it was broached to the governor. That night when we were alone, he came and lay down by my side where I was writing.

"Get a big piece of paper," said he, and knowing him, I obeyed.

"Now write." I seized a pencil.

"Thou comest?" said he, in his own language.

I wrote it and pronounced it.

"Good," said he; then added:

"Yes; how are you these many days?"

"Happy!" "Sit down," "Eat." (Then a tray of bread will be placed before you, but you must be polite, and eat but little, and soon say:) "Thanks."

"Eat enough. You must have come thinking of something. What have you to say?"

"I don't know."

"Oh! yes, you do; tell me."

"I'm thinking of you" (in a whisper).

"Indeed! You must be mistaken."

"No!"

"Aha! do you love me?"

"Ay, I love you."

"Truly?"

"Yes!"

"Possibly; we will see. What think you, father?"



"As you think, my child' (the father will say)."

"What in the name of the moon does all this mean, brother?" I asked him when he had made me read the questions and answers over two or three times, and said I had pronounced them all right.

"It means what you will say to Lai-iu-lut-sa to-morrow night when you go to see her."

I was perplexed. I knew not what to say, as I feared offending the good old man.

"Look here, brother, I can't go to see her; she would laugh at me because I can't speak good Zuñi yet."

"Now that's all I have to say to you," he replied, angrily. "I've done my best for you; if fools will be fools, not even their brothers can help it. I see you propose to live single and have everybody say: 'There goes a man that no woman will have; not even when his brother helps him. No! Do you suppose I am blind? You are no Zuñi; you want to go back to Washington; but you can't, I tell you. You might as well get married; you *are* a Zuñi—do you hear me? You are a fool, too!'"

With this, he left me; nor would he speak to me again for many days, save on the most commonplace affairs of life, and then but briefly.

My old father here came to my relief. He persuaded the vexed governor that perhaps Lai-iu-lut-sa did not suit me, and that my refusal of her was no argument against my love for her people. With a sublime sense of his power of diplomacy, he also sat down to have a talk with me the same evening. "You see, my son, I had nothing to say about Lai-iu-lut-sa; don't like her myself," said he, with a smile. "Now had it been Iu-i-tsai-ti-e-tsa, I should have said, 'Be it well!'" and he waited for me to ask who she was. I kept a wise silence—my old brother kept a sulky one. "She is the finest being in our nation; and *my own niece*," he added, with emphasis.

"I never saw her," said I.

"Is that all?" he exclaimed, eagerly. "Well! she shall bring you a bundle of candle-wood to-morrow evening," he remarked.

"What shall I pay her for it?" I asked.

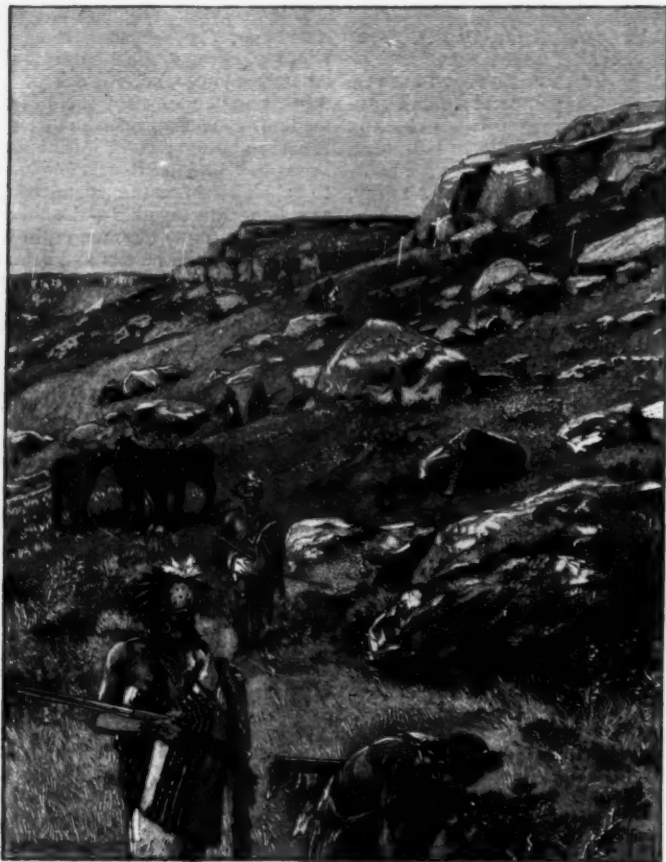
"Pay her! Nothing, my son; do you wish her to think you a fool, and cover me with shame?"

Next evening, I went to see Mr. Graham, the trader, and staid late. When I returned, a little bundle of pitch-pine was lying by the door-way, and the old governor, getting up with an oath, left the house. Again the girl brought wood, at a time unexpected to me, yet I happened to be absent; and the matter, with many vexatious remarks on my strange behavior, was for a time given up.

The Zuñi customs connected with courtship are curious. Regularly, a girl expresses a fancy for a young man. Her parents or her relatives inform those of the youth, and the latter is encouraged. If suited, he casually drops into the house of the girl, when much the same conversation as the governor tried to teach me ensues; and "if it be well," the girl becomes his affianced, or *Yi-lu-kia-ni-ha* (His to be). Thereafter the young couple may be seen frequently together—the girl combing his hair on the sunny terraces, or, in winter, near the hearth, while he sits and sews on articles of apparel for her. When he has "made his bundle," or gathered a sufficient number of presents together,—invariably including a pair of moccasins made from a whole deer-skin,—he takes it to her, and if they are accepted he is adopted as a son by her father, or, in Zuñi language, "as a ward," *Ta-la-h'i*; and with the beginning of his residence with her commences his married life. With the woman rests the security of the marriage ties; and it must be said, in her high honor, that she rarely abuses the privilege; that is, never sends her husband "to the home of his fathers," unless he richly deserves it. Much is said of the inferior position of women among Indians. With all advanced tribes, as with the Zuñis, the woman not only controls the situation, but her serfdom is customary, self-imposed, and willing absolutely. To her belong, also, all the children; and descent, including inheritance, is on her side.

I did not learn, until late in the season, that the midnight Ka-Kas were held thrice monthly during two of the winter months, in all the estufas, or *ki-wi-tsi-woe*, of the pueblo, of which there were six, corresponding in Zuñi mythology to the six regions of the universe,—North, West, South, East, Upper, and Lower. One day, however, there came past my house two costumed and masked "Runners of the Ka-Ka." I followed them into a *ki-wi-tsin*. A group of priests near the smoky, rude, stone altar, were gathered, barefooted and praying. I drew my moccasins off, and joined them. A friend among them told me, as we left, that I had "behaved so wisely I could come with him that night and see the Ka-Kas."

What a wonderful night it was! The blazes of the splinter-lit fire on the stone altar, sometimes licking the very ladder-poles in their flight upward toward the sky-hole,—which served at once as door-way, chimney, and window; the painted tablets in one end, with priests and musicians grouped around; the spectators opposite and along the sides; the thin, upward streams of blue smoke from hundreds of cigarettes; the shrill calls of the rap-



A ZUÑI WAR-PARTY.

idly coming and departing dancers, their wild songs, and the din of the great drum, which fairly jarred the ancient, smoke-blackened rafters; the less distinguishable but terribly thrilling "swirr-r" of the yucca-whips, when brought down on some luckless sleeper's head and shoulders; the odors of the burning sacrifices, the tobacco, and of evergreen. All this was impressed indelibly on my memory,—the more impressive, that I was the first of my race to witness it. Wonderful, too, were the costumes and masks. Scaly monsters, bristling with weapons and terrible of voice and manner, with reptile heads; warrior demons, with grinning teeth, glaring eyes, long horns, mats of grizzly hair and beard; grotesque *Ne-wes*; ludicrous *Ko-yi-mashis*; ridiculous caricatures of all things in earth, and of men's strange conceptions. Such made up the sights of the *ki-*

*wi-tsin* of the midnight Ka-Kas. Prayers near morning, distribution of the medicine-water to each of us, and, in Zuni language, "like leaves in a sand-storm the people severed."

With February came the season of general abandonment to games, when old men and young children were busy with the chances of the thrown stick, the hidden ball, or the contest of matched strength. Even the non-participants, the women, were intensely excited with these peaceful contests; betting, in common with their at all other times less temperate husbands, the choicest articles of apparel, or the most valued items of possession.

One remarkable feature of the Zunis had impressed me—the well-regulated life they lead. At one season they are absorbed in harvesting, at another in the sacred obligations; now games lead the day, while previously they have been



A ZUÑI FARM-HOUSE.

of such rare occurrence—even among little children—that I had written in my November notes, "The Zuñis have few if any games of chance"; while, had my observations been confined to February, I would have written "A nation of gamblers."

Like most things else in Zuñi, their games were of a sacred nature. Now that the nation "had straightened the thoughts of the impassably terrible 'A-hai-iu-ta' and Ma-tsai-le-ma, the 'beloved two' smiled and willed that, with the plays wherewith they themselves had whiled away the eons of times ancient, should their children be made happy with one another."

So one morning, the two chief priests of the bow (Pi-thlan-shi-wan-mo-so-na-tchi) climbed to the top of the houses, and just at sunrise called out a "prayer-message" from the mount-enshrined gods. Eight players went into a *ki-wi-tsin* to fast, and four days later issued forth, bearing four large wooden tubes, a ball of stone, and a bundle of thirty-six counting straws. With great ceremony, many prayers and incantations, the tubes were deposited on two mock mountains of sand, either side of the "grand plaza." A crowd began to gather. Larger and noisier it grew, until it became a surging clamorous black mass. Gradually two piles of fabrics, —vessels, silver ornaments, necklaces, embroideries, and symbols representing horses, cattle, and sheep,—grew to large proportions.

Women gathered on the roofs around, wildly stretching forth articles for the betting; until one of the presiding priests called out a brief message. The crowd became silent. A booth was raised, under which two of the players retired; and when it was removed, the four tubes were standing on the mound of sand. A song and dance began. One by one, three of the four opposing players were summoned to guess under which tube the ball was hidden. At each guess the cries of the opposing parties became deafening, and their mock struggles approached the violence of mortal combat. The last guesser found the ball; and as he victoriously carried the latter and the tubes across to his own mound, his side scored ten. The process was repeated. The second guesser found the ball; his side scored fifteen, setting the others back five. The counts numbered one hundred; but so complicated were the winnings and losings on both sides, with each guess of either, that hour after hour the game went on and night closed in. Fires were built in the plaza, cigarettes lighted, but still the game continued. Noisier and noisier grew the dancers, more and more insulting and defiant their songs and epithets to the opposing crowd, until they fairly gnashed their teeth at one another, but no blows! Day dawned on the still uncertain contest; nor was it until the sun again touched the western horizon, that the hoarse, still defiant voices died away, and

the victorious party bore off their "mountains of gifts from the gods."

Another game of the gods was ordered later, in the same way—*Ti-kwa-we*, or the race of the "kicked stick."

Twelve runners were chosen and for four days duly "trained" in the *estufas*. On the fourth morning, the same noisy, surging crowd was gathered in the principal plaza, the same opposing mountains of goods were piled up. At noon, the crowd surged over to the level, sandy plain beyond the river. They were soon followed by the nude contestants, in two single-file processions, led and closed in by the training-masters. Each had his hair done up in a knot over his forehead, and a strong belt girded tightly about his waist. Either leader carried a small round stick, one painted at the center, the other at either end, with red. When all was ready, each leader placed his stick across his right foot, and, when word was given, kicked it, amid the deafening shouts of the spectators, a prodigious distance into the air and along the trail. Off dashed the runners vying with each other for possession of the stick, and followed by dozens of the wild crowd on foot and on horseback. The course of their race was shaped not unlike a bangle, with either end bent into the center. That is, starting from the river-bank, it went to the southern foot-hills, followed the edge of the valley entirely around, and back whence it had started, in all a distance of nearly twenty-five miles. During the progress of the distant circling race, spectators, including hundreds of the women, lined the house-tops. In much less than two hours and a half the victorious party returned, kicked their stick triumphantly across the river, ran into the plaza, circled around the goods, breathed on their hands, exclaimed, "Thanks! this day we win," and hurried to their *estufa*, where with great ceremony they were vomited, rubbed, rolled in blankets, and prayed over. Notwithstanding these precautions, they were so stiff within half an hour they could hardly move; yet no one can witness these tremendous races without admiration for the physical endurance of the Indian.

These two games, varied with others which, equally interesting, would require even more space for description, filled the days and nights thenceforward for many weeks. Although I faithfully studied and practiced many of the more complicated of them that I might the better understand them, I remain, notwithstanding many losses and few



ZUÑI PLANTING.

winnings, yet unable to perfectly master their intricacies. The game of cane-cards, or the "Sacred Arrows," would grace the most civilized society with a refined source of amusement; yet though I have played it repeatedly, I cannot half record its mythic passes, facetious and archaic proverbs, and almost numberless counts. The successful *shos-li*, or cane-player, is as much respected for his knowledge as he is despised for his abandoned, gambling propensities. Great though their passion for game be, the Zuñis condemn, as unsparingly as do we, great excesses in it.

With the waning of winter the snows had disappeared, and now terrific winds swept daily down from the western "Sierra Blanco," until the plain was parched, and the stinging blasts of sand flew fairly over the top of *Ta-ai-yal-lon-ne*. Still the races and games went on, until one morning the Priest of the Sun declared aloud that the sun was returning. "Our father has called and his father answers," said the people to one another. The games ceased as if by magic; and the late profligate might now have been seen, early each morning, with hoe and spade in hand, wending his way out to the fields to prepare them for the planting time.

Each morning, too, just at dawn, the Sun Priest, followed by the Master Priest of the Bow, went along the eastern trail to the ruined city of *Ma-tsa-ki*, by the river-side, where, awaited at a distance by his companion, he slowly approached a square open tower and seated himself just inside upon a rude, ancient stone chair, and before a pillar sculptured with the face of the sun, the sacred hand, the morning star, and the new moon.

There he awaited with prayer and sacred song the rising of the sun. Not many such pilgrimages are made ere the "Suns look at each other," and the shadows of the solar monolith, the monument of Thunder Mountain, and the pillar of the gardens of Zuñi, "lie along the same trail." Then the priest blesses, thanks, and exhorts his father, while the warrior guardian responds as he cuts the last notch in his pine-wood calendar, and both hasten back to call from the house-tops the glad tidings of the return of spring. Nor may the Sun Priest err in his watch of Time's flight; for many are the houses in Zuñi with scores on their walls or ancient plates imbedded therein, while opposite, a convenient window or small port-hole lets in the light of the rising sun, which shines but two mornings in the three hundred and sixty-five on the same place. Wonderfully reliable and ingenious are these rude systems of orientation, by which the religion, the labors, and even the pastimes of the Zuñis are regulated.

Each day whole families hastened away to their planting pueblos, or distant farm-houses, but the sand-storms abated not. At night there was not a zephyr, but soon after sunrise, away off over the western rim of the plain, a golden, writhing wave of dust could be seen, followed by another and another, and rising higher and higher, until as it swirled over the pueblo it fairly darkened the sky, increasing in column and height until the sun went down; then retreating after him and covering the plain, not with golden, but with blood-red waves, matching in brilliancy and shifting beauty the blazing clouds of the evening skies.

I well remember the morning my old brother and I parted for the first time. He lingered by me long after the others had gone and his burros had strayed far up the valley trail. Finally, he took me gently by the hand, saying:

"Ah! little brother, my heart is like the clods I go to break—heavy! For I have grown to you as one stalk grows to another when they are planted together. Poor little brother, may the light of their favors fall upon you, for you will live long alone with the white-headed 'old Ten.' Come with me a little."

Then he dropped my hand, and folded his own behind his bent back, and I followed him slowly along the dusty street. As we were crossing the principal plaza, we met Iu-i-tsaih-ti-e-tsa. She drew her head-mantle over her eyes, and was about to pass us when the governor straightened up, smiled, and greeted her.

"Ha?" inquired the bashful maiden, when he told her something was on his mind.

"Only this," he added: "my little brother

will be lonely while I am gone; perhaps he would be less so if you took him a tray of *he-we* once in a while, you know it is 'home-sick' to eat alone."

"Ya," assented the girl, as she tripped past us, and we plodded along.

"Now, little brother, stay at home like a man of dignity, while I am gone. Don't you know it is shameless to run all round the streets and over the house-tops as you do? Better your thoughts, and make your heart good, and remember that your brother speaks for you *once more*."

Poor old brother! Good old brother! He never had occasion to mention Iu-i-tsaih-ti-e-tsa to me again, and for many months a shade passed over his face whenever he saw her or heard her name.

We went on past the gardens, and far out into the plain. Then he stopped me.

"Little brother," said he, and he laid one hand on my shoulder, while with the other he removed his head-band, and pressed both of mine, "*This day we have a father who, from his ancient place, rises hard holding his course; grasping us that we may stumble not in the trails of our lives. If it be well, may his grasp be firm until, happily, our paths join together again, and we look one upon the other. Thus much I make prayer,—I go.*"

With this he turned suddenly, a tear in his eye, and walked hastily along the river-side. And I stood there watching him, until his bent form disappeared, and trying hard to bear the loneliest moment of all my exile in Zuñi. God bless my Indian brother!

I expected to have a hard time with my "white-headed mother," as I called her; but she was the soul of tenderness and attention. Only one circumstance occurred to jar our peace; that, happily, the second day. I was not in the house when the crash came; but entering soon after, I saw the cause of it, and heard from the mother. Something stood in the middle of my room, with a white mantle of cotton spread over it. I lifted the mantle, and discovered a handsome tray of flaky *he-we*. The mother was awaiting me—much as a spider waits for a fly—just inside the next room.

"Who brought it, mother?" said I, in mock surprise.

"You ask who brought it? Well! Who should it be but that shameless wench who lives over the covered way, whose mother has clog feet, and whose father is so poor that no one knows how they live? No matter if young fools do grow crazy over her; she's nothing, nothing at all, Medicine Flower, nothing but a common creature that is not human enough to know what shame is."





A ZUÑI SILVERSMITH.

"Indeed, was it Iu-i-tsaih-ti-e-tsa?"

"Then I knew it!" she rejoined. "You knew all about it. You are not going to let her make a fool of *you*, are you, Medicine Flower? (I was usually her *child*, but on this occasion I was *Medicine Flower*, emphatically pronounced.) She doesn't *near* to you at all; she only thinks of what you have and of your fine buttons."

"Where does she live, mother?"

"Why do you ask?"

"I wish to go and see her."

"I'll have nothing to do with it. Shame myself? Not I!"

"But I wish to *pay* her."

"Ha! my child? Right over the covered way, up two ladders, and down the first sky-hole," replied the old lady, suddenly as bland as though spite had never caused her heart to beat the faster during her long life.

"I'm going to have her come here."

"*No!* She shall not come into——"

"Wait, mother, wait. Have her come here to eat, and then refuse to eat with her, and pay her sugar; but mind, don't you tell my good old brother."

"Your brother? Aha! Then *he* was mixed up in it, was he? Poor child! I thought it was you. So it was Pa-lo-wah-ti-wa. Ah, well! he's a *Pino*, you know—the family is all alike; he belongs to a good clan, but his father's blood is *his* blood."

Peace was made with the mother, and I went to the house of Iu-i-tsaih-ti-e-tsa. She was not at home. I left word for her to come and eat with me at sunset. When she came, I was writing. She was accompanied by her aunt. I bade them enter, set coffee, bread, *he-we*, sugar, and other delicacies before them. Then I merely broke a crust, sacrificed some of it to the fire, ate a mouthful, and left them, resuming my writing. The girl dropped her half-eaten bread, threw her head-mantle over her face, and started for the door. I called to her and offered her a bag of sugar in payment, I said, for the *he-we*. At first she angrily refused; then, bethinking herself that I was an American and possibly knew no better, she took the sugar and hastened away, mortified and almost ready to cry with vexation. Poor girl! I knew I was offering her a great dishonor,—as runs the custom of her people,—but it was my only way out of a difficulty far more serious than it could have possibly appeared to her people. The aunt was an old friend of mine. She had frequently come to our house to help grind corn, or make *he-we*, and thought much of me,—calling me, always, *ha-ni* (a sister's younger brother). She remained a few moments; then rising, thanked me, and was about to go when I said to her: "Sister, Iu-i-tsaih-ti-e-tsa is a good and pretty girl. I like her; but it will be many days before I

think of women save as sisters and mothers." The woman hesitated a moment, then said:

"Ha-ni, you are a good being, but an unknowable sort of a man. You have caused

stance; and I know that of all services I ever did her, such as that ranked in her estimation foremost. It taught me that even "squaws" could sometimes appreciate such attentions.



ZUÑI COURTSHIP.

me to think much this night and made me ashamed, but then!—may you sit happily, even alone," she added, as she passed out of the door.

(However out of place these statements may seem, I deem them not only essential to the narrative, but characteristic of the Zuñis, and of their early attitude toward me. Possibly, too, they may disarm charges and criticisms which are as narrow, unrefined, and malicious, as they are false.)

The old mother entered immediately, and without further remark than a sigh of relief, cleared the things away.

During our lonely life together, I often helped her to split wood, or lift heavy burdens, wind yarn, or bring water. She never failed to thank me for the least of these services. Once she came in, looking tired; I arose and offered her my seat by the hearth. She hesitated a moment, laughed hysterically, then sat down; but in trying to thank me, burst into tears. "Ah!" said she, "*tsa-wai-k'i* (son), don't be so kind to me; I am old." But she never ceased to mention the little circum-

stances. During my lonely life that spring, a few young men fell into the habit of visiting me occasionally, to "hear about the world." They would light their cigarettes, square themselves along the opposite wall, their faces beaming with expectation and satisfaction. An amusing chapter could be written on their questions and comments. I give here but one instance.

One of them asked me, "How the sun could travel so constantly over the world by day and back under it at night, without getting tired and giving it up?"

I explained that the earth revolved and the sun stood still, which caused day and night and made the sun appear to move, illustrating the statement as well as I could; also telling them, that "twice a year the earth wagged back and forth, which made winter come and go and the sun move from one side of Thunder Mountain to the other."

For a few moments they sat still and puffed vigorously at their cigarettes, as thoughtful men are apt to do. Of a sudden, one of them cried out:

"Listen! the Medicine Flower is right. If you gallop past Thunder Mountain, Thunder Mountain moves, and you stand still; and besides, I have noticed that in summer the great hanging snow-bank (Milky Way) drifts from the left of the Land of Daylight (N. E.) to the right of the World of Waters (S. W.); and in winter, from the left of the World of Waters (N. W.) to the right of the Land of Daylight (S. E.). Now! how could they move the great hanging snow-drift without moving the sky too? It would be easier to wag the world than to turn the sky around."

"Ah! but our ancients taught us——"

"No matter what our ancients taught us," said the young philosopher; "why do you speak the words of dead men? They lied, and Medicine Flower speaks straight, for why should the sun go so far and let the earth stand still, when, by merely rolling her over, he could save himself all that trouble?"

Meanwhile, three times word came from my old brother that he was "homesick for me." Finally he sent a horse, with the message that "if I did not ride it back the next day he should cease to speak to me, believing, that in forgetting him I had found another brother." But when I rode down the neatly tilled and irrigated fields, the old man, who was breaking clods, dropped his hoe, ran up to my side, pulled me from the saddle, embraced me, and that night sat up until nearly daylight, close by my side, in the low room of his quaint farm-house, talking. When time came for me to return, he gave up his work, and with K'ia-wu accompanied me, leaving the fields to the brother-in-law, with whom—K'ia-wu told me delightedly—"peace had been made."

It was well that we returned! The wind-storms were growing worse: day after day they had drifted the scorching sand over the valley, until the springs were choked up and the river was so dry that a stranger could not have distinguished it from a streamless arroyo. The nation was threatened with famine. Many were the grave speculations and councils relative to the "meaning of the gods in thus punishing their children."

Strange to say, I was given a prominent place in these, and was often appealed to, on account of my reputed "knowledge of the world." More and more frequent and desperate grew these gatherings, until at last a poor fellow named "Big Belly" was seized and brought up before them, accused of "heresy!" The trial—in which I had taken no part—lasted a whole day and part of night, when to my surprise a body of elders summoned me, and placed me at the head of their council. They addressed and treated

me as chief counselor of their nation, which office I held thenceforward for nearly two years. Among other things, they asked what should be done. I inquired minutely into the case, and learned that the culprit had opened one of the sand-choked springs, which proved to be sacred. The gods were supposed to be angry with the nation on account of his transgression,—demanding the sacrifice of his life. As impassionately as possible, I pleaded that the wind-storms had set in long before he opened the spring, and suggested that he be made to fill it up again and to sacrifice bits of shells and turquois to it. The suggestion was adopted! The additional penalty of ostracism, however, was laid upon him; and to this day he lives in the farming pueblo of K'iap-kwai-na-kwin, or Ojo Caliente.

One evil followed another. Many deaths occurred, among them, that of a beautiful girl, who had been universally liked. Nor did the wind-storms abate. As a consequence, I heard one night a peculiar, long war-cry. It was joined by another and another, until the sound grew strangely weird and ominous. Then three or four men rushed past my door yelling: "A wizard! a wizard!" The tribe was soon in an uproar. The priests of the Bow had seized an old man named the "Bat," and in one of their secret chambers were trying him for sorcery. I was not present, of course, at the trial; but at three o'clock in the morning they dragged him forth to the hill on the north side of the pueblo. There they tied his hands behind him with a rawhide rope; and passing the end of the latter over a pole, supported by high crocheted posts, they drew him up until his toes barely touched the ground and he was bent almost double.

Then the four chief-priests of the Bow approached and harangued him one by one, but provoked no reply save the most piteous moans. Day dawned; yet still he hung there. The speeches grew louder and more furious, until, fearing violence, I ran home, buckled on my pistol, and returned. I went straight to the old man's side.

"Go back," said the accusers.

"I will not go back; for I come with words."

"Speak them," said they.

"These," said I. "You may try the old man, but you must not kill him. The Americans will see you, or find it out, and tell their people, who will say: 'The Zuñis murdered one of their own grandfathers.' That will bring trouble on you all."

"What! murder a wizard?" they exclaimed. "Ho!" and for a few moments I grew hope-

less; for the chief-priest turned to the old man, and asked, with mock tenderness:

"Father, does it hurt?"

"Ai-o," moaned the old man, in a weak voice. "I die, I am dying."

"That's right," retorted the priest. "Pull him up a little higher, my son," said he, addressing an assistant. "He says it hurts, and I have hopes he will speak." Then he turned to me again.

"This is our way, my son, of bringing bad men to wisdom; I have worn my throat out urging him to speak; now I am trying another way. If he but speak, he shall be let to go."

"What shall I say?" piteously moaned the suffering man.

"Say *yes* or *no*! dotard," howled the priest.

"Speak, grandfather, speak!" said I, as re-assuringly as I could, at the same time laying my hand on his withered arm.

"Tell them to let me down, then," he pleaded, "for I can speak not long as I am; I shall die. Oh! I shall die."

"Thanks! father, thanks!" said the priest, briskly. "Let him down; he is coming to his senses, I see."

They let the sufferer down for a moment; and gazing on the ground, he began:

"True! I have been bad. My father taught me fifty years ago, in the mountains of the summer snows. It was medicine that I used. You will find a bundle of it over the rafters, in my highest room."

One of the attendants was immediately dispatched, and soon returned with a little bunch of twigs.

"Ay! that it is, I used that. It has covered me with shame; but I will be better. I will rejoin my *ti-k'ia* (sacred order). It will surely rain within four days; for if you but let me go, I shall join my *ti-k'ia* again."

"Will you be wise?"

"Yes! believe me."

"Will you stay in Zuñi?"

"Yes! believe me."

"Will you never more cause tears?"

"No! It were a shame."

"Will you never teach to others your magic?"

"No! believe me——"

"Thanks! You have spoken. Let him go!" said the priest, as he walked hastily through the crowd toward his home.

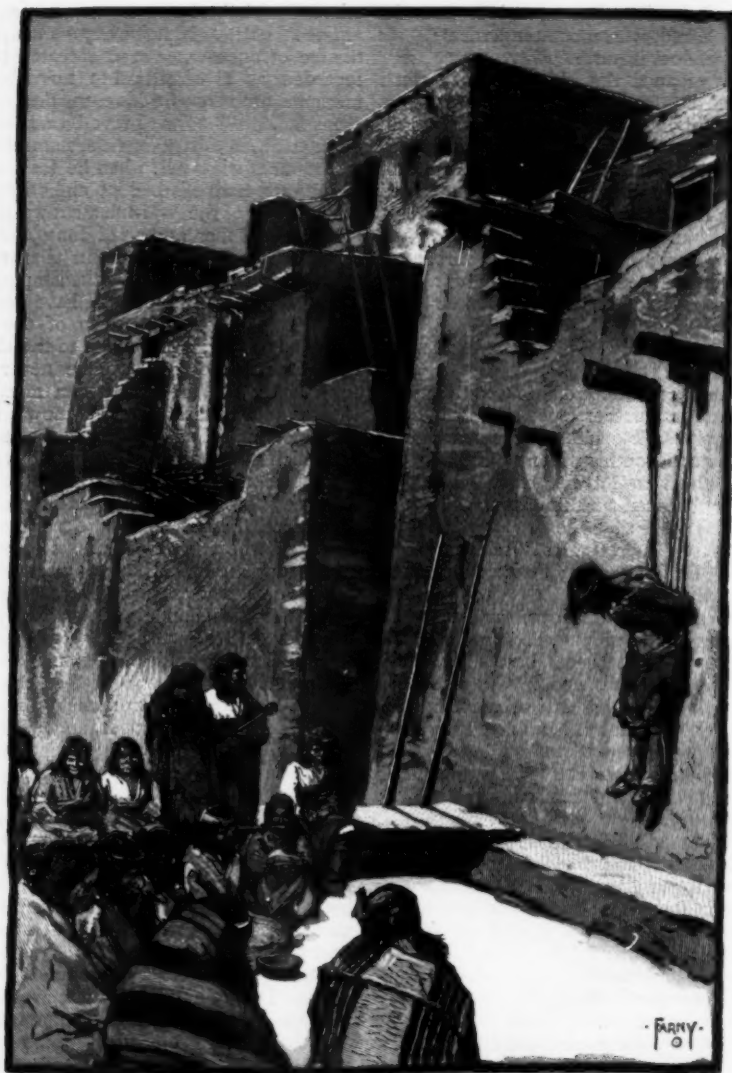
Four days passed, and no rain came; nor did the "Bat" do as he had promised, for he returned home only to threaten revenge on the priesthood, and since the fifth day no one outside of that priesthood has ever seen a trace of the "Bat."

In Zuñi law-custom there are but two

crimes punishable by death—sorcery and cowardice in battle. If, however, a man attempt the life of another, or even threaten it, he is regarded as a wizard; but no immediate measures are taken for his correction. Should crops fail, wind-storms prevail, or should the threatened man die, even from natural causes, the reputed wizard is, when he least expects it, dragged from his bed at night by the secret council of the A-pi-thlan-shi-wa-ni, taken to their chamber and tried long and fairly. Should the culprit persist in silence, he is taken forth and tortured by the simple yet excruciatingly painful method I have described, throughout a "single course of the sun"; and if still silent, again taken to the chamber of the priesthood, whence he never comes forth alive; nor do others than members of the dread organization ever know what becomes of him. Rare indeed is the execution for which no other than superstitious reasons may be adduced. Even in case of the "Bat," I learned that he had attempted to poison his own niece, the girl heretofore mentioned, the death of whom, a few weeks afterward, rendered him a criminal and liable to condemnation, not only as such, but as a sorcerer. Thus, like a vigilance committee, the priesthood of the Bow secretly tries all cases of capital crime under the name of sorcery or witchcraft,—the war-chief of the nation, himself necessarily a prominent priest of the Bow, acting as executioner, and, with the aid of his sub-chiefs, as secretly disposing of the body. On account of this mysterious method of justice crime is rare in Zuñi.

At last, in late June, rains came. As if by magic, the dust-storms ceased, and the plains were overspread with bright green. The Zuñis became uproariously happy. The members of the little "bees," that were formed for mutual assistance in the field labors, laughed and joked at their work from sunrise till supper-time. The river flowed broad and clear again. Thither again flocked the urchin population as I had seen them the autumn before.

One day I saw some of the children playing at "breaking horses." One juvenile demon was leading a band of four or five others, in the pursuit of a big bristling boar. Lasso in hand, the little fellow watched his chance, and, twirling the flexible cord once or twice rapidly in the air, sent it like lightning toward the head of the boar. The latter made a desperate dash only to run his snout and forefoot into the coil, which, held by the combined efforts of all, quickly precipitated him, in a succession of entangling somersaults, into the shallow river. In an instant another lasso was dexterously thrown over his hind feet, and his captors, heedless of mud and water, wild with



TORTURING A SORCERER.

vociferous glee, bestraddled him, and held him down. The leader tore off one of the legs of his cotton trowsers, and with this he bandaged the eyes of the squealing animal, wrapping another piece tightly around his snout so as to smother his cries. Thus equipped, the hog was set at liberty. Two of the little wretches jumped astride him, while the others prodded him behind and at the sides. Thus goaded, the poor beast ran uncertainly in all directions, into corrals, over

logs, headlong into deep holes, precipitating his adventuresome riders; not, however, to their discomfiture, for they would immediately scamper up, drive, push, lead, or haul him out, and mount him again. The last I saw of them was toward evening; they were ruefully regarding the dead carcass of their novel horse.

With midsummer the heat became intense. My brother and I sat, day after day, in the cool under-rooms of our house,—the latter busy with his quaint forge and crude appli-



ances, working Mexican coins over into bangles, girdles, ear-rings, buttons, and what not, for savage adornment. Though his tools were wonderfully rude, the work he turned out by dint of combined patience and ingenuity was remarkably beautiful. One day as I sat watching him, a procession of fifty men went hastily down the hill, and off westward over the

"E'e," replied the weary man, in a voice husky with long chanting, as he sank, almost exhausted, on a roll of skins which had



THE DEMON OF CHILDHOOD.

plain. They were solemnly led by a painted and shell-bedecked priest, and followed by the torch-bearing Shu-lu-wit-si, or God of Fire. After they had vanished, I asked old brother what it all meant.

"They are going," said he, "to the city of the Ka-ka and the home of our others."

Four days after, toward sunset, costumed and masked in the beautiful paraphernalia of the Ka-k'ok-shi, or "Good Dance," they returned in file up the same pathway, each bearing in his arms a basket filled with living, squirming turtles, which he regarded and carried as tenderly as a mother would her infant. Some of the wretched reptiles were carefully wrapped in soft blankets, their heads and forefeet protruding,—and, mounted on the backs of the plume-bedecked pilgrims, made ludicrous but solemn caricatures of little children in the same position.

While I was at supper upstairs, that evening, the governor's brother-in-law came in. He was welcomed by the family as if a messenger from heaven. He bore in his tremulous fingers one of the much-abused and rebellious turtles. Paint still adhered to his hands and bare feet, which led me to infer that he had formed one of the sacred embassy.

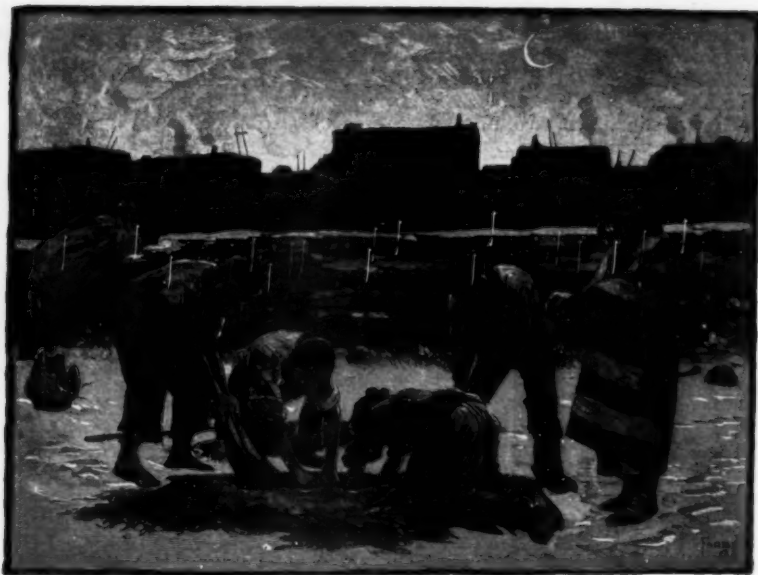
"So you went to Ka-thlu-el-lon, did you?" I asked.

been placed for him, and tenderly laid the turtle on the floor. No sooner did the creature find itself at liberty than it made off as fast as its lame legs would take it. Of one accord, the family forsook dish, spoon, and drinking-cup, and grabbing from a sacred meal-bowl whole handfuls of the contents, hurriedly followed the turtle about the room, into dark corners, around water-jars, behind the grinding-troughs, and out into the middle of the floor again, praying and scattering meal on its back as they went. At last, strange to say, it approached the foot-sore man who had brought it.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, with emotion; "see, it comes to me again; ah, what great favors the fathers of all grant me this day," and passing his hand gently over the sprawling animal, he inhaled from his palm deeply and long, at the same time invoking the favor of the gods. Then he leaned his chin upon his hand, and with large, wistful eyes regarded his ugly captive as it sprawled about blinking its meal-bedimmed eyes, and clawing the smooth floor in memory of its native element. At this juncture, I ventured a question:

"Why do you not let him go, or give him some water?"

Slowly the man turned his eyes toward



A ZUNI BURIAL.

me, an odd mixture of pain, indignation, and pity on his face, while the worshipful family stared at me with holy horror.

"Poor younger brother!" he said, at last; "know you not how precious it is? It die? It will *not* die; I tell you, it *cannot* die."

"But it will die if you don't feed it and give it water."

"I tell you it *cannot* die; it will only change houses to-morrow, and go back to the home of its brothers. Ah, well! How should *you* know?" he mused. Turning to the blinded turtle again: "Ah! my poor dear lost child or parent, my sister or brother to have been! Who knows which? May be my own great-grand-father or mother!" And with this he fell to weeping most pathetically, and, tremulous with sobs, which were echoed by the women and children, he buried his face in his hands. Filled with sympathy for his grief, however mistaken, I raised the turtle to my lips and kissed its cold shell; then depositing it on the floor, hastily left the grief-stricken family to their sorrows.

Next day, with prayers and tender beseechings, plumes and offerings, the poor turtle was killed, and its flesh and bones were removed and deposited in the little river, that it might "return once more to eternal life among its comrades in the dark waters of the lake of the dead." The shell, carefully scraped and dried, was made into a dance-rattle, and, covered by a piece of buckskin, it still hangs

from the smoke-stained rafters of my brother's house.

Once a Navajo tried to buy it for a ladle; loaded with indignant reproaches, he was turned out of the house. Were any one to venture the suggestion that the turtle no longer lived, his remark would cause a flood of tears, and he would be reminded that it had only "changed houses and had gone to live forever in the home of 'our lost others.'"

This persistent adherence to the phrase, "our lost others," struck me as significant. Had they believed in the transmigration of the soul, they would have said "our brothers, our fathers, our children," I reasoned; and yet it was long before I learned the true meaning of it. At last, a wonderful epic, including the genesis and sacred history of the Zuni ancestry, was repeated in my hearing by an old blind priest, through which I came to understand the regard my adopted people had for the turtle. I give a portion of the tradition as afterward explained to me:

"In the days of the new, after the times when all mankind had come forth from one to the other of the 'four great cavern wombs of earth' (*a-wi-ten te-huth-na-kwin*), and had come out into the light of our father, the sun, they journeyed, under the guidance of A-hai-iu-ta and Ma-tsai-le-ma, twin children of the sun, immortal youths, toward the father of all men and things, eastward.

"In those times, a day meant four years, and a night the same; so that, in the speech of the ancients, 'Between one sunrise and another' means eight years.

"After many days and nights, the people settled

near the mountain of the Medicine Flower, and a great cazique sent forward his two children, a young man and a young girl,—the passing beautiful of all children,—to explore for a better country. When they had journeyed as far as the region where now flow the red waters [Colorado Chiquito], they paused to rest from their journey. Ah! they sinned and were changed to a demon god and goddess.

"The world was damp. Plant corn on the mountain-tops, and it grew. Dig a hole into the sands at will, and water filled it.

"The woman in her anger drew her foot through the sands, that she might—from shame—separate herself from her people; and the waters, collecting, flowed off until they were a deep channel; yet they settled most about the place where she stood, and it became a lake which is there to this day. And the mark in the sands is the valley where now flow the red waters.

"No tidings came from the young messengers; and after many days the nation again journeyed eastward, carrying upon their backs not only their things precious, but also their little children. When they reached the waters they were dismayed; but some ventured in to cross over. Fear filled the hearts of many mothers, for their children grew cold and strange, like others than human creatures, and they dropped them into the waters, changed indeed; they floated away, crying and moaning, as ever now they cry and moan when the night comes on and the hunter camps near their shores. But those who loved their children and were strong of heart passed safely over the flood and found them the same as before.

"Thus it came to be that only part of our nation ever arrived at the 'middle of the world.' But it is well, as all things are; for others were left to remember us and to make a home, not of strangers, but of 'our others,' for those who should die and to intercede with the 'Holders of the Waters of the World' that all mankind and unfinished creatures, even flying and creeping beings, might have food to eat and water to drink when the world should harden and the land should dry up. And in that lake is a descending ladder, down which even the smallest may enter fearlessly, who has passed its borders in death; where it is delightful, and filled with songs and dances; where all men are brothers, and whence they wander whither they will, to minister to and guide those whom they have left behind them—that is the lake where live 'our others' and whither go our dead. At night, he who wanders on the hills of the Ka-ko'-k-shi may sometimes see the light shining forth and hear strange voices of music coming up from the depths of those waters."

For the Zuñi, therefore, there is a city of the living and another of the dead. As the living may wander through far countries, so may the dead return to their birthland, or pass over from one ocean to another.

Possibly, at some remote period, the ancestors of the Zuñis have believed in the transmigration of the soul, of which belief these particular superstitions relative to the turtle remain as survivals. Their belief to-day, however, relative to the future life is spiritualistic. As illustrative of this and of their funeral customs, I conclude with an account of the death and burial, toward the close of my first year among them, of my adopted uncle.

For more than a year he had been wasting with consumption, when, on account of a medical reputation which had greatly aided

me and had, indeed, given rise to my name, I was called to see him. I gave him such simple remedies as I had at hand, and he became very fond of me, at last adopting me as his nephew, and naming me Hai-ü-tsai-ti-wa.

Toward the last, the old man talked often of his approaching death, speaking of the future life with an amount of conviction which surprised me.

"To dwell with my relatives, even those whose names were wasted before my birth, is that painful to the thought?" said the old man. "Often, when we dream not, yet we see and hear them as in dreams." "A man is like a grain of corn—bury him, and he molds; yet his heart lives, and springs out on the breath of life [the soul] to make him as he was, so again."

He grew rapidly feebler. For two or three days I did not see him. Hearing that he was worse, I hastened to his side. He was unconscious, and a crowd of relatives were thickly gathered around him, wringing their hands and wailing. Presetly he opened his eyes.

"Hush," said he, and he raised his hand weakly with a smile of recognition, not of me, but of something he seemed to see. Then he turned to me. "My boy, I thought you would come," he murmured. "Now I can bid you, 'I go'; for they are—all around me—and I know—they have come for me—this time. My heart makes happy. No," said he, as a medicine-man tried to force breath into his mouth. "No, I go not alone! Let me go! *E-lu-ia* (Delightful!)"

Then he closed his eyes and became unconscious again, smiling even in his dying sleep.

Two hours after, the women of the same clan which had sprinkled water and meal on him when a baby, adopting him as "their child of the sun," bathed his body and broke a vessel of water by its side, thus renouncing all claim to him forever and returning his being to the sun. Then four men took the blanket-roll by the corners and carried it, amid the mourning wails of the women, to the ancient burial-place. They hastily lowered it into a shallow grave, while one standing to the east said a prayer, scattered meal, food, and other offerings upon it; then they as hastily covered it over, clearing away all traces of the new-made grave. Now I know not the bone-strewn grave of "my uncle" from those of a thousand others, for the "silent majority" of the Zuñi nation lie in the same small square. Four days later, down by the river, a little group of mourners sacrificed, with beseeching in the name of the dead, the only flowers their poor land affords—the beautiful prayer-plumes of the "birds of summerland."

Frank H. Cushing.



*Jean du Maurier*

## DU MAURIER AND LONDON SOCIETY.

MANY years ago, a small American child, who lived in New York and played in Union Square, which was then inclosed by a high railing and governed by a solitary policeman—a strange, superannuated, dilapidated functionary, carrying a little cane and wearing, with a very copious and very dirty shirt-front, the costume of a man of the world—a small American child, we say, was a silent devotee of "Punch." (We ought, perhaps, to explain that we allude to the periodical of that name—not to the festive potion.) Half-an-hour spent to-day in turning over the early numbers transports him quite as much to old New York as to the London of the first Crystal Palace and the years that immediately followed it. From about 1850 to 1855, he lived, in imagination, no small part of his time in the world represented by the pencil of Leech. He pored over the pictures of the people riding in the Row, of the cabmen and the costermongers, of the little pages in buttons, of the bathing-machines at the sea-side, of the small boys in tall hats and Eton jackets, of the gentlemen hunting the fox, of the pretty girls in striped petticoats and coiffures of the shape of the mushroom. These things were the features of a world which he longed so to behold that the familiar woodcuts (they were not so good in those days as they have become since) grew at last as real to him as the furniture of his home; and when he at present looks at the "Punch" of thirty years ago, he finds in it an odd association of mediæval New York. He remembers that it was in such a locality, in that city, that he first saw such a picture; he recalls the fading light of the winter dusk, with the red fire and the red curtains in the background, in which more than once he was bidden to put down the last numbers of the humorous sheet and come to his tea. "Punch" was England; "Punch" was London; and England and London were at that time words of multifarious suggestion to this small American child. He liked much more to think of the British Empire than to indulge in the sports natural to his tender age, and many of his hours were spent in making mental pictures of the society of which the recurrent woodcuts offered him specimens and revelations. He had from year to year the prospect of really beholding this society (he heard every spring, from the earliest period, that his parents would go to Europe, and then he

heard that they would not), and he had measured the value of the prospect with a keenness possibly premature. He knew the names of the London streets, of the theaters, of many of the shops: the dream of his young life was to take a walk in Kensington Gardens and go to Drury Lane to see a pantomime. There was a great deal in the old "Punch" about the pantomimes, and harlequins and columbines peopled the secret visions of this perverted young New Yorker. It was a mystic satisfaction to him that he had lived in Piccadilly when he was a baby; he remembered neither the period nor the place, but the name of the latter had a strange delight for him. It had been promised him that he should behold once more that romantic thoroughfare, and he did so by the time he was twelve years old. Then he found that if "Punch" had been London (as he lay on the hearth-rug inhaling the exotic fragrance of the freshly arrived journal), London was "Punch," and something more. He remembers to-day vividly his impression of the London streets in the summer of 1855; they had an extraordinary look of familiarity, and every figure, every object he encountered, appeared to have been drawn by Leech. He has learned to know these things better since then; but his childish impression is subject to extraordinary revivals. The expansive back of an old lady getting into an omnibus, the attitude of a little girl bending from her pony in the park, the demureness of a maid-servant opening a street-door in Brompton, the top-heavy attitude of the small "Ameliar-Ann," as she stands planted with the baby in her arms on the corner of a Westminster slum, the coal-heavers, the cabmen, the publicans, the butcher-boys, the flunkeys, the guardsmen, the policemen (in spite of their change of uniform),—are liable at this hour, in certain moods, to look more like sketchy tail-pieces than natural things. (There are moments indeed—not identical with those we speak of—in which certain figures, certain episodes, in the London streets, strike an even stranger, deeper note of reminiscence. They remind the American traveler of Hogarth; he may take a walk in Oxford street—on some dirty, winter afternoon—and find everything he sees Hogarthian.)

We know not whether the form of infantine nostalgia of which we speak is common, or was then common, among small Americans:



but we are sure that, when fortune happens to favor it, it is a very delightful pain. In those days, in America, the manufacture of children's picture-books was an undeveloped industry; the best things came from London, and brought with them the aroma of a richer civilization. The covers were so beautiful and shining, the paper and print so fine, the colored illustrations so magnificent,—that it was easy to see that over there the arts were at a very high point. The very name of the publisher on the title-page (the small boy we speak of always looked at that) had a thrilling and mystifying effect. But, above all, the contents were so romantic and delectable! There were things in the English story-books that one read as a child, just as there were things in "Punch," that one couldn't have seen in New York, even if one had been fifty years old. The age had nothing to do with it: one had a conviction that they were not there to be seen. We can hardly say why. It is, perhaps, because the plates in the picture-books were almost always colored; but it was evident that there was a great deal more color in that other world. We remember well the dazzling tone of a little Christmas book by Leech, which was quite in the spirit of "Punch," only more splendid, for the plates were plastered with blue and pink. It was called "Young Troublesome; or, Master Jacky's Holidays," and it has probably become scarce to-day. It related the mischievous pranks of an Eton school-boy while at home for his Christmas vacation, and the exploit we chiefly remember was his blacking with a burnt stick the immaculate calves of the footman, who is carrying up some savory dish to the banquet from which (in consequence of his age and his habits) Master Jacky is excluded. Master Jacky was so handsome, so brilliant, so heroic, so regardless of dangers and penalties, so fertile in resources; and those charming young ladies, his sisters, his cousins,—the innocent victims of his high spirits,—had such golden ringlets, such rosy cheeks, such pretty shoulders, such delicate blue sashes over such fresh muslin gowns! Master Jacky seemed to lead a life all illumined with rosy Christmas fire. A little later came Richard Doyle's delightful volume giving the history of "Brown, Jones, and Robinson," and it would be difficult to exaggerate the action of these remarkable designs in forming the taste of our fantastic little amateur. They told him, indeed, much less about England than about the cities of the continent; but that was not a drawback, for he could take in the continent, too. Moreover, he felt that these three travelers were intensely British; they looked at everything

from the London point of view, and it gave him an immense feeling of initiation to be able to share their susceptibilities. Was there not also a delightful little picture at the end, which represented them as restored to British ground, each holding up a tankard of foaming ale, with the boots behind them, rolling their battered portmanteaux into the inn? This seemed somehow to commemorate one's own possible arrival in Old England, even though it was not likely that overflowing beer would be a feature of so modest an event; just as all the rest of it was a foretaste of Switzerland, of the Rhine, of North Italy, which after this would find one quite prepared. We are sorry to say that when, many years later, we ascended, for the first time, to the roof of Milan Cathedral, what we first thought of was not the "waveless plain of Lombardy," nor the beauty of the edifice, but the "little London snob," whom Brown, Jones, and Robinson saw writing his name on one of the pinnacles of the church. We had our preferences in this genial trio. We adored little Jones, the artist—if memory doesn't betray us (we haven't seen the book for twenty years)—and Jones *was* the artist. It is difficult to say why we adored him, but it was certainly the dream of our life at that foolish period to make his acquaintance. We did so, in fact, not very long after. We were taken in due course to Europe, and we met him on a steam-boat on the Lake of Geneva. There was no introduction; we had no conversation; but he was the Jones of our imagination. Thackeray's Christmas books ("The Rose and the Ring," apart—it dates from 1854,) came before this; we remember them in our earliest years. They, too, were of the family of "Punch"—which is my excuse for this superfluity of preface—and they were a revelation of English manners. "English manners," for a child, could of course only mean certain individual English figures—the figures in "Our Street," in "Doctor Birch and his Young Friends" (we were glad we were not of the number), in "Mrs. Perkins's Ball." In the first of these charming little volumes there is a pictorial exposition of the reason why the nurse-maids in "Our Street" like Kensington Gardens. When, in the course of time, we were taken to walk in those lovely shades, we looked about us for a simpering young woman and an insinuating soldier on a bench, with a bawling baby sprawling on the path hard-by, and we think we discovered the group.

Many people in the United States, and doubtless in other countries, have gathered their knowledge of English life almost entirely from "Punch," and it would be difficult

to imagine a more abundant, and on the whole a more accurate, informant. The accumulated volumes of this periodical contain evidence on a multitude of points of which there is no mention in the serious works—not even in the novels—of the day. The smallest details of social habit are depicted there, and the oddities of a race of people in whom oddity is strangely compatible with the dominion of convention. That the ironical view of these things is given does not injure the force of the testimony, for the irony of "Punch," strangely enough, has always been discreet, even delicate. It is a singular fact, that though *taste* is not supposed to be the strong point of the English mind, this eminently representative journal has rarely been guilty of violations of taste. The taste of "Punch," like its good humor, has known very few lapses. "The London Charivari"—we remember how difficult it was (in 1853) to arrive at the right pronunciation—has, in this respect, very little to envy its Parisian original. English humor is coarse, French humor is fine—that would be the general assumption, certainly, on the part of a French critic. But a comparison between the back volumes of the "Charivari" and the back volumes of "Punch" would make it necessary to modify this formula. English humor is simple, innocent, plain, a trifle insipid, apt to sacrifice to the graces, to the proprieties; but if "Punch" is our witness, English humor is not coarse. We are fortunately not obliged to declare just now what French humor appears to be—in the light of the "Charivari," the "Journal Amusant," the "Journal Pour Rire." A Frenchman may say, in perfect good faith, that (to his sense) English drollery has doubtless every merit but that of being droll. French drollery, he may say, is salient, saltatory; whereas the English comic effort is flat and motionless. The French, in these matters, like a great deal of salt; whereas the English, who spice their food very highly, and have a cluster of sharp condiments on the table, like their caricatures comparatively mild. "Punch," in short, is for the family—"Punch" may be sent up to the nursery. This surely may be admitted; and it is the fact that "Punch" is for the family that constitutes its high value. The family is, after all, the people; and a satirical sheet which holds up the mirror to this institution can hardly fail to be instructive. "Yes, if it hold the mirror up impartially," we can imagine the foreign critic to rejoin; "but in these matters the British caricaturist is not to be trusted. He slurs over a great deal—he omits a great deal more. He must, above all things, be proper; and there is a whole side of life which,

in spite of his Juvenalian pretensions, he never touches at all." We must allow the foreign critic his supposed retort, without taking space to answer back,—we may imagine him to be a bit of a "naturalist,"—and admit that it is perhaps because they are obliged to be proper that Leech and du Maurier give us, on the whole, such a cleanly, healthy, friendly picture of English manners. Such sustained and inveterate propriety is in itself a great force; it includes a good deal, as well as excludes. The general impression that we derive from the long series of "Punch" is a very cheerful and favorable one; it speaks of a vigorous, good-humored, much-civilized people. The good humor is, perhaps, the most striking point—not only the good humor of the artist who represents the scene, but that of the figures engaged in it. The difference is remarkable in this respect between "Punch" and the French comic papers. The wonderful Cham, who for so many years contributed to those sheets, had an extraordinary sense of the ludicrous and a boundless stock of facetious invention. He was strangely expressive; he could place a figure before you, in the most violent action, with half-a-dozen strokes of his pencil. But his people were like wild-cats and scorpions. The temper of the French *bourgeoisie*, as represented by Cham, is a thing to make one take to one's heels. They perpetually tear and rend each other, show their teeth and their claws, kick each other down-stairs, and pitch each other from windows. All this is in the highest degree farcical or grotesque; but at bottom it is almost horrible. (It must be admitted that Cham and his wonderful colleague, Daumier, are much more horrible than Gavarni, who was admirably real, and at the same time capable of beauty and grace. Gavarni's women are charming; those of Cham and Daumier are monsters.) There is nothing, or almost nothing, of the horrible in "Punch." The author of these remarks has a friend whom he has heard more than once maintain the too-ingenious thesis that the caricatures of Cham prove the French to be a cruel people; the same induction could, at least, never be drawn, even in an equal spirit of paradox, from the genial pages of "Punch." "If 'Punch' is never horrible, it is because 'Punch' is always superficial, for life is full of the horrible"—so we may imagine our naturalistic objector to go on. However this may be, "Punch" is fortunate in having picked out such a charming surface. English life, as depicted by Leech and du Maurier, and by that excellent Charles Keene,—the best-humored perhaps of the three, whose talent is so great that we have always wondered why it is

not greater,—is a compound of several very wholesome tastes—the love of the country, the love of sport, the love of a harmless joke within the limits of due reverence, the love of sport, of horses and dogs, of family life, of children, of horticulture. With this there are a few other tastes of a less innocent kind,—the love of ardent spirits, for instance, or of punching people's heads,—or even the love of a lord. In Leech's drawings, country-life plays a great part; his landscapes, in their extreme sketchiness, are often admirable. He gave, in a few strokes, the look of the hunting-field in winter—the dark, damp slopes; the black, dense hedges; the low, cool sky. He was very general; he touched on everything, sooner or later; but he enjoyed his sporting subjects more than anything else. In this he was thoroughly English. No close observer of that people can fail to perceive that the love of sport is the thing that binds them most closely together, and in which they have the greatest number of feelings in common. Leech depicted, with infinite vividness, the accidents of the chase and of the fishing season; and his treatment of the horse, in especial, contributed greatly to his popularity. He understood the horse, he knew him intimately, he loved him; and he drew him as if he knew how to ride as well as to draw. The English forgive a great deal to those who ride well; and this is doubtless why the badness of some of the sporting subjects that have appeared in "Punch" since Leech's death has been tolerated; the artist has been presumed to be a good rider! Leech never made a mistake; he did well whatever he did; and, it must be remembered, that for many years he furnished the political cartoon to "Punch," as well as the smaller drawings. He was always amusing, always full of sense and point, always intensely English. His foreigner is always an inferior animal—his Frenchman is the Frenchman of Leicester Square, the Frenchman whom the Exhibition of 1851 revealed to the people of London. His point is perfectly perceptible—it is never unduly fine. His children are models of ruddy, chubby, shy, yet sturdy British babyhood; and nothing could be nicer than his young women. The English maiden, in Leech, is emphatically a nice girl; modest and fresh, simple and blooming, and destined evidently for use as much as for ornament. In those early days to which we referred at the beginning of this article, we were deeply in love with the young ladies of Leech, and we have never ceased to admire the simple art with which he made these hastily designed creatures conform unerringly to the English type. They have English eyes and English cheeks, English figures,

English hands and feet, English ringlets, English petticoats. Leech was extremely observant, but he had not a strong imagination; he had a sufficient, but not a high sense of beauty; his ideal of the beautiful had nothing of the unattainable; it was simply a *résumé* of the nice faces he saw about him. And very nice they must generally have been. The great thing, however, was that he was a natural draughtsman; his little figures live and move; many of his little scenes are stamped on the memory. I have spoken of his representations of the country; but his town-pictures are numerous and capital. He knew his London, and his sketches of the good people of that metropolis are as happy as his episodes in the drawing-room and the hunting-field. He was admirably broad and free; and no one in his line has had more than he the knack of giving what is called a general effect. He conveys, at times, the look of the London streets—the color, the temperature, the damp blackness. He does the winter weather to perfection. Long before I had seen it, I was acquainted, through his sketches, with the aspect of Baker street in December. Out of such a multitude of illustrations it is difficult to choose: the two volumes of "Sketches of Life and Character," transferred from "Punch," are a real museum. But I recall, for instance, the simple little sketch of the worthy man up to his neck in bed on a January morning, to whom, on the other side of the door, the prompt housemaid, with her hammer in her hand, announces that "I have just broken the ice in your bath, sir." The black, cold dawn, the very smell of the early chill, that raw sootiness of the London winter air, the red nose of the housemaid, the unfashionable street seen through the window—impart a peculiar vividness to this small, inky-looking wood-cut.

We have said too much about Leech, however, and the purpose of these remarks is not to commemorate his work. "Punch," for the last fifteen years, has been, artistically speaking, George du Maurier. (We ought, perhaps, before this, to have said that none of our observations are to be taken as applying to the letterpress of the comic journal, which has probably never been fully appreciated in America.) It has employed other talents than his—notably Charles Keene, who is as broad, as jovial, as English (half his jokes are against Scotchmen), as Leech, but whose sense of the beautiful, the delicate, is inferior even to Leech's; and the wonderful Linley Sambourne, a genius quite apart, full of ingenuity and fancy, brilliant in execution, but wanting in the appearance and the love of reality, and more decorative, almost more mechan-

ical, than dramatic. But for a great many people, certainly in America, du Maurier has long been, as I say, the successor of Leech, the embodiment of the pictorial spirit of "Punch." Shut up in the narrow limits of black and white, without space, without color, without the larger opportunities, du Maurier has nevertheless established himself as an exquisite talent and a genuine artist. He is not so much of a laugh as Leech,—he deals in the smile, rather than the laugh,—but he is a much deeper observer, and he is a finer and nobler draughtsman. He has not Leech's animal spirits; a want of high spirits, a tendency to reflection, to lowness of tone, as his own Postlethwaite would say, is perhaps his limitation. But his seriousness—if he is too serious—is that of the satirist as distinguished from the simple joker; and if he reflects, he does so in the literal sense of the word—holds up a singularly polished and lucid mirror to the drama of English society. More than twenty years ago, when he began to draw in "Once a Week,"—that not very long-lived periodical which set out on its career with a high pictorial standard,—it was apparent that the careful young artist who finished his designs very highly and signed them with a French name, stood very much upon his own feet. The earliest things of his that we know have the quality which has made him distinguished to-day—the union of a great sense of beauty with a great sense of reality. It was apparent from the first that this was not a simple and uniform talent, but a gift that had sprung from a combination of sources. It is important to remember, in speaking of du Maurier,—who is one of the pillars of the British journal *par excellence*,—that he has French blood in his veins. George du Maurier, as we understand his history, was born in England, of a French father and an English mother, but was removed to France in his early years, and educated according to the customs of that country. Later, however, he returned to England; and it would not be difficult for a careful student of his drawings to guess that England is the land of his predilection. He has drawn a great many French figures, but he has drawn them as one who knows them rather than as one who loves them. He has perhaps been, as the phrase is, a little hard upon the French; at any rate, he has been decidedly easy for the English. The latter are assuredly a very handsome race; but, if we were to construct an image of them from the large majority of du Maurier's drawings, we should see before us a people of gods and goddesses. This does not alter the fact that there is a very Gallic

element in some of du Maurier's gifts—his fineness of perception, his remarkable power of specifying types, his taste, his grace, his lightness, a certain refinement of art. It is hard to imagine that a talent so remarkable should not have given early evidences; but in spite of such evidences, du Maurier was, on the threshold of manhood, persuaded by those to whom it was his duty to listen, to turn his attention, as Mrs. Micawber says, to chemistry. He pursued this science without enthusiasm, though he had for some time a laboratory of his own. Before long, however, the laboratory was converted into a studio. His talent insisted on its liberty, and he committed himself to the plastic. He studied this charming element in Paris, at Düsseldorf; he began to work in London. This period of his life was marked by a great calamity, which has left its trace on his career and his work, and which it is needful to mention, in order to speak with any fairness of these things. Abruptly, without a warning, his eyesight partly forsook him, and his activity was cruelly threatened. It is a great pleasure, in alluding to this catastrophe, to be able to speak of it as a signal example of difficulty vanquished. George du Maurier was condemned to many dark days, at the end of which he learned that he should have to do his work for the rest of his life with less than half a man's portion of the sense most valuable to the artist. The beautiful work that he has produced in such abundance for so many years has been achieved under restrictions of vision which might well have made any work impossible. It is permitted, accordingly, to imagine that if the artist had had the usual resources we should not at the present moment be considering him simply as an accomplished draughtsman in black and white. It is impossible to look at many of his drawings without perceiving that they are full of the art of the painter, and that the form they have taken, charming as it has been, is arbitrary and inadequate.

John Leech died on October 27, 1864, and the first sketches in "Punch" that we recognize as du Maurier's appeared in that year. The very earliest that we have detected belong, indeed, to December 5, 1863. These beginnings are slight and sketchy head-pieces and vignettes; the first regular "picture" (with a legend beneath it) that we remember is of the date of June 11, 1864. It represents a tipsy waiter (or college servant), on a staircase, where he has smashed a trayful of crockery. We perceive nothing else of importance for some time after this, but suddenly his hand appears again in force, and from the summer of 1865 its appearances



are frequent. The finish and delicacy, the real elegance, of these early drawings, are extreme; the hand was already the hand of a brilliant executant. No such manner as this had hitherto been seen in "Punch." By the time one had recognized that it was not a happy accident, but an accomplished habit, it had become the great feature, the "attraction," of the comic journal. "Punch" had never before suspected that it was so artistic; had never taken itself, in such matters, so seriously. Much the larger part of du Maurier's work has been done for "Punch," but he has designed as well many illustrations for books. The most charming of these, perhaps, are the drawings he executed in 1868, for a new edition of Thackeray's "Esmond," which had been preceded several years before by a set of designs for Mrs. Gaskell's "Wives and Daughters," first ushered into the world as a serial in the "Cornhill." To the "Cornhill," for many years, du Maurier has every month contributed an illustration; he has reproduced every possible situation that is likely to be encountered in the English novel of manners; he has interpreted, pictorially, innumerable flirtations, wooings, phylandering, ruptures. The interest of the English novel of manners is often rather tranquil; the situations presented to the artist are apt to lack superficial strangeness. A lady and gentleman sitting in a drawing-room, a lady and gentleman going out to walk, a sad young woman watching at a sick-bed, a handsome young man lighting a cigarette—this is about the range of incident through which the designer may move. But in these drawing-room and flower-garden episodes, the artist is thoroughly at home; he accepts, of course, the material that is given him, but we fancy him much more easily representing quiet, harmonious things than depicting deeds of violence. It is a noticeable fact that in "Punch," where he has his liberty, he very seldom represents such deeds. His occasional departures from this habit are of a sportive and fantastic sort, in which he ceases to pretend to be real; like the dream of the timorous Jenkins (February 15, 1868), who sees himself hurled to destruction by a colossal, foreshortened cab-horse. Du Maurier's fantastic—we speak of the extreme manifestations of it—is always admirable, ingenious, unexpected, pictorial; so much so, that we have often wondered that he should not have cultivated this vein more largely. As a general thing, however, in these excursions into the impossible, it is some charming impossibility that he offers us—a picture of some happy contrivance which would make life more diverting; such as the playing of

lawn-tennis on skates (on a lawn of ice), or the faculty on the part of young men on bicycles of carrying their sweethearts behind them on a pillion. We recommend the reader to turn to "Punch's" Almanac for 1865, in which two brilliant full-page illustrations represent the "Probable Results of the Acclimatization Society." Nothing could be fuller of delicate fancy and of pictorial facility than this prophecy of the domestication in the London streets, and by the Serpentine, of innumerable strange beasts—giraffes, ostriches, zebras, kangaroos, hippopotami, elephants, lions, and panthers. Apropos of strange beasts, the strangest of all, perhaps, is the wonderful big dog who has figured of late years in du Maurier's drawings, and who has probably passed, with many persons, as a kind of pictorial caprice. He is depicted as of such super-canine proportions, quite overshadowing and dwarfing the amiable family to whom he is represented as belonging, that he might be supposed to be another illustration of the artist's turn for the graceful grotesque. But, as it happens, he is not an invention, but a portrait—the portrait of a magnificent original, a literally gigantic St. Bernard, the property of the artist—the biggest, the handsomest, the most benignant of all domesticated shaggy things.

We think we are safe in saying that those ruder forms of incongruity which, as a general thing, constitute the stock-in-trade of the caricaturist, fail to commend themselves to this particular satirist. He is too fond of the beautiful—his great passion is for the lovely; not for what is called ideal beauty, which is usually a matter of not very successful guess-work, but for loveliness observed in the life and manners around us, and reproduced with a generous desire to represent it as usual. The French express a certain difference better than we; they talk of those who see *en beau* and those who see *en laid*. Du Maurier is as highly developed an example as we could desire of the former tendency—just as Cham and Daumier are examples of the latter; just, too, if we may venture to select instances from the staff of "Punch," as Charles Keene and Linley Sambourne are examples of the latter. Du Maurier can see ugliness wonderfully well when he has a strong motive for looking for it, as witness so many of the figures in his crusade against the "æsthetic" movement. Who could be uglier than Maude and Postlethwaite, and all the other apparitions from "passionate Brompton"? Who could have more bulging foreheads, more protuberant eyes, more retreating jaws, more sloping shoulders, more objectionable hair, more of the signs generally of



personal debility? To say, as we said just now, that du Maurier carries his specification of types very far, is to say mainly that he defines with peculiar completeness his queer people, his failures, his grotesques. But it strikes us that it is just this vivid and affectionate appreciation of beauty that makes him do such justice to the eccentrics. We have heard his ugly creations called malignant—compared (to their disadvantage) with similar figures in Leech. Leech, it was said, is always good-natured and jovial, even in the excesses of caricature; whereas his successor (with a much greater brilliancy of execution) betrays, in dealing with the oddities of the human family, a taint of "French ferocity." We think the discrimination fallacious; and it is only because we do not believe du Maurier's reputation for amiability to be really in danger that we do not hasten to defend him from the charge of ferocity—French or English. The fact is, he attempts discriminations that Leech never dreamt of. Leech's characterizations are all simple, whereas du Maurier's are extremely complicated. He would like every one to be tall and straight and fair, to have a well-cut mouth and chin, a well-poised head, well-shaped legs, an air of nobleness, of happy development. He perceives, however, that nature plays us some dreadful tricks, and he measures her departure from these beautiful conditions with extreme displeasure. He regrets it with all the force of his appreciation of the beautiful, and he feels the strongest desire to indicate the culpability of the aberration. He has an artistic, æsthetic need to make ugly people as ugly as they are; he holds that such serious facts should not be superficially treated. And then, besides that, his fancy finds a real entertainment in the completeness, in the perfection, of certain forms of facial queeriness. No one has rendered like du Maurier the ridiculous little people who crop up in the interstices of that huge and complicated London world. We have no such finished types as these in America. If the English find us all a little odd, oddity, in American society, never ripens and rounds itself off so perfectly as in some of these Old-World specimens. All those English terms of characterization which exist in America, at the most only as precarious exotics, but which are on every one's lips in England,—the snob, the cad, the prig, the duffer,—du Maurier has given us a thousand times the portrait of such specialities. No one has done the "duffer" so well; there are a hundred variations of the countenance of Mr. McJoseph, the gentleman who figured in "Punch" on the 19th August, 1876; or the even

happier physiognomy of the other gentleman who, on the 2d November, 1872, says to a lady that he "never feels safe from the British snob till he is south of the Danube," and to whom the lady retorts, "And what do the South Danubians say?" This personage is in profile: his face is fat, complacent, cautious; his hair and whiskers have as many curves and flourishes as the signature of a writing-master; he is an incarnation of certain familiar elements of English life,—the "great middle class," the Philistinism,—the absence of irony, of the sentiment of art. Du Maurier is full of soft irony: he has that infusion of it which is indispensable to an artistic nature; and, we may add, that in this respect he seems to us more French than English. This quality has helped him immensely to find material in the so-called æsthetic movement of the last few years. None of his duffers have been so good as his æsthetic duffers. But of this episode we must wait a little to speak. The point that, for the moment, we wished to make is that he has a peculiar perception of the look of breeding, of race; and that, left to himself, as it were, he would ask nothing better than to make it the prerogative of all his characters. Only he is not left to himself. For, looking about into the world, he perceives his Gorgius Midas, and Mr. McJoseph, and the whole multitude of the vulgar, who have not been cultivated like orchids and race-horses. But his extreme inclination to give his figures the benefit of the supposition that most people have the feelings of gentlemen, makes him, as we began by saying, a very happy interpreter of those frequent works of fiction of which the action goes on, for the most part, in the drawing-room of the British country-house. Every drawing-room, unfortunately, is not a home of the Graces; but for the artist, given such an apartment, a group of quiet, well-shaped people is more or less implied. The "fashionable novel," as it flourished about 1830, is no more; and its extinction is not to be regretted. We believe it was rarely accompanied with illustrations; but if it were to be revived, du Maurier would be the man to make the pictures—the pictures of people rather slim and still, with long necks and limbs so straight that they look stiff, who might be treated with the amount of irony justified (if the fashionable novel of 1830 is to be believed) by their passion for talking bad French. The only trouble would be the superiority of his illustrations to the text.

We have been looking over the accumulations of "Punch" for the last twenty years, and du Maurier's work, which during this long period is remarkably abundant and various,

has given us more impressions than we can hope to put into form. The result of sitting for several hours at such a banquet of drollery, of poring over so many caricatures, of catching the point of so many jokes, is a kind of indigestion and giddiness. This is especially the case if one happens to be liable to confusions and lapses of memory. Every picture, every pleasantry, drives the last out of the mind, and even the figures we recall best get mixed up with another story than their own. The early drawings, as a general thing, are larger than the late ones; we believe that the artist was obliged to make them large in order to make them at all. (They were then photographed, much reduced, upon the block; and it is impossible to form an idea of the delicacy of du Maurier's work without having seen the designs themselves, which are in pen and ink.) Some of these full-page pictures have an admirable breadth and vigor, though they sometimes strike us as rather too black. This fault, however, is sometimes a merit; there are scenes which derive from it a look of color, an effect of atmosphere. As the years have gone on, the artist has apparently been able to make his drawing smaller, there has been less need of reducing it, and the full-page picture has become more rare. The wealth of execution was sometimes out of proportion to the jest beneath the cut; the joke might be as much or as little of a joke as one would; the picture was, at any rate, before all things a picture. What could be more charming than the drawing (October 24, 1868) of the unconscious Oriana and the ingenious Jones? It is a real work of art, a thing to have had the honors of color, and of the "line" at the Academy; and that the artist should have been able to give it to us for three-pence, on the reverse of a printed page, is a striking proof of his affluence. The unconscious Oriana—she is drawn very large—sits in the foreground, in the shadow of some rocks that ornament the sands at a bathing-place. Her beautiful hair falls over her shoulders (she has been taking her bath, and has hung her tresses out to dry), and her charming eyes are bent upon the second volume of a novel. The beach stretches away into the distance—with all the expression of space; and here the ingenious Jones carries out his little scheme of catching a portrait of the object—an object profoundly indifferent—of his adoration. He pretends to sit to an itinerant photographer, and apparently places himself in the line of the instrument, which in reality, thanks to a private understanding with the artist, is focused upon the figure of his mistress. There is not much landscape in du Maurier—

the background is almost always an interior; but whenever he attempts an out-of-door scene, he does it admirably. What could be prettier, and at the same time more real, than the big view (September 9, 1876) of the low tide on Scarborough sands? We forget the joke, but we remember the scene—two or three figures, with their backs to us, leaning over a terrace or balcony in the foreground, and looking down at the great expanse of the uncovered beach, which is crowded with the activities of a populous bathing-place. The bathers, the walkers, the machines, the horses, the dogs, are seen with distinctness—a multitude of little black points—as under a magnifying-glass; the whole place looks vast and swarming, and the particular impression the artist wished to convey is thoroughly caught. The particular impression—that is the great point with du Maurier; his intuition is never vague; he likes to specify the place, the hour, the circumstances. "We forget the joke, but we remember the scene," we said just now. This may easily happen, as one looks over du Maurier's work; we frankly confess that, though he often amuses us, he never strikes us primarily as a joker. It is not the exuberance of his humor, but the purity of his line that arrests us, and we think of him much less as a purveyor of fun than as a charming draughtsman who has been led by circumstances to cultivate a vein of pleasantry. At every turn in his work, we find the fatal gift of beauty; by which we mean, that his people are so charming that their prettiness throws the legend into the shade. Beauty comes so easily to du Maurier that he lavishes it with unconscious freedom. If he represents Angelina reprimanding the housemaid, it is ten to one that Angelina will be a Juno and the housemaid a good deal of a Hebe. Whatever be the joke, this element of grace almost makes the picture serious. The point, of course, is not that Angelina should be lovely, but that the housemaid should be ridiculous; and you feel that, if you should call the artist's attention to this, he would reply: "I am really very sorry, but she is the plainest woman I can make—for the money!" This is what happens throughout—his women (and, we may add, his children) being monotonously, incorrigibly fair. He is exceedingly fond of children; he has represented them largely, at every age and in every attitude; but we can scarcely recall an instance of his making them anything but beautiful. They are always delightful—they are the nicest children in the world. They say droll things, but they never do ugly ones, and their whole child-world is harmonious and happy. We might have referred that critic



BRITISH PROPRIETY.

HAWKER: "Book o' the words, my Lady—Horthersied copy—the Dam o' Camelcours!"

MRS. JONES. (For the benefit of the by-standers): "Oh, no, thank you—we've come to see the *acting*—we do not wish to understand the *play*!"

whom we quoted above, who observed in du Maurier's manner the element of "ferocity," to the leniency of his treatment of the rising generation.

The children of Cham are little monsters; so are Daumier's; and the infants of Gavarni, with a grace of their own, like everything he drew, are simply rather diminutive and rather more sophisticated adults. Du Maurier is fond of large families, of the picturesqueness of the British nursery; he is a votary of the *culte du bébé*, and has never a happier touch than when he represents a blooming brood walking out in gradations of size. The pretty points of children are intimately known to him, and he throws them into high relief; he understands, moreover, the infant wardrobe as well as the infant mind. His little boys and girls are "turned out" with a completeness which has made the despair of many an American mother.

It may perhaps appear invidious to say that the little girls are even nicer than the little boys, but this is no more than natural, with the artist's delicate appreciation of female loveliness. It begins, to his vision, in the earliest periods, and goes on increasing till it is embodied in the stature of those slim Junos of whom we have spoken. It is easy to see that du Maurier is of the

eminently justifiable opinion that nothing in the world is so fair as the fairness of fair women; and if so many of his women are fair, it is to be inferred that he has a secret for drawing out their advantages. This secret, indeed, is simply that fineness of perception of which we have already had occasion to speak, and to which it is necessary so often to refer.

He is evidently of the opinion that almost any woman has beauty if you look at her in the right way—carefully enough, intelligently enough; and that, *a fortiori*, the exceptionally handsome women contain treasures of plasticity. Feminine line and surface, curves of shoulder, stretches of arm, turns of head, undulations of step, are matters of attentive study to him; and his women have for the most part the art of looking as amiable and virtuous as they are pretty. We know a gentleman who, on being requested to inscribe himself on one of those formidable folios kept in certain houses, in which you indite the name of your favorite flower, favorite virtue, favorite historical character, wrote, in the compartment dedicated to the "favorite quality in a woman," the simple words—"Grace—grace—grace." Du Maurier might have been this gentleman, for his women are inveterately and imperturbably graceful. We



MUSIC AT HOME—WITH A VENGEANCE.

LADY MIDAS: How charmingly you play, Hare Leebart! Dear Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns must really bring you down to play to us, at Midas Towers, our place in Surrey, you know, and—I will show you my roses, the finest roses in all England! Will Thursday suit you?"

HERR LIEBHARDT: "You are ferry vrently, matâme! pot I haf a wife and six jiltren, and—say to not lif upon Rôses!"

have heard people complain of it—complain, too, that they all look alike, that they are members of the same family. They have, indeed, a mutual resemblance; but when once the beautiful type has been found, we see no reason why, from a restless love of change, the artist should depart from it. We should feel as if du Maurier had been fickle and faithless if he were suddenly to cease to offer us the tall, tranquil persons he understands so well. They have an inestimable look of repose—an almost classic form. There is a figure in a cut, of which we have forgotten both the "point" and the date (we mention it at hazard—it is one in a hundred), which only needed to be modeled in clay to be a truly valuable creation. A couple of children address themselves to a youthful aunt, who leans her hand upon a toilet-table, presenting her back, clothed in a loose gown, not gathered in at the waist, to the spectator. Her charming pose, the way her head slowly turns, the beautiful folds of her robe, make her look more like a statuette in a museum than like a figure in "Punch." We have forgotten what the children are saying, but we remember her charming attitude, which is a capital example of the love of beauty for

beauty's sake. The feeling of this—a feeling which constantly guides du Maurier's hand—is truly poetic.

The intention of these remarks has been supposed to be rather a view of du Maurier in his relation to English society than a technical estimate of his powers—a line of criticism to which we may already appear unduly to have committed ourselves. He is predominantly a painter of social, as distinguished from popular life, and when the other day he collected some of his drawings into a volume, he found it natural to give them the title of "English Society at Home." He looks at the "accomplished" classes more than at the people, though he by no means ignores the humors of humble life. His consideration of the peculiarities of costermongers and "cadgers" is comparatively perfunctory, as he is too fond of civilization and of the higher refinements of the grotesque. His colleague, the frank and, as the metaphysicians say, objective, Keene, has a more natural familiarity with the British populace. There is a whole side of English life at which du Maurier scarcely glances—the great sporting element, which supplies half of their gaiety and all their conversation to millions of



her Majesty's subjects. He is shy of the turf and of the cricket-field; he only touches here and there upon the river. But he has made "society" completely his own—he has sounded its depths, explored its mysteries, discovered and divulged its secrets. His observation of these things is extraordinarily acute, and his illustrations, taken together, form a complete comedy of manners, in which the same personages constantly re-appear, so that we have the sense, indispensable to keenness of interest, of tracing their adventures to a climax. So many of the conditions of English life are picturesque (and, to American eyes, even romantic), that du Maurier has never been at a loss for subjects. He may have been at a loss for his joke—we hardly see how he could fail to be, at the rate at which he has been obliged to produce; but we repeat that to ourselves the joke is the least part of the affair. We mean that he is never at a loss for pictures. English society makes pictures all round him, and he has only to look to see the most charming things, which at the same time have the merit that you can always take the satirical view of them. He sees, for instance, the people in the Park; the crowd that gathers under the trees on June afternoons to watch the spectacle of the Row, with the slow, solemn jostle of the Drive going on behind it. Such a scene as this may be vain and unprofitable to a mind bent upon higher business, but it is full of material for the artist, who finds a fund of inspiration in the thousand figures, faces, types, accidents, attitudes. The way people stand and sit, the way they stroll and pause, the way they lean over the rail to talk to one of the riders, the way they stare and yawn and bore themselves—these things are charming to du Maurier, who always reproduces the *act* with wonderful fidelity. This we should bear in mind, having spoken above of his aversion to the violent. He has indeed a preference for quiet and gradual movements. But it is not in the least because he is not able to make the movement definite. No one represents a particular attitude better than he; and it is not too much to say that the less flagrant the attitude, the more latent its intention, the more successfully he represents it.

The postures people take while they are waiting for dinner, while they are thinking what to say, while they are pretending to listen to music, while they are making speeches they don't mean; the thousand strange and dreary expressions (of face and figure) which the detached mind may catch at any moment in wandering over a collection of people who

are supposed to be amusing themselves in a superior manner—all this is entirely familiar to du Maurier; he renders it with inimitable fidelity. His is the detached mind—he takes refuge in the divine independence of art. He reproduces to the life the gentleman who is looking with extraordinary solemnity at his boots, the lady who is gazing with sudden rapture at the ceiling, the grimaces of fifty people who would be surprised at their reflection if the mirror were suddenly to be presented to them. In such scenes as these, of course, the comical mingles with the beautiful, and fond as du Maurier is of the beautiful, it is sometimes heroically sacrificed. At any rate, the comic effect is (in the drawing) never missed. The legend that accompanies it may sometimes appear to be wanting in the grossest drollery, but the expression of the figures is always such that you must say: "How he has hit it!" This is the kind of comedy in which du Maurier excels—the comedy of those social relations in which the incongruities are pressed beneath the surface, so that the scene has need of a certain amount of explanation. The explanation is often rather elaborate—in many cases one may almost fancy that the picture came first and the motive afterward. That is, it looks as if the artist, having seen a group of persons in certain positions, had said to himself: "They must—or at least they *may*—be saying so and so"; and then had represented these positions and affixed the interpretation. He passes over none of those occasions on which society congregates—the garden-party, the picnic, the flower-show, the polo-match (though he has not much cultivated the humors of sport, he has represented polo more than once, and he has done ample justice to lawn-tennis, just as he did it, years ago, to the charming, dawdling, "spooning" tedium of croquet, which he depicted as played only by the most adorable young women, with the most diminutive feet); but he introduces us more particularly to indoors entertainments—to the London dinner-party in all those variations which cover such a general sameness; to the afternoon tea, to the fashionable "squash," to the late and suffocating "small and early," to the scientific *conversazione*, to the evening with a little music. His musical parties are numerous and admirable—he has exposed in perfection the weak points of those entertainments: the infatuated tenor, bawling into the void of the public indifference; the air of lassitude that pervades the company; the woe-begone look of certain faces; the false and overacted attention of certain others; the young lady who is wishing to sing, and whose mamma is





BREAKING THE ICE.

GALLANT COLONEL (who has just been made a grandfather, and can talk of nothing else): "Do you take any interest in very young children, Miss Crauncher?"  
 FAIR AUTHORESS OF "A PAIR OF CAVALRY MOUSTACHES," &c., &c.: "I loathe all children! . . ."

glaring at the young lady who is singing; the bristling heads of foreigners of the professional class, which stand out against the sleekness of British respectability. Du Maurier understands the foreigner as no caricaturist has done hitherto; and we hasten to add that his portraits of continental types are never caricatures. They are serious studies, in which the idiosyncrasies of the race in question are vividly presented. His Germans would be the best, if his French folk were not better still; but he has rendered most happily the aspect—and indeed the very temperament—of the German pianist. He has not often attempted the American; and the American reader who turns over the back volumes of "Punch" and encounters the luckless cartoons in which, during the long, weary years of the War, the primitive pencil of Mr. Tenniel contributed, at the expense of the American physiognomy, to the gayety of nations, will not perhaps regret that du Maurier should have avoided this particular field of portraiture. It is not, however, that he has not occasionally been inspired by the American girl, whom he endows with due prettiness, as in the case of the two transatlantic young ladies who, in the presence of a fine Alpine view, exclaim to a British admirer: "My! ain't it rustic?" As for the French, he knows them intimately, as he has a right to do. He thinks better of the English, of course

but his Frenchman is a very different affair from the Frenchman of Leech—the Frenchman who is sea-sick (as if it were the appanage of his race alone!) on the Channel steamer. In such a matter as this du Maurier is really psychological; he is versed in the qualities which illustrate the difference of race. He accentuates first, of course, the physical variation; he contrasts—with a subtlety which may not at first receive all the credit it deserves—the long, fair, English body, inclined to the bony, the lean, the angular, with the short, plump French personality, in which the neck is rarely a feature, in which the stomach is too much of one, in which the calves of the legs grow fat, in which in the women several of the joints, the wrists, the shape of the hand, are apt to be charming. Some of his happiest drawings are reminiscences of a midsummer sojourn at a French watering-place. We have long been in the habit of looking for "Punch" with peculiar impatience at this season of the year. When the artist goes to France he takes his big dog with him, and he has more than once commemorated the effect of this impressive member of a quiet English family upon the Norman and Breton populations. There have appeared at this time certain anecdotic



FAME!

EVANS EVANS, R. A., the famous artist, Knight of the Order of Merit in Germany, Officer of the Legion of Honor in France, &c., &c., &c. . . visits his native place in Wales, and meets his first and only love, who married (alas!) the village doctor.

SHE: "Dear me! To think of our meeting again after so many years! How well I remember you! . . . you used to go in for painting, and sketching, and all that . . . and do you go in for it still?"



IT'S NOT SO DIFFICULT TO SPEAK FRENCH, AFTER ALL.

MISTRESS (fluently): "Oh-er-Françoise, il faut que vous alliez chez le chemist, dans High street, pour le gergle de Mademoiselle Maud — et chez le toy-shop, pour le lawn-tennis bat de Monsieur Malcolm — et n'oubliez pas mon waterproof, chez le cleaner, vis-à-vis l'underground railway-station — et dites à Smithson, le builder (dans Church Lane, à côté du public-house, vous savez), que le kitchen-boiler est — est — est —"

FRANÇOISE (who has been longer in England than her new mistress thinks): "Est Surrrré! Très bien, Madame."

pictures of English travelers in French towns, —in shops, markets, tram-cars, —in which some of the deeper disparities of the two peoples have been (under the guise of its being all a joke) very sufficiently exposed. Du Maurier, on the whole, does justice to the French; his English figures, in these international tableaux, by no means always come off best. When the English family of many persons troops into the *charcutier's*, or the perfumer's, and stands planted there, —mute, inexpressive, perpendicular, —the demonstrations, the professions, the abundant speech of the neat, plump, insinuating *boutiquière* are a well-intended tribute to the high civilization of her country. Du Maurier has done the "low" foreigner of the London (or of his native) streets, —the foreigner whose unspeakable baseness prompts the Anglo-Saxon observer to breathe the Pharisee's vow of thanks that he is not as these people are; but, as we have seen, he has done the low Englishman quite as well, —the 'Arry of the London music-halls, the companion of 'Andsome 'Arriet and Mr. Belville. Du Maurier's rendering of 'Arry's countenance, with its bloated purple bloom, of 'Arry's figure, carriage, and costume, —of his deportment at

the fancy fair, where the professional beauties solicit his custom, —is a triumph of exactitude. One of the most poignant of the drawings that illustrate his ravages in our civilization is the large design which a year or two ago represented the narrow canal beneath the Bridge of Sighs. The hour is evening, and the period is the detested date at which the penny-steamer was launched upon the winding water-ways of the loveliest city in the world. The odious little vessel, belching forth a torrent of black smoke, passes under the covered arch which connects the ducal palace with the ducal prison. 'Andsome 'Arriet and Mr. Belville (personally conducted) are of course on board, and 'Arriet remarks that the Bridge of Sighs isn't much of a size, after all. To which her companion rejoins that it has been immortalized by Byron, any way — "im as wrote 'Our Boys,' you know." This fragment of dialogue expresses concisely the arguments both for and against the importation of the cheap and easy into Venetian waters.

Returning, for a moment, to du Maurier's sketches of the French, we must recall the really interesting design in which, at a child's party at the Casino of a *station balnéaire*, a



THE HEIGHT OF ÆSTHETIC EXCLUSIVENESS.

MAMMA: "Who are those extraordinary looking children?"

EFFIE: "The Cimabue Browns, Mamma—they're *æsthetic*, you know!"

MAMMA: "So I should imagine. Do you know them to speak to?"

EFFIE: "Oh, dear no, Mamma—they're most *exclusive*—why, they put out their tongues at us if we only *look* at them!"

number of little natives are inviting a group of English children to dance. The French children have much the better manners; they make their little bows with a smile, they click their heels together, and crook their little arms as they offer them to their partners. The sturdy British infants are dumb, mistrustful, vaguely bewildered. Presently you perceive that in the very smart attire of the gracious little Gauls *everything is wrong*—their high heels, their poor little legs, at once too bare and too much covered, their superfluous sashes and scarfs. The small English are invested in plain Jerseys and knickerbockers. The whole thing is a pearl of observation, of reflection. Let us recall, also, the rebuke administered to M. Dubois, the distinguished young man of science, who, just arrived from Paris and invited to dine by the Duke of Stilton, mentions this latter fact in apology for being late to a gentleman to whose house he goes on leaving the Duke's. This gentleman, assisted by Mr. Grigsby (both of them specimens of the snob-philistine which du Maurier has brought to such perfection), reprehends him in a superior manner for his rashness, reminds him that in England it is "not usual for a professional man" to allude in that promiscuous manner to having dined with a duke—a privilege which Grigsby characterizes "the perfection of consummate achievement." The advantage

is here with poor M. Dubois, who is a natural and sympathetic figure, a very nice little Frenchman. The advantage is doubtless also with Mlle. Serrurier and her mother, though Mademoiselle is not very pretty, in a scene in which, just after the young lady has been singing at Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns's, the clever Mrs. Ponsonby plays her off on the Duchess (as an inducement to come to another party), and then plays the Duchess off on the little vocalist and her mother, who, in order to secure the patronage of the Duchess, promise to come to the entertainment in question. The clever Mrs. Ponsonby thus gets both the Duchess and the vocalist for nothing. The broad-faced young French girl, with small, salient eyes, her countenance treated in the simplest and surest manner, is a capital specimen of du Maurier's skill in race-portraiture; and though they may be a knowing couple in their way, we are sure that she and her mamma are incapable of the machinations of Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns.

This lady is a real creation. She is an incident of one of the later phases of du Maurier's activity—a child of the age which has also produced Mrs. Cimabue Brown and Messrs. Maudle and Postlethwaite. She is not one of the heroines of the æsthetic movement, though we may be sure she dabbles in that movement so far as it pays to do so. Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns is a little of every-

thing, in so far as anything pays. She is always on the look-out, she never misses an opportunity. She is not a specialist, for that cuts off too many opportunities, and the æsthetic people have the *fort*, as the French say, to be specialists. No, Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns is—what shall we call her?—well, she is the modern social spirit. She is prepared for everything; she is ready to take advantage of everything; she would invite Mr. Bradlaugh to dinner if she thought the Duchess would come to meet him. The Duchess is her great achievement—she never lets go of her Duchess. She is young, very nice looking, slim, graceful, indefatigable. She tires poor Ponsonby completely out; she can keep going for hours after poor Ponsonby is reduced to stupefaction. This unfortunate husband is, indeed, almost always stupefied. He is not, like his wife, a person of imagination. She leaves him far behind, though he is so dull and heavy that, if she were a less superior person, he would have been a sad incumbrance. He always figures in the corner of the scenes in which she distinguishes herself, separated from her by something like the gulf that separated Caliban from Ariel. He has his hands in his pockets, his head poked forward; what is going on is quite beyond his comprehension. He vaguely wonders what his wife will do next; her maneuvers quite transcend him. Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns always succeeds. She is never at fault; she is as quick as the instinct of self-preservation. She is the little London lady who is determined to be a greater one. She pushes, pushes, gently but firmly—always pushes. At last she arrives. It is true that she had only the other day, on June 29, 1882, a considerable failure; we refer the reader to the little incident of Madame Gaminot, in the "Punch" for that date. But she will recover from it; she has already recovered from it. She is not even afraid of Sir Gorgius Midas—of the dreadful Midas junior. She pretends to think Lady Midas the most elegant of women; when it is necessary to flatter, she lays it on as with a trowel. She hesitates at nothing; she is very modern. If she doesn't take the æsthetic line more than is necessary, she finds it necessary to take it a little; for, if we are to believe du Maurier, the passion for strange raiment and blue china has, during the last few years, made ravages in the London world. We may be sure that Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns has an array of fragile disks attached to her walls, and that she can put in a word about Botticelli at the right moment. She is far, however, from being a representative of æstheticism, for her hair is very neatly arranged, and her

dress looks French and superficial. In Mrs. Cimabue Brown we see the priestess of the æsthetic cult, and this lady is, on the whole, a different sort of person. She knows less about duchesses, but she knows more about dados. Du Maurier's good-natured "chaff" of the eccentricities of the plastic sense so newly and so strangely awakened in England, has perhaps been the most brilliant episode of his long connection with "Punch." He has invented Mrs. Cimabue Brown—he has invented Maudle and Postlethwaite. These remarkable people have had great success in America, and have contributed not a little to the curiosity felt in that country on the subject of the English Renaissance. Strange rumors and legends in relation to this great movement had made their way across the Atlantic; the sayings and doings of a mysterious body of people, devotees of the lovely and the precious, living in goodly houses and walking in gracious garments, were repeated and studied in our simpler civilization. There has not been as yet an American Renaissance, in spite of the taste for "sincere sideboards" and fragments of crockery. American interiors are, perhaps, to-day as "gracious" as English; but the movement in the United States has stopped at household furniture, has not yet set its mark upon speech and costume—much less upon the human physiognomy. Du Maurier, of course, has lent a good deal of his own fame to the vagaries he depicts; but it is certain that the new æsthetic life has had a good deal of reality. A great many people have discovered themselves to be fitted for it both by nature and by grace; so that noses and chins, facial angles of every sort, shaped according to this higher rule, have become frequent in London society. This reaction of taste upon nature is really a marvel; and the miracle has not been repeated in America, nor, so far as we know, upon the continent of Europe. The love of Botticelli has actually remolded the features of many persons. London, for several seasons, was full of Botticelli women, with wan cheeks and weary eyes, enveloped in mystical, crumpled robes. Their language was apt to correspond with their faces; they talked in strange accents, with melancholy murmurs and cadences. They announced a gospel of joy; but their expression, their manners, were joyless. These peculiarities did not cross the ocean; for somehow the soil of the Western World was not as yet prepared for them. American ladies were even heard to declare that there was something in their constitution that would prevent their ever dressing like that. They had another ideal—they had too much coquetry. But meanwhile,





BREAKING THE ICE.

GALLANT COLONEL (who has just been made a grandfather, and can talk of nothing else): "Do you take any interest in very young children, Miss Crauncher?"  
 FAIR AUTHORESS OF "A PAIR OF CAVALRY MOUSTACHES," &c., &c.: "I loathe all children! . . . ."

glaring at the young lady who *is* singing; the bristling heads of foreigners of the professional class, which stand out against the sleekness of British respectability. Du Maurier understands the foreigner as no caricaturist has done hitherto; and we hasten to add that his portraits of continental types are never caricatures. They are serious studies, in which the idiosyncrasies of the race in question are vividly presented. His Germans would be the best, if his French folk were not better still; but he has rendered most happily the aspect—and indeed the very temperament—of the German pianist. He has not often attempted the American; and the American reader who turns over the back volumes of "Punch" and encounters the luckless cartoons in which, during the long, weary years of the War, the primitive pencil of Mr. Tenniel contributed, at the expense of the American physiognomy, to the gayety of nations, will not perhaps regret that du Maurier should have avoided this particular field of portraiture. It is not, however, that he has not occasionally been inspired by the American girl, whom he endows with due prettiness, as in the case of the two transatlantic young ladies who, in the presence of a fine Alpine view, exclaim to a British admirer: "My! ain't it rustic?" As for the French, he knows them intimately, as he has a right to do. He thinks better of the English, of course.

but his Frenchman is a very different affair from the Frenchman of Leech—the Frenchman who is sea-sick (as if it were the appanage of his race alone!) on the Channell steamer. In such a matter as this du Maurier is really psychological; he is versed in the qualities which illustrate the difference of race. He accentuates first, of course, the physical variation; he contrasts—with a subtlety which may not at first receive all the credit it deserves—the long, fair, English body, inclined to the bony, the lean, the angular, with the short, plump French personality, in which the neck is rarely a feature, in which the stomach is too much of one, in which the calves of the legs grow fat, in which the women several of the joints, the wrists, the shape of the hand, are apt to be charming. Some of his happiest drawings are reminiscences of a midsummer sojourn at a French watering-place. We have long been in the habit of looking for "Punch" with peculiar impatience at this season of the year. When the artist goes to France he takes his big dog with him, and he has more than once commemorated the effect of this impressive member of a quiet English family upon the Norman and Breton populations. There have appeared at this time certain anecdotic



FAME!

EVANS EVANS, R. A., the famous artist, Knight of the Order of Merit in Germany, Officer of the Legion of Honor in France, &c., &c., &c., &c. . . visits his native place in Wales, and meets his first and only love, who married (alas!) the village doctor.

SHE: "Dear me! To think of our meeting again after so many years! How well I remember you! . . . you used to go in for painting, and sketching, and all that . . . and do you go in for it still?"





IT'S NOT SO DIFFICULT TO SPEAK FRENCH, AFTER ALL.

MISTRESS (fluently): "Oh-er-Françoise, il faut que vous alliez chez le chemist, dans High street, pour le gargle de Mademoiselle Maud—et chez le toy-shop, pour le lawn-tennis bat de Monsieur Malcolm—et n'oubliez pas mon waterproof, chez le cleaner, vis-à-vis l'underground railway-station—et dites à Smithson, le builder (dans Church Lane, à côté du public-house, vous savez), que le kitchen-boiler est—est—est—"

FRANÇOISE (who has been longer in England than her new mistress thinks): "Est Burrat! Très bien, Madame."

pictures of English travelers in French towns, —in shops, markets, tram-cars,—in which some of the deeper disparities of the two peoples have been (under the guise of its being all a joke) very sufficiently exposed. Du Maurier, on the whole, does justice to the French; his English figures, in these international tableaux, by no means always come off best. When the English family of many persons troops into the *charcutier's*, or the perfumer's, and stands planted there,—mute, inexpressive, perpendicular,—the demonstrations, the professions, the abundant speech of the neat, plump, insinuating *boutiquière* are a well-intended tribute to the high civilization of her country. Du Maurier has done the "low" foreigner of the London (or of his native) streets,—the foreigner whose unspeakable baseness prompts the Anglo-Saxon observer to breathe the Pharisee's vow of thanks that he is not as these people are; but, as we have seen, he has done the low Englishman quite as well,—the 'Arry of the London music-halls, the companion of 'Andsome 'Arriet and Mr. Belville. Du Maurier's rendering of 'Arry's countenance, with its bloated purple bloom, of 'Arry's figure, carriage, and costume,—of his deportment at

the fancy fair, where the professional beauties solicit his custom,—is a triumph of exactitude. One of the most poignant of the drawings that illustrate his ravages in our civilization is the large design which a year or two ago represented the narrow canal beneath the Bridge of Sighs. The hour is evening, and the period is the detested date at which the penny-steamer was launched upon the winding water-ways of the loveliest city in the world. The odious little vessel, belching forth a torrent of black smoke, passes under the covered arch which connects the ducal palace with the ducal prison. 'Andsome 'Arriet and Mr. Belville (personally conducted) are of course on board, and 'Arriet remarks that the Bridge of Sighs isn't much of a size, after all. To which her companion rejoins that it has been immortalized by Byron, any way—"im as wrote 'Our Boys,' you know." This fragment of dialogue expresses concisely the arguments both for and against the importation of the cheap and easy into Venetian waters.

Returning, for a moment, to du Maurier's sketches of the French, we must recall the really interesting design in which, at a child's party at the Casino of a *station balnéaire*, a



THE HEIGHT OF ÆSTHETIC EXCLUSIVENESS.

MAMMA: "Who are those extraordinary looking children?"

EFFIE: "The Cimabue Browns, Mamma—they're *æsthetic*, you know!"

MAMMA: "So I should imagine. Do you know them to speak to?"

EFFIE: "Oh, dear no, Mamma—they're most *exclusive*—why, they put out their tongues at us if we only look at them!"

number of little natives are inviting a group of English children to dance. The French children have much the better manners; they make their little bows with a smile, they click their heels together, and crook their little arms as they offer them to their partners. The sturdy British infants are dumb, mistrustful, vaguely bewildered. Presently you perceive that in the very smart attire of the gracious little Gauls *everything is wrong*—their high heels, their poor little legs, at once too bare and too much covered, their superfluous sashes and scarfs. The small English are invested in plain Jerseys and knickerbockers. The whole thing is a pearl of observation, of reflection. Let us recall, also, the rebuke administered to M. Dubois, the distinguished young man of science, who, just arrived from Paris and invited to dine by the Duke of Stilton, mentions this latter fact in apology for being late to a gentleman to whose house he goes on leaving the Duke's. This gentleman, assisted by Mr. Grigsby (both of them specimens of the snob-philistine which du Maurier has brought to such perfection), reprehends him in a superior manner for his rashness, reminds him that in England it is "not usual for a professional man" to allude in that promiscuous manner to having dined with a duke—a privilege which Grigsby characterizes "the perfection of consummate achievement." The advantage

is here with poor M. Dubois, who is a natural and sympathetic figure, a very nice little Frenchman. The advantage is doubtless also with Mlle. Serrurier and her mother, though Mademoiselle is not very pretty, in a scene in which, just after the young lady has been singing at Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns's, the clever Mrs. Ponsonby plays her off on the Duchess (as an inducement to come to another party), and then plays the Duchess off on the little vocalist and her mother, who, in order to secure the patronage of the Duchess, promise to come to the entertainment in question. The clever Mrs. Ponsonby thus gets both the Duchess and the vocalist for nothing. The broad-faced young French girl, with small, salient eyes, her countenance treated in the simplest and surest manner, is a capital specimen of du Maurier's skill in race-portraiture; and though they may be a knowing couple in their way, we are sure that she and her mamma are incapable of the machinations of Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns.

This lady is a real creation. She is an incident of one of the later phases of du Maurier's activity—a child of the age which has also produced Mrs. Cimabue Brown and Messrs. Maudle and Postlethwaite. She is not one of the heroines of the æsthetic movement, though we may be sure she dabbles in that movement so far as it pays to do so. Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns is a little of every-

thing, in so far as anything pays. She is always on the look-out, she never misses an opportunity. She is not a specialist, for that cuts off too many opportunities, and the æsthetic people have the *fort*, as the French say, to be specialists. No, Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns is—what shall we call her?—well, she is the modern social spirit. She is prepared for everything; she is ready to take advantage of everything; she would invite Mr. Bradlaugh to dinner if she thought the Duchess would come to meet him. The Duchess is her great achievement—she never lets go of her Duchess. She is young, very nice looking, slim, graceful, indefatigable. She tires poor Ponsonby completely out; she can keep going for hours after poor Ponsonby is reduced to stupefaction. This unfortunate husband is, indeed, almost always stupefied. He is not, like his wife, a person of imagination. She leaves him far behind, though he is so dull and heavy that, if she were a less superior person, he would have been a sad incumbrance. He always figures in the corner of the scenes in which she distinguishes herself, separated from her by something like the gulf that separated Caliban from Ariel. He has his hands in his pockets, his head poked forward; what is going on is quite beyond his comprehension. He vaguely wonders what his wife will do next; her maneuvers quite transcend him. Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns always succeeds. She is never at fault; she is as quick as the instinct of self-preservation. She is the little London lady who is determined to be a greater one. She pushes, pushes, gently but firmly—always pushes. At last she arrives. It is true that she had only the other day, on June 29, 1882, a considerable failure; we refer the reader to the little incident of Madame Gaminot, in the "Punch" for that date. But she will recover from it; she has already recovered from it. She is not even afraid of Sir Gorgius Midas—of the dreadful Midas junior. She pretends to think Lady Midas the most elegant of women; when it is necessary to flatter, she lays it on as with a trowel. She hesitates at nothing; she is very modern. If she doesn't take the æsthetic line more than is necessary, she finds it necessary to take it a little; for, if we are to believe du Maurier, the passion for strange raiment and blue china has, during the last few years, made ravages in the London world. We may be sure that Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns has an array of fragile disks attached to her walls, and that she can put in a word about Botticelli at the right moment. She is far, however, from being a representative of æstheticism, for her hair is very neatly arranged, and her

dress looks French and superficial. In Mrs. Cimabue Brown we see the priestess of the æsthetic cult, and this lady is, on the whole, a different sort of person. She knows less about duchesses, but she knows more about dados. Du Maurier's good-natured "chaff" of the eccentricities of the plastic sense so newly and so strangely awakened in England, has perhaps been the most brilliant episode of his long connection with "Punch." He has invented Mrs. Cimabue Brown—he has invented Maudie and Postlethwaite. These remarkable people have had great success in America, and have contributed not a little to the curiosity felt in that country on the subject of the English Renaissance. Strange rumors and legends in relation to this great movement had made their way across the Atlantic; the sayings and doings of a mysterious body of people, devotees of the lovely and the precious, living in goodly houses and walking in gracious garments, were repeated and studied in our simpler civilization. There has not been as yet an American Renaissance, in spite of the taste for "sincere sideboards" and fragments of crockery. American interiors are, perhaps, to-day as "gracious" as English; but the movement in the United States has stopped at household furniture, has not yet set its mark upon speech and costume—much less upon the human physiognomy. Du Maurier, of course, has lent a good deal of his own fame to the vagaries he depicts; but it is certain that the new æsthetic life has had a good deal of reality. A great many people have discovered themselves to be fitted for it both by nature and by grace; so that noses and chins, facial angles of every sort, shaped according to this higher rule, have become frequent in London society. This reaction of taste upon nature is really a marvel; and the miracle has not been repeated in America, nor, so far as we know, upon the continent of Europe. The love of Botticelli has actually remolded the features of many persons. London, for several seasons, was full of Botticelli women, with wan cheeks and weary eyes, enveloped in mystical, crumpled robes. Their language was apt to correspond with their faces; they talked in strange accents, with melancholy murmurs and cadences. They announced a gospel of joy; but their expression, their manners, were joyless. These peculiarities did not cross the ocean; for somehow the soil of the Western World was not as yet prepared for them. American ladies were even heard to declare that there was something in their constitution that would prevent their ever dressing like that. They had another ideal—they had too much coquetry. But meanwhile,



BARBAROUS TECHNICALITIES OF LAWN TENNIS.

WOOLWICH CADET (suddenly to his Grandmother, who has had army on the brain ever since he passed his exam.): "The service is awfully severe, by Jove! Look at Colonel Pendragon. He invariably shoots or hangs!"  
 HIS POOR GRANDMOTHER: "Good Heavens, Algy! I hope you won't be in *his* regiment!"

as I say, there was something irritating, fascinating, mystifying, in the light thrown on the subject by "Punch." It seemed to many persons to be desired that we too should have a gospel of joy; American life was not particularly "gracious," and if only the wind could be made to blow from the æsthetic quarter, a great many dry places would be refreshed. These desires, perhaps, have subsided; for "Punch" of late has rather neglected the Renaissance. Mrs. Cimabue Brown is advancing in years, and Messrs. Maudle and Postlethwaite have been through all their paces. The new æsthetic life, in short, shows signs of drawing to a close, after having, as many people tell us, effected a revolution in English taste—having at least, if not peopled the land with beauty, made certain consecrated forms of ugliness henceforth impossible.

The whole affair has been very curious, and we think very characteristic of the English mind. The same episode, fifty times repeated—a hundred "revolutions of taste," accompanied with an infinite expenditure of money—would fail to convince certain observant and possibly too skeptical strangers, that the English are an æsthetic people. They have not a spontaneous artistic life; their taste is a matter of conscience, reflection, duty, and the writer

who in our time has appealed to them most eloquently on behalf of art has rested his plea on moral standards of right and wrong. It is impossible to live much among them, to be a spectator of their habits, their manners, their arrangements, without perceiving that the artistic point of view is the last that they naturally take. The sense of form is not part of their constitution. They arrive at it, as they have arrived at so many things, because they are ambitious, resolute, enlightened, fond of difficulties; but there is always a strange element, either of undue apology or of exaggerated defiance, in their attempts at the cultivation of beauty. They carry on their huge, broad back a nameless mountain of conventions and prejudices, a dusky cloud of inaptitudes and fears, which casts a shadow upon the frank and confident practice of art. The consequence of all this is that their revivals of taste are even stranger than the abuses they are meant to correct. They are violent, voluntary, mechanical; wanting in grace, in tact, in the sense of humor and of proportion. A genuine artist like du Maurier could not fail to perceive all this, and to perceive also that it gave him a capital opportunity. None of his queer people are so queer as some of these perverted votaries of joy.



The

most  
plea  
it is  
be  
ers,  
hat  
ney  
part  
as  
use  
ed,  
s a  
or  
pts  
on  
ain  
oud  
low  
art.  
their  
the  
are  
in  
d of  
au-  
d to  
por-  
neer  
joy.





"Excuse me, it is not a Botticelli—before a Botticelli I am dumb," one of them says to a poor, plain man, who shows him a picture which has been attributed to that master. We have said already, and repeated, that Du Maurier has a great deal of irony—the irony of the thorough-going artist, and of the observer who has a strain of Gallic blood in his veins. There are certain pretensions that such a mind can never take seriously; in the artist there is of necessity, as it seems to us, a touch of the democrat—though, perhaps, he is as unlikely to have more than a certain dose of this disposition as he is to be wholly without it. Some of his drawings seem to us to have for the public he addresses a stinging democratic meaning; like the adventure of M. Dubois (of whom we have spoken), who had had the inconvenience of dining with a duke; or the reply of the young man to whom Miss Midas remarks that he is the first commoner she has ever danced with:

"And why is it the commoners have avoided you so?"—or the response of the German *savant* to Mrs. Lyon Hunter, who invites him to dine, without his wife, though she is on his arm, to meet various great ladies whom she enumerates: "And pray, do you think they would not be respectable company for my wife?" Du Maurier possesses in perfection the genuine artist's perception of the snobbish. We have said, however, that the morality, so to speak, of his drawings, was a subordinate question; what we wished to insist upon is their completeness, their grace, their beauty, their rare pictorial character. It is an accident that the author of such things should not have been a painter—that he has not been an ornament of the English school. Indeed, with the restrictions to which he has so well accommodated himself, he *is* such an ornament. No English artistic work in these latter years has, in our opinion, been more exquisite in quality.

Henry James, Jr.

[The Editor acknowledges the courtesy of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew & Co., the publishers of "Punch," for the loan of the original drawings, from which the illustrations to this article were engraved.]

## THE CHRISTIAN LEAGUE OF CONNECTICUT.\*

### THIRD ANNUAL CONVENTION.

BY WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

It was a bright afternoon in early November; the keen west wind was making a great stir among the tough brown leaves in the oak grove near by, and the prophecy of a sharp frost was in the air, while the Reverend Theodore Strong and his friend Walter Franklin walked briskly up and down the platform of the railway station at Potsdam Junction. They were waiting for the Southern express, due in a few minutes, which was to carry them to Bradford.

"Is your programme ready?" asked the clergyman.

"Substantially," answered the banker. "The evening session is to be occupied by the address of Dr. Upson, followed by a social reunion in the parlors of his church."

"Upson presides, does he?"

"He does. Our rule is, you know, that the oldest pastor in the place where the convention is held shall take the chair at the meetings. This rule was adopted without thinking of the Methodists, but it doesn't work badly, after all. This is the third annual

convention of the League, and Dr. Upson will be the second presiding officer furnished by the Methodists. It is his ninth year in Bradford—the third year of his second term with his present charge, and he served another church for three years between the two terms. So he happens to be the Bradford pastor longest in continuous service."

"I am glad of it," answered Mr. Strong. "He is a hearty and positive man; he believes in the League, and he will be sure to give us a breezy and stirring meeting. But what are we to have to-morrow?"

"Devotional hour from eight to nine; reports from county leagues, followed by conversation, for the forenoon session; two papers read and discussed at the afternoon session, and a public meeting in the evening, with three or four short speeches."

"This League gives you a great deal of work, old fellow; added to all your other cares, it must burden you not a little. You must not let it make you its victim."

\* See articles under the same title, in THE CENTURY for November and December, 1882, and January, 1883. VOL. XXVI.—8.

"Oh, no. This is my diversion. I like it better than a yacht or a stock-farm; it costs me less money and less worry than Thompson's fish-pond costs him—and that is his recreation, you know. Some of our directors laugh a little at my way of amusing myself, but the laugh is not always wholly on their side. I get about as much enjoyment out of my hobby as any of them gets out of his."

"I believe you," responded Mr. Strong, heartily. "I have often thought that business men might find, in philanthropic enterprises of one sort or another, not less diversion and more wholesome enjoyment than they derive from their various expensive relaxations. But there's the whistle."

In a few moments the train stopped at the junction. At the broad window of one of the palace-cars sat a ruddy-faced gentleman, in a loose gray traveling-suit, looking out at the group of passengers and gazers on the platform. His eye fell on the parson, and instantly he raised the window and shouted:

"Ho, there, my friend!"

Mr. Strong's eye was lifted to the window, and he answered the salutation by springing to the platform of the car. Franklin followed him. The stranger met him at the door and greeted him warmly.

"Bless my soul!" he cried, "this is indeed an unexpected pleasure. I wondered much, on my way over, whether I should see you; but I had not your address, and did not know where to look for you in all this vast country. You remember how unexpected was our parting?"

"I remember well," replied the parson, heartily. "This meeting is just as unexpected and far more welcome. But allow me to introduce my friend, Mr. Franklin. This is Mr. Thornton, an English gentleman with whom I journeyed from Acre to Damascus."

"And for whom," interrupted the stranger, "you so kindly cared when he was prostrated by the heat. I owe much to your friend, Mr. Franklin."

"So do many of us," answered the banker, sententiously.

"But when did you arrive on these shores?" asked the parson.

"The day before yesterday."

"Is it your first visit to America?"

"It is the first."

"And how far are you going on this train?"

"Only to Bradford. It is the next station, I believe."

"It is, and it is our destination also."

"Good!"

The Englishman paused a moment, and then said:

"I am on my way to a convention in that city of what is called the Christian League. You know of it, I dare say."

"Oh, yes; Mr. Franklin, here, is the father of it."

"Bless my soul! This is Mr. Walter Franklin! and you are the Rev. *Theodore Strong*! Well, well! I have often wondered, as I read in the English papers the doings of the club, whether my sometime friend in Damascus could be the Mr. Strong of New Albion. The name was the same, but I hardly thought it the same man. This doubles the delight of the meeting. And you, sir," turning to Mr. Franklin, "are to be profoundly congratulated. The Christian League is a child of which a man has a right to be proud."

"Oh, that is Strong's extravagance," protested Franklin. "The Christian League, unlike the Corinthian Church, has many fathers. I am only serving it as a sort of dry nurse for the time being."

"We know all about that!" exclaimed the Englishman. "The history of the League is quite familiar to many on the other side of the sea. As good luck would have it, I saw the announcement of your convention in one of the New York newspapers yesterday, and at once resolved to be present. Are you the President of the League?"

"No; the league has no officers, save a business committee appointed at each meeting to make arrangements for the next. We pass no votes and keep no records. We meet simply for conference and discussion. I have served, thus far, as the Secretary of the Business Committee; they have done me the honor to reappoint me year by year; that is the only office I hold."

"And that," interposed Mr. Strong, "is no sinecure, as you may guess. The prosperity of the League is largely due to the abundant and gratuitous labors of my friend. That will be plain to you before the meeting is ended. But here we are at Bradford."

A delegation from the Bradford League was at the station to receive them, and the Englishman, protesting, was carried off by his friends to their lodgings.

At seven o'clock, when the three appeared at the door of the spacious social parlors of the Summerfield Methodist Church, where the meeting was to be held, they found some scores of gentlemen and ladies gathered in groups, and filling the room with the noise of conversation and laughter. Recognitions, greetings, introductions, showed that these were delegates to the convention, who had come from various parts of the State, who were not altogether unacquainted, and among whom it was easy to establish the bond of a cordial

fellowship. Mr. Franklin and Mr. Strong were quickly surrounded and warmly welcomed. To extricate Mr. Thornton from the throng that pressed around them, Mr. Strong put him in charge of Mr. Stanley, rector of the Episcopal Church in Waterport, who was standing near.

"I myself am a Churchman," said the Englishman, as the two walked away to a quiet nook, "and the doings of this league have greatly interested me. There is need enough, in our country, of coöperation among Christians, and I have come to this meeting to see whether its methods would be at all practicable in England."

"I do not know how that would be," answered the rector; "but I can think of no reason why they would not work with you as well as with us. 'Sweetness and light' are the only weapons of our warfare; if your arsenals are not full of these, one of your countrymen is not to blame. We disseminate information; we bring Christian people of all names together to talk about the work in which they are all engaged; we try to promote unity and good-will among them. Such methods as these ought to be feasible in England."

"They ought to be, indeed," replied Mr. Thornton; "but there are so many technical and formal difficulties. For example, there is the everlasting fuss about orders; how do you manage that?"

"We have nothing to do with orders," answered the clergyman. "There is no occasion, whatever, for raising any such question. Nobody takes orders and nobody gives orders. We do nothing in our clubs, nor in this league, as ministers or as churches. We meet simply as Christian neighbors to confer about our work and the best ways of promoting it."

"But your genuine High Churchman never could take part in any such conferences."

"I don't know about that. Of course, the High Churchman who really thinks that these religious societies of the Baptists and the Congregationalists and the Methodists are not only irregular but irreligious bodies, and that they ought to be resisted and extirpated, could not have anything to do with our league; but there are few High Churchmen, I fancy, who ever go as far as that. I myself am thought, by some of my brethren, to be a pretty rigid Churchman; but I am quite ready to admit that these other religious bodies are doing efficient Christian work; and when such an organization is occupying any field, preaching the Gospel to the people, and helping them to lead pure and upright lives, I do not think that Churchmen are called to

enter that field, to divide and scatter the forces there at work. It is far better for us to spend our strength on some destitute neighborhood. I cannot quite admit that these religious societies are genuine churches, or that their ministers are properly ordained; but what of that? You may call them what you will—conventicles or debating societies; the question is not what name they ought to bear, but what they are doing; and if your conventicle or your debating society is making men act like Christians, then I think we Churchmen had better not tear it into pieces, that we may build a 'regularly organized' church out of its ruins. There is better business for us, I am sure."

"Hear, hear!" responded Mr. Thornton.

"Well, that is all that this league stands for. It promotes comity and coöperation among Christians of different names. It asks me to do nothing more than Archbishop Tait, of Canterbury, the Primate of all England, has done more than once, as you know. He has repeatedly welcomed and invited conferences with dissenters, for the more effectual prosecution of religious work."

"You speak truth," assented the Englishman. "And I can see no reason why some such measures might not be adopted in my own country. Your league, as I understand it, is only a device for generating and guiding public sentiment."

"That is all; and this is done simply by bringing Christian people together, putting the facts before them, and inducing them to talk them over. But the bell is tolling for the evening service; let us find seats in the church."

Dr. Upson's opening address was a spirited and enthusiastic one, but there is no room for it in these chronicles. After the address, the reunion proceeded, the citizens of Bradford being present in force to welcome the delegates. It was delightful to witness the unconstrained and hearty manners of the company; nobody seemed to have a burden on his mind; there were no knots of slate-makers or wire-pullers; no one had a pet measure that he wanted to put through the convention on the next day; no one expected any office; in all these respects it was quite unlike the preliminary meetings of many ecclesiastical bodies; and to this difference was due in part, no doubt, the excellent temper of the members.

The morning prayer meeting was almost wholly devotional. To singing and prayer, more than to speech-making, the hour was devoted; the old hymns that express the unity of the Church were sung with a wholesome fervor; the prayers laid hold upon the words

of the Intercessor, "that they all may be one," as if they really expected that the answer would come.

Promptly, at the hour of nine, Mr. Franklin called the convention to order:

"We are hampered by no formalities," he said; "we are ready to proceed at once to business. According to our unwritten rule, the duty of presiding at this meeting falls to the Rev. Dr. Upson, in whose church we meet, and he will now take the chair."

"The Business Committee recommend," said the chairman, mounting the platform, "that the forenoon until half-past twelve be given to reports from the county committees and to conversation about them—fifteen minutes to each report, which may be oral or written; ten minutes to the discussion of it. Of course, there is no room for speeches; but some of you will want to ask questions of the persons reporting, for further explanation of portions of their report. We want you to get your questions into definite shape before you present them. A great many questions can be asked and answered in ten minutes, if no words are wasted. Brother Dickinson, you have the floor."

The secretary from Midland County, thus addressed, rose and began the reading of his report, which we summarize:

Of the twenty-nine towns and cities in the county, twenty-two have coöperated during the last year in the work of the County League. In all the large towns League clubs have been formed; and in the small towns, the work of consolidation has been steadily advancing. The county contains a population of seventy thousand. Two years ago there were one hundred and fourteen regularly organized churches in this county, besides various missions and congregations of a more or less ephemeral character. Of these churches, forty-one were in the cities and towns with over five thousand inhabitants; the remaining seventy-three were in the smaller towns. The large towns and cities contain about forty-five thousand people; the small towns about twenty-five thousand. In the large towns and cities, there was about one church to every twelve hundred inhabitants; in the smaller towns there was about one to every three hundred and fifty inhabitants. Now, there are but ninety-three churches in the county, a reduction of twenty-one in the whole number. (Applause.) In the cities and large towns, four churches have been disbanded, none of which had any other than sectarian reasons for its existence, and eight new ones have been formed, making a gain of four churches in the denser populations. In the small towns, twenty-five churches have been disbanded and no new

ones formed, so that in these sparser populations there is now about one church for every five hundred persons. (Applause.) Statistics, so far as procurable, indicate that, with the decrease in the number of churches, there has been an increase of from eight to ten per cent. in the number of regular worshippers, the movement toward consolidation having enlisted the interest of many persons who had previously remained outside of all churches, quite a number of them being men of intelligence and property, to whom the sectarian divisions had always been a stumbling-block.

In all the towns where churches were consolidated, a movement was at once set on foot to establish mission services in districts distant from the church, and these were generally well attended and useful; but several towns have settled upon a method which seems to be more successful. It is that of bringing the people to the central place of worship, instead of sending the Gospel to them. In the town of Summit, three four-horse teams, coming by different roads, bring to church every Sunday morning about fifty persons, none of whom had previously been in the habit of attending church. The teams are furnished by farmers in each neighborhood; the farm wagons have been provided with springs and comfortable seats, and the invitation has been extended to all the people living on the roads through which these conveyances pass to make use of them in going to church. Every house was visited, the poorest people were made to feel that they would be welcome, and in some cases aid was quietly given to families who found it difficult to provide their children with suitable clothing. The result is a great increase in the attendance at the church in the center of the town. Quite a number of the farmers who have conveyances of their own, but have never used them on Sunday, have been stirred up to attend church, and the four-horse teams are accompanied by a goodly number of smaller vehicles. The old horse-sheds in the rear of the meeting-house are filled every Sunday. This policy of concentration seems to be gaining in favor in Midland County. It is thought to work better than the plan of holding many small meetings in the separate neighborhoods. The school-houses are not always comfortable; the lights are dim, the singing dra<sup>g</sup>, the attendance in each place is small. The central church, on the other hand, is commodious and cheerful; there is an organ or some other instrument, and a choir to lead the singing; and the greatly increased attendance doubles the interest and enthusiasm of the auditors, stimulates the preacher to do his best, and increases the



moral effect of the whole service. Instead of distributing the broken meats of the Gospel feast to the people in the out-districts, the people themselves are brought to the first table and enjoy the best that the house affords. This tends wonderfully to strengthen the feeling of community between different parts of the town, and to prevent local jealousies and feuds. It is pleasant and useful for the people of all parts of the town to meet thus once a week. Those who advocate this method point also to the fact that, in thus drawing the whole town together at one central place of worship, they are only restoring the practices of the earlier days, when these country towns were much more populous and prosperous than they now are.

Mr. Dickinson's report was received with a round of applause.

"Now, for your questions!" cried the chairman. "The report has occupied only thirteen minutes; you have twelve minutes for talk. Stand up, Brother Dickinson! Go on, brethren!"

"Is there only one church in this town of Summit?"

"Only one. Five of our country towns have but one church apiece!"

"What kind of church is it?" The question came from two or three parts of the room at the same time.

"It is called, I believe, 'The Church of Christ in Summit.'"

"Were there other churches in the town formerly?"

"Yes; there were three churches, two years ago."

"What has become of the buildings?"

"The Congregational church stood in a breezy place on the top of the highest hill; it was bought and remodeled for a summer boarding-house. The Baptist church is vacant. The Methodist church, renovated, is the one now occupied."

"Is that old vacant Baptist church a pleasant object to look upon?" asked one elderly, quiet-faced man, who rose up under the gallery.

"No, it is not," answered Mr. Dickinson, with some feeling. "It is to me a very melancholy spectacle. Some of the shutters have been torn off, and many panes of glass have been broken from the windows. The thought of what it is likely to become fills me with pain. My boyhood was spent in Summit, and I was a worshiper in that old church. I do not like to see it falling into ruin."

"There is another such vacant church in our town," continued the old gentleman; "ours is a Congregational church, the church in

which I used to worship when I was a boy; the church where I stood up to confess my faith; the church where my father served for many years as deacon, and from whose doors he was carried out to be buried. I am glad of the union which has brought the Christians of our town all together again as in the olden time; I praise God for it every day; I am perfectly at home in our new union church, which stands in the factory village; but the sight of that dear old church, falling into decay and desolation, is a perpetual sorrow to me. I know of three other towns in our county where the same melancholy spectacle may be seen. The movement toward consolidation leaves on many of our hills dear and venerable churches to be hiding-places for the moles and the bats, and sometimes for worse vermin. Forgive me for speaking so long, but I want to raise this question: What should be done with vacant churches?"

The responses from all parts of the room showed that the question had touched the hearts of the delegates. There was a short pause. Finally, the chairman spoke:

"What answer do we hear from Midland County?"

"It is a question on which I myself wish to be enlightened," answered Mr. Dickinson.

"If the convention will permit me to prophesy," said the chairman, "I will venture the prediction that the report from Dunham County will deal with this subject. It may be well to wait for that. Indeed, the twelve minutes are all gone but one, and I propose that we devote that minute to singing the verse:

"I love thy Church, O God!  
Her walls before thee stand,  
Dear as the apple of thine eye,  
And graven on thine hand."

After the singing of this stanza with deep feeling, Mr. Hubbard, the secretary of the Dunham County League, began his report: The results have been somewhat less favorable than those contained in the preceding report, but there is still abundant reason for encouragement in the reduction of the number of small churches, in the great increase of church attendance, and in the effectiveness of the new methods of reaching the churchless classes. That part of Mr. Hubbard's report to which the chairman referred, we reproduce entire:

"We have had troubles of our own with vacant churches; troubles not merely sentimental, but practical. The consolidation in the town of Liberty left the Methodist church vacant; and it was not only an offense to the eyes and a trouble to the heart, as every vacant church must be, but it became the haunt of tramps, and was a scandal to the community. At

length the good people determined to abate the nuisance in some way, and a meeting of the citizens was called in the old church itself, one evening last August, to consider what should be done with it. Among those who came to the meeting were several city people who were spending the summer in Liberty, some of whom were natives of the town. Various uses of the old sanctuary were suggested. One of the farmers offered one hundred dollars for it, to be used as a barn; but the offer was not entertained. One heroic brother wanted to burn it up at once; it had outlived its usefulness, he said, and might better be solemnly devoted to God as a burnt-offering, than to live to be a disgrace and a pest to the community. This proposition pleased some of the more enthusiastic Christians and all the boys, and it was on the point of being adopted, when Judge Forsyth, of New York, arose and made a little speech.

"It seems to me," he said, "that you can put this church to a better use. I do not like to see valuable property destroyed, and I have personal reasons for not wishing that the church in which I worshiped when a boy should come to such an end. You need a parsonage and parish house, a home for your minister and a social center for the community. This building can be remodeled at no great cost, so that it shall serve this double purpose. I have had my friend Mr. Garland, the architect, who is here to-night, make a plan for this reconstruction, which he will show you. The walls of the building are high enough to admit of two stories; the two rows of windows lend themselves to the plan; a floor can be thrown across, at about the height of the gallery floor; the lower story can be divided into rooms suitable for the parsonage; above you can have your parish hall, for lectures, concerts, sociables, literary meetings, etc., with a room for the library which I hope you will have by and by, and of which your pastor should have the care. Mr. Garland tells me that the change in the building can be made according to his plan for about fifteen hundred dollars; and I am prepared to say that if the community will pledge five hundred dollars of that amount, I will furnish the rest."

"The offer of Judge Forsyth was received with loud applause; the five hundred dollars was pledged at once, the carpenters were soon at work, and the pastor is now living in his parsonage, while the parish is rejoicing in such a place of social assembly as every country parish needs. I have heard that some other wealthy gentlemen, natives of Liberty, now residing in Boston, are proposing to endow the library at which Judge Forsyth hinted, and for which a room was provided in the reconstructed building."

"Thus one of our old churches has been converted and saved from ruin in its old age. But there was more serious trouble in Hector. There it was the old Baptist church that was abandoned, and the kind of tramps that it harbored were mostly religious tramps. Unluckily there were a few members of that church who proved incorrigible when the Union was formed; they opposed it to the end, and in the face of an overwhelming public sentiment they continued to oppose it after it was an accomplished fact. These irreconcilables were determined to keep up some kind of sectarian division in the community, and they used the old church as their base of operations. The same tactics have been resorted to in other towns. A vacant church acts on the mind of your religious demagogue as a powerful stimulant. He wants to use it for schismatic purposes. He cannot rest till he has gathered his awkward and ugly squad of sectaries within its walls. Very likely, too, he will name his schism shop a 'Union Church.' Many an enterprise of this nature, whose only effect could be to divide and weaken the Christian community, has been baptized with the Union name. So it was in Hector.

First a traveling Baptist minister came along and held 'Union' services in the old church for a few weeks; but it was not long before he discerned the true character of his supporters and turned his back upon them. Their next resort was a Congregationalist from Bradford, who goeth about as a roaring layman, seeking whom he may exhort. His excuse for invading Hector was the lack of orthodoxy in the pulpit of the village church, and he began his campaign by attacking the 'loose doctrines' and the heretical tendencies of the pastor. But a lawyer of Hector, who had some knowledge of this heresy-hunter's business operations, made a brief statement in the county newspaper, and the fellow had the grace to take himself off. After him came a band of Adventists, with a series of meetings, and after them an itinerant Universalist, who tried to get up a discussion of his peculiar doctrines, and challenged the pastor to a controversy; but the night after his first meeting—a cold, winter night—the stove was left open, a spark set it on fire, and the old church was saved from being the kennel of schismatics, yet so as by fire. But the fate of this and other vacant churches in our county has warned us against leaving in our rear, as we march toward Christian union, such a fortress of schism as a vacant church may become. Henceforth we are determined to find some good use for every church that is vacated; it might far better be devoted to secular uses than be left to become a sanctuary for the bats or a den for tramps or religious demagogues."

After Mr. Hubbard's report was concluded, a delegate rose and asked, timidly:

"May I tell what we did with our two old churches?"

"Certainly," answered the chairman.

"We sold them."

"For what uses?" inquired half a dozen at once.

"One was bought by the town for a school, the other by a physician for a sanitarium and boarding-house."

"How much did you get for them?" demanded some speculative disciple.

"Five thousand dollars for the two."

"What did you do with the money?" came in several voices.

"We invested it in a fund for the benefit of the Church?"

"How long ago was that?" It was Mr. Franklin who asked this question.

"Two years ago last spring."

"So you have had the benefit of this fund now two years. How do you thrive under it?" continued Mr. Franklin.

"At first, we thought ourselves very rich. But, when we came to figure up our income, we found that it had fallen off considerably. The year before, we had raised fifteen hundred dollars with no difficulty; the interest on our fund reduced the amount about three hundred dollars, but it was twice as hard to raise twelve hundred dollars that year as it had been to raise fifteen hundred the year before. A good share of our parishioners fell back upon that fund and shut up their purses with a snap, and would not give any-

thing. Last year it was still worse; we began to be afraid that we should not be able to raise a thousand dollars. Finally we called a meeting and determined to get rid of that millstone. By a vote of two to one we turned the money over to the town to be used in endowing a free library, and then we sang the doxology."

Laughter and cheers greeted this illuminating speech.

"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear!" cries Dr. Upson. "A bank vault is a poor place for a church of Christ to lay up its treasure in. We will now hear from Ridgefield County. Brother Harlan, you have the floor."

It was evident that Brother Harlan was a character. A man in plain farmer's clothes, with keen gray eyes, glancing out from beneath beetling brows, a shock of refractory red hair, and a close-cropped beard of the same color, ambled to the front and began deliberately:

"I'm not the secretary of our county," he said; "Captain Thomas is sick, and he sent word to me day before yesterday that I must come here and report for him. I haven't a word written, and I shall not begin to tell all that ought to be told about the work in our county; but I'll give a few facts that have come under my own eye. I don't know much about the figures; but I know that quite a lot of sickly churches have been killed off. And that's the right way to serve 'em. We thin out a hill o' corn that has seven or eight stalks when there isn't room for more than three or four, and get a better crop for doin' it. When churches come up too thick around here on these hills, they've got to be thinned out in the same way. Poor husbandry, I calc'late, to keep diggin' round 'em, and manurin' 'em with home missionary money, when there's no more chance of gettin' a crop from 'em than there is from a patch o' corn that's sowed broadcast."

"In the town where I live, in Ridgefield County, we had three churches for more'n twenty years. Fifty years ago there wasn't but one, and the population was fifty per cent. larger then than it is now. Two years ago, the Congregationalists and the Methodists made up their minds to come together; they kept both meetin' houses, and the united society worships in one in the mornin' and in the other in the evenin', and that accommodates both ends of the street. We have a congregation a good deal larger than the two put together used to be, and we pay our minister, easy enough, a good, comfortable salary. The fact is, we've got a minister that it's easy enough to pay. He's a keen-witted,

level-headed young man who understands himself and his business, and knows something outside of his business too. Everybody likes him. He talks to us very plain in church; it comes right from his heart, and it goes right to our hearts; and when he is around among the farmers he don't find it hard to make talk come. He knows his Bible and he knows other books; but he knows men, too, and cattle and sheep and horses,—especially horses. He's got one of the like-liest colts in town, and he keeps his coat as shiny as satin. The other day the parson was sittin' in his buggy in front of one of the stores talking with half-a-dozen men, when along came old Sime Harrison, who lives up at Scrambletown. Sime's one of those terrible slovenly critters that keeps everything at loose ends around his farm, is always behind-hand with his work, and never pays his debts; but, because he is so loose in everything else, he tries to even things up by being mortal strict in his religious notions. He generally drives his horses tandem; because he never gets ready to rig a whiffletree and a pole. It's a city fashion, I understand; but we farmers consider it a dreadfully shiftless way to hitch up horses. So Sime comes a drivin' up his two old nags afore his buckboard, and he stops when he gets opposite the parson, and leanin' over towards him in a kind o' confidential way, he says: 'Brother Hall, do you think the 'Postle Paul ever druv a fast hoss?' 'Don't know about that,' answers the parson, quicker 'n lightnin', 'but I'm pretty sure he never drove two horses tandem.' You'd ought to have heard them men shout. Sime didn't want to know any more about the 'Postle Paul, and he druv right on. But that's the sort o' man our minister is. Smart as a whip, I can tell you! He stands square on his feet, looks you right in the eye, and commands the respect of everybody. It's a great thing for the town, and especially for our boys who are growin' up, to have a man like that around among us,—a gentleman, a scholar, a man of sense and self-respect, a man who pays his debts, and has no need to beg of anybody or to be beholden to anybody for his livin'. It makes religion seem a sensible and respectable sort of thing."

"One Sunday evenin' last spring, we had a Sunday-school concert, and our pastor went down to the West village to preach to them, because they hadn't any minister. The next day I was down there, and everybody was talkin' about his sermon. 'Made it jest as plain as daylight,' they said. 'Can't help listenin' to him.' 'Understood every word he said.' 'Wish I could hear such preachin'!"

every Sunday,' says Deacon Chapin. 'Well, what's to hinder you hearin' it?' says I. 'What do you mean?' says he. 'I'll tell you what I mean,' says I. 'It's two mile and a half to the old church in the East village. When I was a boy I lived half a mile further west than you do, and our folks was always at the old church every Sunday, rain or shine, and so was quite a number of families livin' down this way. It isn't any further now'n it was then, and there's better roads.'

"'But there's a good many families in this neighborhood that haven't teams,' he said.

"'Well, then, git up one or two big teams and bring 'em.'

"'It'd cost too much.'

"'Would it? How much does it cost you a year to keep your church goin'?'

"'Well, about six hundred dollars is the least.'

"'And how many do you git to church?'

"'Forty or fifty, generally.'

"'Yes; and a good share of them has teams of their own. Now you can arrange for teams that wont cost you more'n five dollars a Sunday, that'll take at least thirty persons up to the old church. I'm an old stager, and I'd like to take the contract of transportin' thirty from the West village to the East village and back agin every Sunday for five dollars. The rest can go with their own teams. You wont want to get your preachin' for nothin' up there, of course; but you can pay for that and pay the expense of transportation, and then save money on what it costs you to keep up this church. Besides, you can have first-class preachin' every Sunday, instead of four hundred and forty-fourth class.'

"'But there will be many Sundays,' said the Deacon, 'that it will be stormy, or the roads would be bad and we couldn't go so far.'

"'There might be five or six Sundays every year,' I answered, 'when the roads would be bad. But how many Sundays in a year on the average, are you out of preachin' on account of a vacancy in your pulpit?'

"The Deacon looked over the church books and found that for the last five years the pulpit of the church in the West village had been without a supply fifty-five Sundays in all—just eleven Sundays a year on the average. He agreed with me right off that there would not be so many Sundays as that in the year when the roads between the two villages would be too heavy for travelin'. And the result of our talk was that a meetin' of the people in the West village was held, the matter was talked up, a subscription to pay for teams was started, and now we bring the

West villagers to church and Sunday-school at the East village every Sunday, and git more of 'em than ever went to their own church. They keep up their own Sunday-school, too, in the afternoon, and their prayer meetin' in the evenin', but they like the present arrangement and wouldn't on any account go back to the old plan.

"In several other towns of our county the same thing, or something very much like it, has been done. We have seen the tribes that have been scattered abroad return with singin' unto Zion. As the prophet says, we ain't exactly *standin'* in the old ways, but we're walkin' in 'em or, rather, drivin' over 'em up to Jerusalem; and it seems good to have the people of the whole town come together with one accord in one place, just as they did on the day of Pentecost. We've had some Pentecosts of our own, too, in Ridgefield County, and I should like mightily to tell you all about 'em; but I've kept my eye on the clock, and know that my time's up."

Brother Harlan's shrewd harangue was received with much laughter and applause, and as soon as it was ended the questions began.

"How large is your congregation on Sunday mornings?"

"Last Sunday I counted three hundred and eighty-nine. It was not above the average."

"That is a large congregation," interposes Dr. Upson. "Few of those in the cities are so large."

"How many do you think would have been found, on a pleasant Sunday, in the three churches before the consolidation?"

"Not above three hundred."

"Is your church entirely self-supporting?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do your people contribute to any missionary or benevolent societies?"

"Last year we gave over three hundred dollars."

"How do you manage that?"

"We take a collection every month. Several of these collections are for Union societies. When we take up our collection for foreign missions or home missions, or the publication cause, we distribute envelopes in the pews, and each person puts his amount into an envelope, and writes on it the name of the society to which he wants it to go. If he is a Congregationalist, he sends his foreign missionary money to the American Board; if he is a Methodist, he sends it to the Methodist Board of Missions, and so on. The treasurer gathers up the amounts and forwards them to the right places, and reports to the church the amount of the collection and the sum remit-

ted to each of the societies. At our monthly missionary meeting, we hear from the missions of all the denominations, and know a great deal more about what is going on in the mission field than we used to know when we heard only from the societies of one denomination."

"How do your contributions in envelopes compare with those in cash?"

"They're twice as big. Partly because there's a little strife to see which society shall get the most, and partly because folks don't like to put a cent into an envelope."

Brother Harlan stepped down from the platform amid applause and a buzz of jocose comment. His report, informal and uncouth as it was, contained more meat than any that preceded it. The next to take the floor was Mr. Greene, the secretary from Bradford County.

In this county are several cities and large towns, and the report was expected to deal not only with the problem of consolidating the small churches, but also with the important question of evangelization and charity presented by the urban populations. Bradford County contains New Albion, and was the home of the Christian League. Concerning the beginnings of the Union movement in some of the towns of this county the readers of this history are fully informed.

In three of these towns Mr. Greene's report showed that serious difficulties had been encountered. In Scantico, a few strenuous Methodists, egged on, as some said, by the presiding elder of the district, determined, after the Union church had been in successful operation for about a year, to reestablish sectarian worship. Accordingly they demanded, in the name of the Methodist Conference, the meeting-house which had formerly belonged to them and which had been occupied for evening services by the united church. They asked for a minister, and a Methodist clergyman, partly disabled by ill-health, who was sojourning for the year in Bradford, was sent over to supply their pulpit. Unfortunately for their purposes, this clergyman was a man of broad views and generous temper, and he soon discovered the state of the public mind in Scantico. He called upon the pastor of the united church and proposed Union services in the Methodist church in the evening, and in the other church in the morning, so that things went on for a few weeks much as before, the only difference being that there were two ministers instead of one. This was not exactly what his supporters had bargained for, but he was a man of so much intelligence and strength of character that they did not like to quarrel with him; and besides, it was

somewhat ungracious to object to Union meetings. At length he told the united congregation, one Sunday evening, that his work among them was finished, and that he should return the next day to Bradford; that Scantico needed but one church and that one minister was better than two; that his brother Thomas, of the Union church, was a good enough Methodist for him; that he should file with the presiding elder his protest against the re-establishment of Methodist worship in Scantico, and, if it became necessary, should carry the matter before the Conference at its next session; that the Methodist Church should not be made, if he could help it, an instrument for creating or perpetuating destructive schisms in the Church of Christ. This bold movement completely discomfited the Methodist sectarians, and they abandoned their scheme without a struggle.

In Tuckerton it was a Congregational clique that made the trouble. In that town there had been two Congregational churches, the division arising out of a feud about the choir, and continuing for many years, until the Union church was formed. The Second Congregational church stood in a small settlement dubbed by the Central villagers Potluck, in revenge for which the Potluckians persisted in applying to Tuckerton proper the contemptuous sobriquet of Kittleville. Much local warfare, of a nature not very sanguinary, had been waged between these two precincts from time immemorial, and it was considered a sure sign of the millennium when they agreed to come together and form a Union church. But this millennium did not last a thousand years, probably because the devil was not chained. He made his appearance in Potluck in the form of a Congregational minister of dubious credentials, who proposed to hold services in the church in that place, and by his unctious and plausible speech contrived to deceive even the elect. To the ultra orthodox he suggested the danger of allowing their children to be trained up without any knowledge of the "doctrines of the fathers"; to those in whose breasts local pride burned most fiercely, he urged the ignominy of allowing Potluck to become "a mere suburb of Kittleville." Plying both these arguments industriously, he soon had quite a following at his heels, and almost before any one knew of it services were in full blast again in the Second Congregational church. But a letter was written to some of the leading Congregationalists in Bradford and New Albion, and a strong delegation from the League clubs of those cities went down to Potluck, called together the leading Congregationalists of that precinct, assured them



that they would fail of obtaining the Home Missionary aid on which they had depended for the support of their separate service, showed them the folly of the course into which they had been led, gave them some bits of the history of the man who had wormed himself into their confidence, and succeeded in bringing back Potluck from its wanderings, and in repairing once more the breach in the walls of the Tuckerton Zion.

In several other towns where Union movements had been set on foot there had been outbreaks of a sectarian nature, some of which had not yet been subdued. The spirit of sect, like the Judaizing temper among the early Christians, was continually showing itself: men who had been bred in an intense sectarianism, who had been taught from their cradles to put the interests of sect above the interests of Christianity, could not all at once quench their unholy zeal and stop seeking, *first*, the kingdom of Methodism, or of Episcopacy, or of Congregationalism, and *its* righteousness; nevertheless, the broader sentiment and wiser methods of a genuine Christianity were all the while gaining strength, and the partisans of a narrow ecclesiasticism knew that they were fighting a losing battle. In quelling these sectarian outbreaks the County League had been of the greatest service. Whenever any attempt had been made to form a new church or revive an old one in a town where the churches had been consolidated, the Outlook Committee, consisting of a representative of each of the denominations, had proceeded immediately to the spot, and had made a full examination of the circumstances, publishing the facts in the principal newspapers and making full report of them at the next meeting of the League. These temperate but truthful representations generally brought a considerable pressure of public opinion to bear at once upon the offending schismatics; if that did not suffice, a committee, composed wholly of members of the sect to which they belonged, appointed by the County League at its next meeting to remonstrate with them and bring them to a better mind, sometimes had the desired effect. At all events this County League, formed in the interests of Christian coöperation, concentrating and expressing all the most Christian sentiment of the county, keeping the eyes of its Outlook Committee on all the places where admonition or encouragement was needed, and swift to drag into the light of day all the hidden things of darkness that the spirit of sect lay in wait to do, was a mighty help in promoting the unity of believers and in preventing the reactions that were in danger of occurring here and there.

Mr. Greene's report, thus summarized, was given extemporaneously, and like many another layman he used up his time before finishing what he had to say. In the midst of his speech he was interrupted by the Chairman:

"Time's up, Brother Greene. I know what you have left unsaid, and how important it is that you have a chance to say it. Perhaps it may be brought out in the conversation. Let me suggest to the convention that questions be asked about Christian League work in Bradford."

"That is just what I want to hear," spoke up Mr. Strong. "I know something about it, but I want to know more definitely. Will Mr. Greene tell us something of the charitable work of Bradford?"

"Thank you!" was the answer of the secretary. "I should have greatly failed of my duty if I had not brought something before the convention respecting this work. Our Charity Organization is an enterprise of the greatest importance, and it is the child of the Christian League Club of Bradford."

"What is the Christian League Club of Bradford?" asked Mr. Strong.

"It consists of the minister and one layman from each of the Protestant churches in the city. The organization is similar to that in New Albion, except that we have fewer laymen. With three laymen from each church our club would be unwieldy."

"Go on with your story."

"When the club first faced the problem of poverty and pauperism it found five charitable societies at work in the city, rivals and competitors, all striving to see which could "relieve" the largest number of paupers, and collect and disburse the most money. Of course they disbursed a deal of money, and of course pauperism was rapidly increasing. To secure coöperation among them seemed a hopeless task. At length the club determined to solve the difficulty by organizing another society which should be pledged to give no material aid whatever, but to work wholly by moral and industrial methods. A system of registration was adopted, by which the names of all persons receiving charity were recorded, with such information as could be gathered concerning each of them. The other societies and their churches were all invited to send to this bureau the names of all the persons relieved by them; and although this was at first refused by some of them, the measure was so evidently necessary, for the exposure of imposture, that they were obliged to adopt it. Immediately we were able to notify the societies and the churches of many cases in which the same persons were receiv-

ing aid from two or more of them at the same time; and they soon found out the value of the bureau of registration. Then we divided the whole city into small districts, and after much labor succeeded in securing a competent visitor for each of these districts—one hundred and forty-seven in all. The charitable societies and the churches had had but few visitors—not a score of them in all the city. With all the money disbursed yearly, very little personal care and help had been bestowed on the poor, and this was the defect we sought to supply. We published a map of the city, with the districts numbered and the name of the visitor for each district, and offered the services of our visitors to the charitable societies and the churches for the investigation and care of the cases which they were called upon to relieve. Some intelligence and conscience in the administration of charity had begun to be developed, and the dispensers of charity readily availed themselves of our offer. Our visitors soon had their hands and hearts full. They were forbidden to give money or food or coal in any case, and were enjoined never to recommend the granting of such relief by the other societies, except in cases of sickness and absolute disability. Their problem was to help the poor without giving them money or subsistence; to help them by finding work for them, by rousing them to help themselves, by directing them into more frugal and comfortable habits of living, and by befriending them in every possible way. Our visitors were taught that this work of moral aid was in the deepest sense of the word a missionary work; that it could not be rightly done unless it was inspired by a "genuine enthusiasm of humanity"; that it needed for its accomplishment a Christly sympathy and tenderness and tact, and a Christly courage and patience. Once in two weeks we have a meeting of all our visitors,—a conference meeting, in which each one has the privilege of giving his or her experience (they are mostly women), and of asking counsel about any hard cases. I tell you, brethren, these are the most interesting meetings I ever attended in my life. It would stir your hearts to listen to the stories told, and to see with what dauntless courage and what untiring patience and what marvelous tact and tenderness these good women are working for the salvation of the forlorn, discouraged, helpless creatures that are placed in their care. Our system does not allow a single visitor to have the care of more than two families at once; we do not believe that one visitor can, as a rule, do justice to more than two families; we want them to give to each family a great deal of time and care and personal attention; and the

results of this patient, loving, hand-to-hand work among the poor of our city are full of encouragement."

"Don't you find some cases that are past saving?" some one inquired.

"We never admit it," was the answer. "There are cases in which, so far as we can see, no permanent improvement is made; but, if men ought always to pray and not to 'faint,' then they ought always to work for those for whom they pray, and not to faint in their endeavors any more than in their prayers. I always remember what Robert Falconer said to his father, the wretched old drunkard, 'Father, you've got to reform some time, and you may as well begin now.' That is the substance of what he said. If we had a little more of that sort of purpose, we should save more of the hard cases."

"How many families have you cared for during the last year?"

"More than three hundred."

"What has been the effect upon the disbursements of the charitable societies?"

"They have been reduced about fifty per cent., and everybody admits that there is less suffering now than there was when the larger sum was distributed."

"What is the effect upon the morals of the city?"

"The sentences for drunkenness and petty crime were fewer by fifteen per cent. last year than during the previous year."

"Do you attribute all this to the improved methods of charity?"

"No. That would not be fair. Other important agencies have contributed to this result. To the establishment of friendly inns quite as much is due."

"Tell us about them," came in half-a-dozen voices.

"My time is up."

"Mr. Greene may have ten minutes of my time," said the secretary from Rockbridge County. "My report will be largely a repetition of what we have heard already. This is more important."

The generous proposition was hailed with applause by the convention. Mr. Greene went on:

"Our club found, in fighting the saloons, that it was good tactics to borrow some of their weapons. We were confronted by exactly the same state of things as that which was discovered at New Albion, only our city is much larger than New Albion, and therefore the perils were greater and the needs more urgent. A large part of our population is without homes. The clerks, the operators in our manufacturing establishments, and the mechanics are largely home-

less. Such lodgings as most of them can afford are cold in winter and cheerless in all seasons; it is for warmth, shelter, and companionship, more than for drink, that many of them resort to the saloons. Some of them will go to the reading-rooms, but many, and those who are in greatest peril, have no taste for reading. The problem was to provide safe places of resort for this class of persons. We thought of a Young Men's Club, like that at New Albion; but it seemed advisable, as our territory is so large, to have several places of this character, in different parts of the city. Accordingly the plan of establishing friendly inns, or coffee-houses, in suitable localities, was suggested, and a company was incorporated, with a capital of ten thousand dollars, to prosecute this enterprise. It was not designed to be a charity; it was intended that the business should pay expenses from the start. The money was invested in lease and fixtures. Four suites of rooms, in different quarters of the city, were procured and fitted with counters, tables, crockery, cooking-ranges and furniture, and comfortable chairs; the intention was that they should be used for lunch-rooms during the middle of the day, and for places of resort in the evening. Many merchants and professional men and some mechanics, it was thought, would take their midday lunch in these clean and comfortable places. The tables were to be partly removed in the evening, to give room for free movement and sociability. In each of the rooms an open fire was to be kept in the winter, and a fountain surrounded with flowers to cool and sweeten the air in the summer. Coffee, tea, chocolate and milk were to be always on sale, with plenty of the nicest bakery rolls, biscuits, and the like; and in the summer, lemonade and soda-water with sirups of the best quality, at reasonable prices. A cup of coffee with rolls was to cost but five cents; a glass of milk but three cents. Newspapers were to be furnished, and various games, such as checkers, chess and backgammon, were to be provided. It was thought best to make a small charge for the use of the games, five cents for each person; and to avoid, so far as possible, every semblance of gambling practices, persons taking the games were required to pay for them in advance. In the rear of the larger room, thus devoted to social purposes, was a smoking-room, well ventilated, with cozy chairs, where smokers could take their fill of their peculiar pleasure, without encroaching upon the enjoyment of those to whom smoke is not delectable.

"After some such general plan as this, our coffee-rooms were all fitted up, the treasurer of the company giving much time and care

to their arrangement. It is not too much to say that there are no saloons in Bradford half so pretty as they are. And it was believed that rooms so furnished could be rented to men who would pay the rent and a fair rate of interest on the capital invested. The problem was, of course, to find the right men; but there was no lack of applicants for the places, and the selections seem to have been wisely made. The inns have all paid expenses, and the stockholders have received a four per cent. dividend at the end of the first year. This success is due, largely, to the energy and business tact of the treasurer, Mr. Marble, who has taken this for his diversion, and has found unbounded satisfaction in the working out of his plans. The belief that the opening of cozy, free-and-easy places of refreshment and social resort would draw many young men away from the liquor saloons, has been abundantly justified by our experience."

"Why do you charge for the games?" asked some one.

"For revenue only," answered Mr. Greene. "We thought that habitués would be willing to pay a small price for their use, and that they might feel a little more comfortable about using them if they paid for them. There has been no complaint about the charge, and the amount received from this source nearly pays the rent of the building."

"Does your company keep any control of the rooms?"

"No, each friendly inn is under the control of its own landlord. We make a definite contract with him, as to the kinds of refreshment he is to provide and the prices he is to charge, and the general regulations of the rooms; and, of course, we visit the inns frequently to see that they are properly kept and that the food and drink are of the best quality."

"Do you think that this has had any marked effect in reducing the amount of drunkenness?"

"I have no doubt that the great reduction shown by our police reports in the amount of drunkenness during the past year is largely due to the friendly inns."

As Mr. Greene was stepping down from the platform, amid the applause of the convention, Mr. Strong interrupted him:

"You have two minutes more. Are there not some other features of your charitable work in Bradford of which you ought to tell us.

"I should be glad," answered the Bradford secretary, laughing, "to take twenty minutes more and tell you about our Employment Agency, our Industrial School, our Kindergartens, and our Day Nursery, all of which

have sprung up in connection with our Charity Organization society, and all of which are important departments of its work. But I have talked too long already; if any one wants to know more about these forms of our Christian League work, I will show them to you this afternoon. They will speak best for themselves."

For the reports of the other county secretaries, there is no room in these chronicles. In many of their features they were similar to those already presented. They filled the morning session, and the interest had not flagged when the hour for adjournment came.

The afternoon session, according to the announcement, was devoted to the reading of two carefully prepared papers: the one by the Reverend Doctor Smalls, of New Liverpool, on "The True Definition of the Church," in which he defended the proposition that the Church consists of all the faithful people residing in any given community—that there is but one church in any city or town, though there may be many congregations, worshipping in different places by different forms, and that the different congregations ought to recognize themselves as one church and behave themselves accordingly. The other paper, read by Thomas Marshall, Esq., of Northbridge, on "Temperance and Tenement Houses," proved to be a most luminous exposition of the effects of unsanitary dwellings upon the drinking habits of the people, together with accounts of some of the recent experiments made by capitalists in the erection of improved tenement houses, well lighted, ventilated, and drained, and of the obvious effects upon the morals of their occupants. But as these papers were printed in full in the Bradford "Courier" of the next day, and must still be easily procurable, there is no need to reproduce them here.

For the same reason it is unnecessary to report the two short speeches of the evening session. One matter, however, of deepest interest, must not be passed by. After the second speaker had taken his seat, Dr. Upson rose:

"I am sorry," he began, "to announce to this convention the only failure on our programme. Dr. Jackson, of Winchester, who was to make the closing speech, sends us a dispatch, which was received since the afternoon session, informing us that a railway accident on the Western road will prevent him from keeping his engagement. You will regret that as much as I do. But there are always compensations for our losses, if we know where to look for them; and I think that I am on the track of one. The secretary of our Executive Committee, Mr. Walter Franklin—(applause)

—has been receiving a good many letters from distant places, making inquiries about the working of the League, and giving information of movements that have been set on foot in other States with the view of carrying out its principles. I am sure that he could give us, if he would, some interesting and cheering reports. I have besought him to do so, but he has not consented; I am going now to pass him over to you, and let you deal with him as seems good to you."

The convention expressed its will in such a way that Mr. Franklin could not easily resist. He ascended the platform amid a storm of cheers.

"Perhaps I ought to beg your pardon," he said, "for hesitating to bring you such tidings as I have; my only reason is my strong aversion to the sound of my own voice in a public place. But there are, as Dr. Upson has told you, quite a number of letters and newspaper clippings in my portfolio, showing the wide interest taken in our work, of which I will try to tell you something."

"The most amusing letters I receive are from persons who profess to be greatly interested in the history of our league, and who think the plan a beautiful one, but who fear that it is not practicable. There is no conservative so entertaining as your conservative who disputes an accomplished fact. You know that Dr. Dionysius Lardner proved, scientifically, that no vessel could be moved across the ocean by steam-power after the thing had been done. You know that an eminent electrician demolished the project of submarine telegraphy after messages had crossed the sea. And in like manner the measure of co-operation in Christian work proposed in the organization of the Christian League is demonstrated to be impracticable by a theorist here and there, long after the thing has been successfully worked out in many places. I will not trouble you with reading any of these letters; I have stuck them on pins to be preserved in my museum; about fifty years from now they will be highly interesting reading."

"Very amusing, also, are the letters from mystified correspondents, who wish to know whether there is a veritable Christian League in Connecticut. If they could only look into this crowded room and hear the noise you make, they would probably be convinced that the League is not a myth."

"The reports that come to us from all parts of the country show that the ideas of our league are taking hold of the people, especially of the laity, everywhere. I cannot begin to give you any adequate notion of the extent of their working. Take this little item which I have clipped from the last number of one

of our religious newspapers, describing the payment of the debt of a Congregational church in a Western city:

"The pleasantest feature of the occasion was the remarkably hearty and substantial expressions of interest on the part of the other denominations. They closed their churches Sabbath evening, and some of them in the morning also; and the several pastors were to be seen moving among the congregation, soliciting subscriptions from their own people. Monday evening, when it seemed as if the ability of the audience had been exhausted, and there remained several hundred dollars of the debt yet to be raised, the *Methodist* pastor came to the rescue. By a wise plan, which he pressed with great skill, he raised the entire amount amid great hand-clapping, and declared that, next to the pastor, he was the happiest man in the house."

"That sounds like an echo from New Albion, does it not? But it is not necessary for me to dwell upon facts that fall under your eyes in all the papers. Let me speak of a matter more remote, but not less notable."

"It is well known to many of you that the sectarianism which we are organized to fight is making its worst ravages on our Western frontiers. The strife of the sects for the occupancy of every new settlement is the scandal of Christianity. Every man knows this who has traveled in the West and found in the small towns, on an average, one church for every hundred inhabitants. From this afflicted region I have had letters not a few, rejoicing that this movement had begun at the East, and praying for the time when its tidal wave should begin to roll across their prairies and up their cañons. From a shrewd observer, who knows that Western field thoroughly, and who is in the deepest sympathy with the Home Missionary work, comes a letter from which I will read you a few sentences:

"The real trouble now is with the intermediate agents of our churches. I mean the presiding elders, the synodical missionaries, and the district superintendents of missionary work. So long as our societies will appoint to such places men whose only qualification is business push—men of about the calibre of a good book-agent, men who could push a cyclopedia in a State—so long there will be confusion enough. I could tell of some in this great work that are perfectly unscrupulous. Our societies must be made to see that they *must* get men who will look at the work broadly, and build with eternity, not quarterly reports, in view. The policy of each missionary society should be expressed, not implied; and agents should be held to account for pushing in where not needed."

"This extract shows that the responsibility for the state of things existing at the West belongs largely at the East. The power behind this pushing propagandism has its headquarters in Boston and New York. If you want to get at it, you can easily reach it. But

let me give you another bit of the same letter. Speaking of the results of this sectarian scramble at the West, the writer says:

"I am quite sure it is very seriously affecting the character of our ministry. Who but a mean-spirited man will consent to be one of five in a town of five hundred people? Then, is it not near to the sin against the Holy Ghost thus to misuse the gifts of the Spirit? What wonder ministers are scarce, when they are employed in this way, four or five crowded into a place where there is need of but one, and set in antagonism and rivalry, with no chance to develop any spiritual power? And all the while the world is full of heathenism! Really, this is the most serious phase of the question. A gift of the Spirit, a man furnished by the Spirit for the ministry, is a gift infinitely more precious than the money to feed him, and the misuse of such an one or the misapplication of the gift comes nearer to malfeasance than any misuse of funds."

"This man writes out of his heart, you see. And he writes not unadvisedly. No man in the West is better qualified to judge. And I beg you to note what he says respecting the effect of sectarianism on the character of ministers. I confess that this was to me a flash of revelation. But who can question the truth of it? What kind of a Christian is the man likely to become, whose character is developed in these denominational bear-fights? What kind of a Christian is the man who is ready to rush into them? I tell you, high-minded young men will not do it. And many a young man, who would gladly give his life to pioneer work on the frontiers, turns back when he sees into what sort of scrimmage he is pretty sure to be driven."

"But I am only showing you the evils of this denominational strife. Of these you hardly needed to be told, though my correspondent may have thrown new light on their deformity. What I began to tell you was the good news that the Christian League has been heard of on the frontiers, and that its good seed is beginning to find lodgment in a soil where it ought to bring forth a hundred fold. We have heard some cheerful tidings here to-day, but none to me so significant as this which I read you from the representative of one of our Home Mission boards in the far West. He tells of a conference, lasting all day, between the Home Missionary representatives of four leading denominations, four men who have the oversight of two or three Territories. He says that they came to this conference with the Christian League in their minds, and this is his report of what came of it:

"We did not organize; had no chairman or secretary, and passed no votes, but simply looked one another in the face, and tried to look the facts of the field in the face. We took up the case of each place—went from—, on the—, to—, covering the whole



field. We did not realize my *highest* ideal of such a meeting, which would be the consulting entirely as though we were of one denomination; but I believe it was a long step in the right direction. We have arranged not to go into a town where another denomination is at work, when there is any chance for misunderstanding, without consulting with the representatives of the church in that town, or with the superintendent of mission work. We have promised one another not to take advantage of temporary bad luck in getting ministers. We have arranged to exchange fields and properties, as far as possible, when it becomes evident that the best interests of the cause demand it. I have, for instance, given up our church at — to the —ists, as the people are nearly all of that faith and ask for a —ist minister. The —ists have given up a field to me. The —ans promise not to enter a field where we have a church, though pressed by some to do so. We have arranged for another meeting in six months.

"Now, I say that's the best report we have had to-day. It makes me feel more like shouting hallelujah! than anything I've heard for many a day. And if this were my meeting-house, and were not the meeting-house of a very staid and undemonstrative body of disciples (laughter) I should call for three cheers for those grand fellows out West who have got the denominational devil fairly under, and who have set out to treat one another, in their mission work, like Christian gentlemen!"

As Mr. Franklin went down from the platform amid a tempest of hand-clapping, the organ and the choir burst forth with the doxology, in which the congregation joined, and the convention went out in a blaze of enthusiasm.

Mr. Strong and his English friend walked quietly away to their lodgings. The first to speak, when they are out of the hubbub, was Mr. Thornton:

"Doesn't your friend need a vacation?"

"Franklin?"

"The same."

"He does indeed. I have been urging him to go abroad."

"He must go. He shall go. I want him to help me organize a Christian League Club in Manchester. That is the place to begin."

"Do you think it would work on your side the water?"

"Why shouldn't it? It might need some modifications. But it undertakes nothing more than the Christianizing of our churches."

"And nothing less," you might add.

"And nothing less! It is a great thing to undertake, but he would be a faithless Christian who should doubt whether it could come to pass."



## MARSYAS.

ROUND one piping on the mountain  
Timid forest-creatures drew;  
Song of bird and purl of fountain  
Woke anew  
In the oaten pipe wherein he blew.

Ivy sprung, and myrtle nodded,  
Grasses rippled, sedges grew;  
Silver-winged and tawny-bodied  
Wild bees flew  
Thickets over, meadows through and through.

With the swift sweep of the swallow,  
Spring-time seemed to catch the earth,  
Sunlight flooded steep and hollow  
With new birth,  
Woke the hill-side to the river's mirth.

Quiet things he loved the best:  
Songs of springs that bubble up  
Through wet grasses, weight-oppressed;  
Bees that sup,  
Droning in the almond-blossom's cup;

## SONGS.

Beat of wings that swiftly pass,  
 Sounds of locust-horns that made  
 Subtle music in the grass.  
 These he played,  
 While shy things came to him, unafraid.

Ceased he. Silent grew the fountain;  
 Fled each creature to its lair;  
 Solemn wood and silent mountain,  
 Soundless air,  
 Woke to find the winter everywhere.

*L. Frank Tooker.*



## SONGS.

## "AFTER SORROW'S NIGHT."

AFTER sorrow's night  
 Dawned the morning bright;  
 In dewy woods I heard  
 A golden-throated bird,  
     And "Love, love, love," it sang,  
     And "Love, love, love."

Evening shadows fell  
 In our happy dell;  
 From glimmering woods I heard  
 A golden-throated bird,  
     And "Love, love, love," it sang,  
     And "Love, love, love."

Oh, the summer night  
 Starry was and bright;  
 In the dark woods I heard  
 A golden-throated bird,  
     And "Love, love, love," it sang,  
     And "Love, love, love."

## "THE WOODS THAT BRING THE SUNSET NEAR."

THE wind from out the West is blowing,  
 The homeward-wandering cows are lowing;  
 Dark grow the pine-woods, dark and drear,—  
 The woods that bring the sunset near.

When o'er wide seas the sun declines,  
 Far off its fading glory shines;  
 Far off, sublime, and full of fear,—  
 The pine-woods bring the sunset near.

This house that looks to east, to west,  
 This, dear one, is our home, our rest;  
 Yonder the stormy sea, and here  
 The woods that bring the sunset near.

*Richard Watson Gilder.*

ker.



C  
p  
a  
to  
a  
se  
b  
a  
p  
en  
b  
hi  
P  
to  
m  
li  
a  
w  
ch  
cu

## THE FATHER OF AMERICAN LIBRARIES.



A BOOK-WORM.

It was in the year 1731, the fourth of King George the Second's reign, that the Philadelphia, the oldest American library, and, so far as is known, the first of all lending libraries, took its beginning. Fifty young men, artisans and gentlemen of that town, joined themselves into a literary association, and subscribed a hundred pounds for the purchase of books, agreeing also to pay each ten shillings annually during fifty years for the same purpose. It has lasted through changes of government and fashion, and possesses an interest beyond its mere local importance, from the historic associations which gather around it. Polished granite and enameled brick might tower around, but its dark old red brick front maintained an unshaken dignity as did Franklin's statue—"with a gown for his dress, and a Roman head," as the Doctor, when asked his wishes, quaintly expressed them. Banks might chink their money; courts, post-office, and custom-house disgorge their bustling crowds

next door,—but as you passed through its vestibule, embellished with old leathern fire-buckets, and the door swung noiselessly behind you, all became quiet. You might have been miles from the life outside, for any information coming through your ears. A repose fell on you insensibly. Old pictures looked down on you, and soberly bound books. The wired cases, and the old green tables in the alcoves, seemed to have been there always. Its habitués all knew one another, as well as all about one another's great-great-grandfathers. They laughed decorously over old jokes;—a new joke would have seemed hardly in order. Everything breathed quiet and long-continued good understanding. The epithet "old" came naturally to one's lips. "That good old library," Thackeray calls it, writing to Mr. William B. Reed.

The little fiction of the English law, that the king can never die, might almost be applied in the same sense to many members





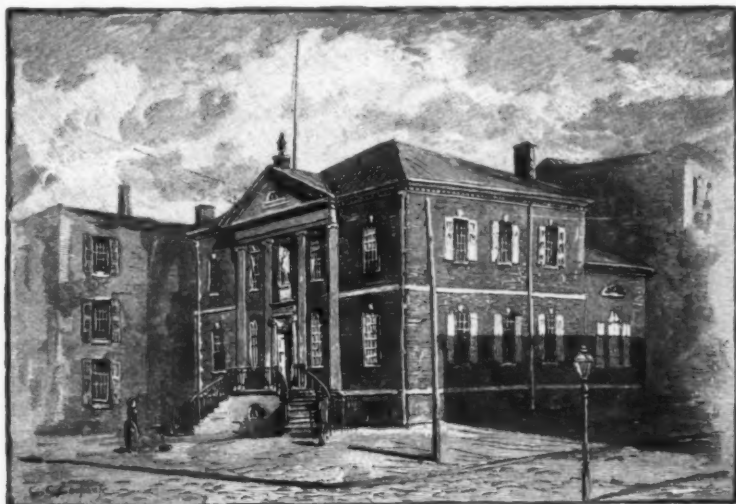
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S CLOCK IN THE PHILADELPHIA LIBRARY.

of the library whose shares, like the English throne, have never been vacant, one of the family always inheriting it. Out of a bead-roll as long as that of Homer's ships a few instances may be given of this curious persistency of shares in families. Colonel William Bradford became a shareholder in 1769. His son, William Bradford, Attorney-General of the United States under Washing-

ton, next held the share, which is still in the family. Dr. Thomas Cadwalader, lieutenant-governor of the province, and father of the two Revolutionary officers, General John and Colonel Lambert Cadwalader, was one of the original directors in 1731, and his descendants are still shareholders. Governor Thomas McKean, one of the signers of the Declaration, acquired in 1777 a share, which his family still holds.

In fact, it might have been thought that as it had existed, so it would always exist. With its ease, its long existence, and connection with men whose names belong to the history of their age, it had become a sort of conservative social influence. It was unagitated by questions of cataloguing, undisturbed by debates whether a library should be merely a reservoir, or should also assume the function of a filter. In brief, its periods of existence were unmarked by any of those interrogations with which, nowadays, we see fit to punctuate every experience of life. Nevertheless, the Library Company underwent, as shall presently be told, an entire change of scene. The old building has been abandoned to the Philistines and now flaunts a large gilded sign—a sign of the times—on its astonished front. And a void exists in the breasts of many ancient Philadelphians, unsatisfied by the knowledge that the cultured Bostonian or the scornful New Yorker, as he emerges from the railroad station on Broad street, is confronted by the finest building wholly devoted to library uses in America, and one which has few, if any, equals in Europe.

The library was well sponsored, being Frank-



THE OLD LIBRARY, FIFTH AND LIBRARY STREETS, PHILADELPHIA.

lin's "first project of a public nature." John Dickinson, Godfrey the mathematician, Benjamin Rush, Charles Thomson, Secretary of Congress, and Franklin himself,—who was also at one time librarian,—were among its

few years Philadelphia took a decided lead in the art of printing, in amount as well as execution, and that it had a larger number of newspapers. From direct testimony, including that of the Rev. Jacob Duche, who, though



THE RIDGWAY BRANCH OF THE PHILADELPHIA LIBRARY.

early directors, and it was cradled in buildings whose names now form part of our fund of national recollections. Franklin says:

"At the time I established myself in Philadelphia there was not a good bookstore in any of the colonies southward of Boston. In New York and Philadelphia, the printers were indeed stationers; they sold only paper, etc., almanacs, ballads, and a few common school-books. Those who loved reading were obliged to send for their books from England; the members of the Junto (his club) had each a few. We had hired a room to hold our club in. I proposed that we should each of us bring our books to that room, where they would not only be ready to consult in our conferences, but become a common benefit, each of us being at liberty to borrow such as he wished to read at home. \* \* \* This was accordingly done, and for some time contented us. \* \* \* Yet some inconveniences occurring, each took his books home again. And now I set on foot my first project of a public nature, that for a subscription library. The institution soon manifested its ability, was imitated in other towns and in other provinces. \* \* \* Reading became fashionable, and our people having no amusements to divert their attention from study, became better acquainted with books, and in a few years were observed by strangers to be better instructed and more intelligent than people of the same rank in other countries."

That the heaven did indeed work as Franklin said we may infer from the fact that in a

of foreign extraction, became himself a director of the Library, and afterward made himself notorious by an attempt to persuade Washington to forsake the American cause, we would infer that the character of the society was decidedly literary. He writes, in 1774:

"There is less distinction among the citizens of Philadelphia than among those of any other city in the world. \* \* \* Literary accomplishments here meet with deserved applause. But such is the taste for books, that almost every man is a reader."

The Company, in its first choice of reading matter, took the advice of James Logan, the confidential friend of Penn, "esteeming him to be a gentleman of universal learning and the best judge of books in these parts." It is noticeable that, in their list of about fifty authors, the only ones which may be said to belong to light literature are the "Guardian," "Tatler," "Spectator," and Addison's works. The books were imported from England, and with them came the first gift to the Library. Peter Collinson, a London mercer, wrote:

"Gentlemen, I am a stranger to most of you, but not to your laudable intention to erect a public library.



RELICS OF THE OLD LIBRARY.

I beg your acceptance of my mite, 'Sir Isaac Newton's Philosophy' and 'Philip Miller's Gardener's Dictionary.' It will be an instance of your candour to accept the intention and good-will of the giver and not regard the meanness of the gift."

The books were at first kept in the house of Robert Grace, whom Franklin characterizes as "a young gentleman of some fortune, generous, lively, and witty, a lover of punning and of his friends." Afterward they were allotted a room in the State-House; and, in 1742, a charter was obtained from the Proprietaries. In 1790, having in the interval absorbed several other associations and sustained a removal to Carpenter's Hall, where its apartment had been used as a hospital for wounded American soldiers, the Library was at last housed in a building especially erected for it at Fifth and Chestnut streets, where it remained until within the last few years.

It brought only about eight thousand volumes into its new quarters, for it had languished somewhat during the Revolution and the war of words which attended our political birth. But it had received no injury. Two meetings had been called to consider measures of removal to a safe place, but whether its members were engaged in taking care of their country or of themselves, they did not attend the meetings, and the red-coats marching in on the little visit they paid us after Germantown, found the books, and read them, too. But the red-coats behaved, in this instance, at least, peaceably, paying loyally for their use and not damaging nor confiscating nor carrying away a single volume.

Many relics of the Revolutionary time are stored in the Library, among them a colos-

sal bust of Minerva, which stood behind the chair of the Speaker of the first Congress that met in Philadelphia. The writer of this paper is at Logan's library-table, sitting in a chair used by Washington, while Dickinson's writing-desk holds some books on the right, West's portrait of Franklin looks from overhead, and a lock of Washington's hair hangs near his left hand. Penn's and Cromwell's clocks, too, keep remembrance of other times, and go on ticking, as if reckless of a balance. Besides memories, however, the library gathered little during those sad days of the Revolution. But when the scene changed, and the weeping women who tended the wounded in churches and on door-steps after the defeat at Germantown were replaced by the triumphing cavalry who rode through the shouting streets to the State-House to lay at the feet of Congress the captured standards of Cornwallis, our Company felt the reaction, and in a little while sent an order to London for books—its first importation in nine years.

Two years after removal to its quarters on Fifth street, the Library received the most valuable gift of books it has as yet had. James Logan, friend and adviser of Penn and of the celebrated Colonial Governor, Thomas Lloyd, President of Council, and holding other high trusts in the Province,



JOHN DICKINSON'S DESK.



THE PRESENT BUILDING.

had gathered a most important collection of books. Mr. Logan was translator of Cicero's "Cato Major," the first classic published in America, beside being versed in natural science. His library comprised, as he tells us, "over one hundred volumes of authors, all in Greek, with mostly their versions; all the Roman classics without exception; all the Greek mathematicians. \* \* \* Besides there are many of the most valuable Latin authors, and a great number of modern mathematicians." These, at first bequeathed as a public library to the city, became a branch of the Philadelphia Library under certain conditions, one of which was that, barring contingencies, one of the donor's descendants should always hold the office of trustee. And to-day his direct descendant fills the position, and is perhaps the only example in this country of an hereditary office-holder.

The Library lost a few books by its one experience of fire, in 1831, and nearer our own times gained an important addition by a courtesy it was enabled to do the British Government. The story takes us back to the Revolution of 1688. On the flight of James II. from his throne, his lord high chancellor of

Ireland converted the state papers of which he had custody into family papers; in other words, he kept them. His grandson, on leaving America about the beginning of this century, presented them to the Library of Philadelphia. This gift, containing the private correspondence of James I. with the Privy



DR. RUSH'S STRONG BOX.

Council of Ireland, the Diary of the Marquis of Clanricarde, a letter of Queen Elizabeth, and other manuscripts, the Company—being bound by no reservation to its giver—took an opportunity of restoring to the British Government. This courtesy was responded to by the gift, on the part of the English, of a large and valuable series of Government publications.

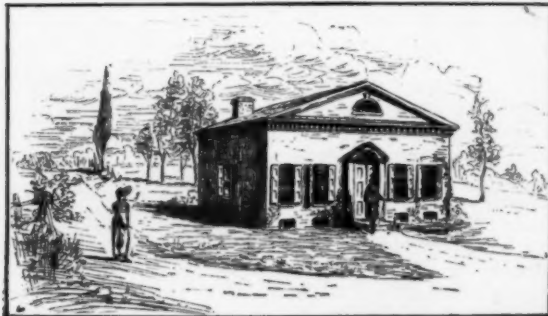
In 1869 died Dr. James Rush, son of Benjamin Rush, and himself well known as the author of a work on the human voice, and as husband of a lady who almost succeeded in naturalizing the *salon* in this country. By his will about one million dollars were devoted to the erection and maintenance of an isolated and fire-proof library-building, which was to be named the Ridgway Library, in memory of his wife. This building was offered to the Philadelphia Company, and the bequest was accepted. That institution had by this time accumulated about one hundred thousand volumes, containing many of those rarities for which there is an eternal struggle between the book-hunter and fire, rats, plate-hunters, worms, and kindred vermin. It owns some fine specimens of illuminated manuscripts, exemplars of Caxton, Fust, and Schoeffer, the inventors, or at least sharers in the invention, of printing; of Pynson, Wynkyn de Worde, Sweynheym, and Pannartz; a work of Jenson, believed to be unique; of Koburger, and other works irreplaceable if lost. It is therefore gratifying to those who are aware of the heavy toll fire has levied on knowledge to know that the collection has been, in so far as may be, placed out of reach of a danger which the original "twelve leathern fire buckets and a ladder," procured by the directors, might not have averted.

A building of the Doric order was erected,

which with its grounds covers an entire square or block, and is calculated to contain four hundred thousand volumes, or three times as many as the Library at present has, and to this building the more valuable books of the Library were removed in 1878; the fiction and more modern works being placed in another designed in imitation of the old edifice, and nearer the center of the city.

When it is added that Dr. Rush's bequest included also the correspondence and papers of his father,—which contain among many others letters from distinguished persons, letters from Washington, Franklin, Hamilton, Kosciuszko, etc., and that mysterious diary of Benjamin Rush which John Adams alludes to, and which played an important part in the controversy between Mr. Bancroft and Mr. William B. Reed, but which nobody seems to have viewed,—it will be seen that few more valuable gifts have been made to the public. To the public, it may be said, for although this library is in its origin and maintenance entirely a private institution, the use of its books is freely given to any respectable reader. I have tried briefly to show that this oldest American library has had an honorable career, and exerted an appreciable and wholly good influence; while illustrating something of that peculiar character of quietness which Philadelphia has retained since Penn directed that the people should so build their houses "that there may be ground on each side for gardens, or orchards, or fields, that it may be a green country town, which will never be burnt and always wholesome." Indeed, few institutions have been more naturally the growth of a community, or better illustrate the good effects of such unstimulated growth, than the old Philadelphia Library.

*Bunford Samuel.*



LOGANIAN LIBRARY, SIXTH AND WALNUT STREETS.



## OLD AGE.

### FROM THE MIDDLE DISTANCE.

SAY, did you see him? (for I know him not)—

A pilgrim stern, implacable as fate,

Who strolls this way, they say. His shambling gait,

His gray, thin locks, and burdensome long days,

And wrinkled brow he helplessly displays—

/ And terrors those with whom he tries to plot.

Some callow youth, whose teens have made him wise,

Thinks me this gaffer's follower, I surmise,—

Yet in my heart, I know, I know him not.

How came he here? I call long years of Youth

To witness—or, if any years can tell,

Let them—when I came out of Youth to dwell;

When any summer's dawn or spring did rise

Whereon I looked not with young, trustful eyes.

A part of April's pantheon, I prolong

My days amidst her symphonies of song;

Still, in green-bowered retreats, my pulse unflagging beats,

Through new-born wonders and auroral skies,

With sharp, bewildering freshness and surprise!

The budding, tender maid of me is not afraid;

I catch her sunshine as she passes by—

The welcome in her eye;

Her rosy cheeks and her immaculate lips

Rebuke me not, nor put me in eclipse,—

So, never from Youth's chord a tune of my life varies;

When school-girls, in sweet flocks, greet me with silken locks,

Meet me in field and street, they show me when we meet

That young eyes, blue or black, are my contemporaries.

This gaffer old and gray—how dare he stroll my way?

His dumb lips at my sight would grow still dumber;

His gray hairs I disown, which mate not with my own;

Should he appear to-day, I could not him obey—

For I am one with spring and the warm heart of summer!

May dawns in new decades—her golden morning sets—

And still my hand is moist among her violets;

From out the saffron south the sweet breath of her mouth

About my forehead plays with balm supernal,

Until her life with mine grows steady and eternal.

Who saw him pass? Not I—for still the sky is blue,

And still the summer birds their madrigals are singing.

How shall I find you him of whom I never knew

When Youth with all his pomp his lap of flowers is bringing?

In meadows ever fair I quaff the morning air,

And couriers come to me their wreaths of hope outflinging.

My life still hugs Youth's shore—though years may intervene;

If skies are only blue and fields are ever green,

What need have I to mourn for youth departed?

Time still there is to laugh and youthful joy to quaff,

- To frolic through fair days and to be happy-hearted.

*Joel Benton.*



SALVINI AS KING LEAR.

[FROM A SKETCH FROM LIFE, BY JOHN W. ALEXANDER.]

pe  
of  
an  
str  
inc  
res  
Th  
vin  
su  
H  
as  
as  
int  
sol  
far  
fin  
of  
an  
pre

no  
Br  
no  
Br  
je  
Fo  
fac  
the  
it  
of  
ap  
ma  
lof  
me  
of  
of  
an  
tha  
me  
an  
tic  
the  
rep  
rec  
no  
mi  
ph  
his  
be  
giv  
W  
tha

## SALVINI'S "KING LEAR."

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD says of Shakspeare: "He has the elementary soundness of the ancients, he has their important action and their large and broad manner; in his strong conception of a subject, in the genuine way in which he is penetrated with it, he resembles them and is unlike the moderns." These words apply with equal fitness to Salvini's interpretation of Shakspeare. Whatever subtlety he displays is in method and detail. His conception is bold, distinct, and plastic,—as spontaneous and unhampered by tradition as early Greek art. His characters, rounded into balanced symmetry, stand out with the solid relief of sculpture. Delicacy, grace, and fancy are bestowed upon the modeling, the finish; but he represents the grand outlines of a personality with that unerring directness of style, that "important action," that "large and broad manner," which belong only to preëminent genius.

Salvini understands the *motif* of *Lear* to be, not the local peculiarities of a king of ancient Britain, but the passion of fatherhood. "Is not a father in Italy the same as a father in Britain?" are his own words upon the subject, and they clearly illustrate his conception. For him the whole tragedy rests upon the fact that the royal martyrdom is *undeserved*; the moment a thought is entertained that it was occasioned by the king's own lack of foresight or justice, its sublime quality disappears. Viewed in this light, the superhuman figure of *Lear* descends from those loftiest spiritual regions where Job and Prometheus abide, to serve as a warning exemplar of the follies of imprudent generosity—a lesson to confirm the cheap and worldly maxims of the common wisdom of the street. It were an insult to the genius of Shakspeare to fancy that such was his design in creating the most sublime impersonation of old age and anguish ever conceived by human imagination. In "Timon of Athens" he shows us the ordinary ingratitude with which the world repays the facile prodigality of a generous, reckless spendthrift. But with *Lear* there is no question of recklessness, of foolishly misplaced confidence in strangers and sycophants: his trust is in his own flesh and blood, his largess is bestowed upon his passionately beloved offspring, to whom he is about to give a signal proof of his supreme affection. What more fitting moment could be selected than the occasion of his daughters' espousals?

What wiser and more appropriate act than, while retaining the title and honors of royalty, to renounce its duties and cares, rendered irksome by the inevitable weariness of a ripe old age? His own nature is exuberantly and demonstratively affectionate, and in presence of his whole court he asks his daughters who among them loves him best, simply for the delight of hearing their filial, graceful replies. From *Regan* and *Goneril* he receives dutiful response; then, overflowing with paternal pride and love, he turns to his darling youngest child, the gentlest and meekest of the three, and receives a rebuff discourteous and irreverent enough to affront even a modern and non-royal father: "I love you according to my bond, neither more nor less. I am not yet married, but the first stranger who appears and claims me as his wife will obtain from me a greater meed of affection than you can possibly expect." Whoever transports himself mentally into the period, place, and circumstances of this scene will not consider the wrath of *Lear* exaggerated. Only because of our own difficulty in laying aside the knowledge of Cordelia's true character, which the later portions of the play reveal, do we here sympathize with her, and condemn the perfectly justifiable indignation of the aggrieved parent and monarch.

*Lear*, as conceived by Salvini, is a man of noble generosity, of exquisite tenderness and sensitiveness, of powerful intellect and imagination. His robust physical force is beginning to wane, though still as a man of eighty he delights in the pleasures of the chase. But there is no trace of senility in the vigorous, richly endowed mind. This conception is amply borne out by the text; for, if the insanity of *Lear* were occasioned by dotage and decrepitude, instead of by the stunning blows of unparalleled misfortunes, there could be no return of reason before his death. Yet, in the last two scenes, Shakspeare represents him to be as lucid and sane as though his brain had never been clouded. By accumulating the black and subtle crimes of *Regan* and *Goneril*, the poet emphasizes for us the fact that *Lear* was not imbecile in misjudging them, but that he was dealing here with unnatural monsters such as no human foresight, much less the loving heart of a parent, could have divined. The traits most conspicuously brought out in Salvini's impersonation of *Lear* are majesty, generosity,

tenderness, and self-abnegation. Not for a moment do we forget that he is "every inch a king"; not for a moment do we forget that he is one of the most affectionate and compassionate of men; while the magnitude and sublimity of his sorrows invest him with an atmosphere that partakes of the supernatural. Even in the midst of frenzy and tempest, he remembers the sufferings of others. What can be more profoundly touching than the action, replete with grace and dignity, with which he takes off his mantle in the storm to throw it over the shivering form of the *Fool*? Then, feeling the cold pierce his own uncovered shoulders, he folds in his large, paternal embrace the trembling clown, seeking shelter under one and the same cloak, as who should say "the strong protects the weak, the king protects the humblest of his servants, the man of many sorrows is mindful of the common brotherhood of misfortune." Salvini's acting is so equally sustained, so absolutely natural, that it offers few of those technical "points" conveniently seized upon by the critic. The art of concealing art has never been carried farther. One brings away from his performance of *Lear* such a complete and awe-inspiring impression of the totality of the character, that it were invidious to single out any passage or scene for special admiration. His action swells and subsides in exact cadence with the rhythmical movement of the drama; for he is fully equal to the tremendous heights of passion which Shakspeare attains in this play, and he has the reserve and self-control which enable him to hold in abeyance and merely suggest this power when it is not called into requisition by the exigencies of the situation. The grandest point is probably reached in the conclusion of the second act:

"No, you unnatural hags,  
I will have such revenges on you both,  
That all the world shall—I will do such things,—  
What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be  
The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep;  
No, I'll not weep:—  
I have full cause of weeping; but this heart  
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,  
Or ere I'll weep:—O, fool, I shall go mad!"

Was there ever before concentrated in a human voice such desperate anguish of suppressed sobs, such utter fruitlessness of revolt against unnatural cruelty, as Salvini expresses in these words? He is broken, helpless, and defeated—not with the helplessness of a violent, doting old man, but with the despair of a Titan at war with demons. The immortal scene in which *Lear* recognizes *Cordelia* is depicted with such exquisite gradations of pathos, that we find ourselves hanging upon the scarcely audible words of the reviving

"child-changed father," with that breathless, labored suspense with which we might witness an actual restoration from the jaws of death to life. And the climax, reached in the words,

"Do not laugh at me;  
For, as I am a man, I think this lady  
To be my child Cordelia"—

is as subdued, as low in tone, and as real as had been the preparation for it. Nothing can be more beautiful, more piercingly pathetic than the dissolution of all fever and frenzy in a flood of refreshing tears, and the heart-broken, passionate tenderness with which he clasps her to his breast and bows his head above her own.

Nature, not tradition, is the mistress of Salvini's art. This accounts for the perfect originality and spontaneity of his "stage-business." When he carries the dead *Cordelia* in his arms, he does not lift her like a strong man carrying a child, but he drags her with exhausted force and painful effort, as a weak old man must bear a lifeless body. In his despair, while he hangs above her corpse, he looks wildly around, and snatches at the helmet-plume in *Edgar's* hand, to set it to her lips. "This feather stirs! she lives!" The device is as natural as it is effective. But, from beginning to end of the play, there are no sensational "points," no striking arrangements of artificial methods.\* He relies for all effect upon the loftiness of his conception, the majesty of his gestures and carriage, the indescribable harmony of his voice (whose every inflection is music, whether broken with sobs, ringing with passion, or melting with tenderness), and finally upon that absolute identification with the part which years of arduous study, superadded to the natural intuitions of genius, have enabled him to acquire.

During Salvini's engagement in New York, the distinguished German actor, Ludwig Barnay, offered us a rare opportunity for comparing strongly contrasted methods of conceiving *Lear*. The German artist's presentment sparkled with brilliant points; it was full of action, bustle, energy, variety. We knew that *Lear* was old by the token that he wore a flowing white beard and wig; we knew that he was a king because he told us so, and he wore a crown. But there was nothing majestic or venerable in his carriage

\* I do not forget the "point," verging upon the melodramatic which he makes in rendering the words "every inch a king." Here he totters toward a leafless tree, breaks a twig from its branches, and waves it pompously as he repeats the phrase. Those critics who condemn this action as being far-fetched and in questionable taste, do not seem to remember that *Lear* is insane when he uses it, and that it is perfectly in keeping with the wild and fitful impulses of an unsettled brain.

and gestures, no trace of physical weakness in his violent and restless manner. The impression Barnay left was of detached traits and fragmentary passages, rather than of a complete image. The most salient feature of his impersonation was the king's insanity, which he invested with an almost painful fatalism, and which singularly enough received rather less than the usual emphasis at Salvini's hands. But, although Herr Barnay's *Lear* is neither sublime nor poetical, and is therefore to be judged on an altogether different plane from that of Salvini, yet in its fiery and potent realism it is a noteworthy and memorable histrionic achievement.

After every new Shakspearean interpretation offered by Salvini, a chorus of critics promptly exclaim against its non-Shakspearean inspiration, its essentially *Italian* quality. If it could be urged as a fault against Salvini's *Othello* that it was "not Anglican," all the more emphatic is the dissatisfaction expressed with a so-called "*Italian Lear*." It is but a repetition of truisms to say that Shakspeare's personages are human, universal, that they move in a world of passion, of dramatic and psychological complications over and above all distinctions of race, country, creed, and even sex. His glory is in his revelation of the naked soul; not the least human of his plays are enacted in an imaginary region just beyond the limits of our earth. The magical isle of the "*Tempest*," the fairy-haunted wood of Athens, the sea-encircled Bohemia of the "*Winter's Tale*,"—all these, and more, prove his comparative indifference to what are considered the realities of time and space, and his complete perception of the spiritual truths of life. Any actor, therefore, who brings out for us the profound human significance of his great characters, is the true interpreter of Shakspeare, and such a one is Salvini. It has always seemed to us a curious fact that any who speak the tongue of Shakspeare should wish to rob him of his chief claim to immortality. There are those who insist upon his

being insular and local, rather than comprehensive and universal; who resent as an impertinence the very suggestion that his genius may speak as clearly and as intimately to an Italian or a Frenchman as to an Anglo-Saxon. If it were not so—"the less Shakspeare he," as Browning puts it. They might as well attempt to confine him to the limits of Stratford, and assert that outside of Warwickshire he could not be properly understood, as to restrict him to the English-speaking or Teutonic races. Voltaire's failure to appreciate him was no more egregious than that of Colley Cibber or of Dr. Johnson, and we are indebted to-day to the brilliant eloquence of a Frenchman, M. Taine, to the intellectual and critical analysis of an Italian, Salvini,\* for some of the most discriminating literary studies of Shakspearean characters that have appeared in our day.

It would be childish to dwell upon the real loss inseparable from Salvini's performance of *Lear*, namely, the loss of the English text, with its overpowering beauty, intrinsic and associated. Until we English-speaking people can produce in our generation an actor capable of interpreting the spiritual, as well as the verbal grandeur of Shakspeare, it is somewhat inopportune to find fault with Salvini for the foreign medium in which the accident of his birth forces him to transmit the poet's thought. Neither more nor less can be said of his *Lear* than that it is the actual embodiment of that Titanic figure hitherto existing only in our imagination as the *Lear* of Shakspeare. With it he worthily closes his repertory of Shakspearean characters. Having accomplished the greatest achievements and won the highest honors of his profession, he retires to his well-earned repose, leaving the memory of an actor whose genius of interpretation is akin, in quality, scope, and degree, to the creative genius of Shakspeare himself.

\* See THE CENTURY Magazine for November, 1881.

Emma Lazarus.

### A SONG.

"The world turns round and round and round,  
The sun sinks into the sea";  
And the blossoms fall without a sound  
Where the grass grows green and free.

All things are bright in the track of the sun,  
All things are fair I see;  
And the light in a golden tide has run  
Down out of the sky to me.

And the world turns round and round and round,  
And my thought sinks into the sea;  
The sea of peace and of joy profound  
Whose tide is mystery.

Samuel Willoughby Duffield.



## THE ENGLISH VOLUNTEERS DURING THE LATE INVASION.

THE most painful event since the bombardment of Alexandria has been what is called by an English writer the "invasion" of "American Literature in England." The hostile forces, with an advanced guard of what was regarded as an "awkward squad," had been gradually effecting a landing and a lodgment not unwelcome to the unsuspicious natives. No alarm was taken when they threw out a skirmish-line of magazines, and began to deploy an occasional wild poet, who advanced in buckskin leggings, revolver in hand, or a stray sharp-shooting sketcher clad in the picturesque robes of the sunset. But when the main body of American novelists got fairly ashore and into position, the literary militia of the island rose up as one man, with the strength of a thousand, to repel the invaders and sweep them back across the Atlantic. The spectacle had a dramatic interest. The invaders were not numerous, did not carry their native tomahawks, they had been careful to wash off the frightful paint with which they usually go into action, they did not utter the defiant whoop of *Pogon*, and even the militia regarded them as on the whole "amusing young 'possums"—and yet all the resources of modern and ancient warfare were brought to bear upon them. There was a crack of revolvers from the daily press, a lively fusillade of small-arms in the astonished weeklies, a discharge of point-blank blunderbusses from the monthlies; and some of the heavy quarterlies loaded up the old pieces of ordnance, that had not been charged in forty years, with slugs and brickbats and junk-bottles, and poured in raking broadsides. The effect on the island was something tremendous: it shook and trembled and was almost hidden in the smoke of the conflict. What the effect is upon the invaders, it is too soon to determine. If any of them survive, it will be God's mercy to his weak and innocent children.

It must be said that the American people—such of them as were aware of this uprising—took the punishment of their presumption in a sweet and forgiving spirit. If they did not feel that they deserved it, they regarded it as a valuable contribution to the study of sociology and race characteristics, in which they have taken a lively interest of late. We know how it is ourselves, they said; we used to be thin-skinned and self-conscious and sensitive. We used to wince and cringe under English criticism, and try to strike

back in a blind fury. We have learned that criticism is good for us, and we are grateful for it from any source. We have learned that English criticism is dictated by love for us, by a warm interest in our intellectual development, just as English anxiety about our revenue laws is based upon a yearning that our down-trodden millions shall enjoy the benefits of free trade. We did not understand why a country that admits our beef and grain and cheese should seem to seek protection against a literary product which is brought into competition with one of the great British staples, the modern novel. It seemed inconsistent. But we are no more consistent ourselves. We cannot understand the action of our own Congress, which protects the American author by a round duty on foreign books and refuses to protect him by granting a foreign copyright; or, to put it in another way, is willing to steal the brains of the foreign author under the plea of free knowledge, but taxes free knowledge in another form. We have no defense to make of the state of international copyright, though we appreciate the complication of the matter in the conflicting interests of English and American publishers.

Yes; we must insist that, under the circumstances, the American people have borne this outburst of English criticism in an admirable spirit. It was as unexpected as it was sudden. Now, for many years our international relations have been uncommonly smooth, oiled every few days by complimentary banquet speeches, and sweetened by abundance of magazine and newspaper "taffy." Something too much of "taffy" we have thought was given us at times, for, in getting bigger in various ways, we have grown more modest. Though our English admirers may not believe it, we see our own faults more clearly than we once did,—thanks, partly, to the faithful castigations of our friends,—and we sometimes find it difficult to conceal our blushes when we are over-praised. We fancied that we were going on, as an English writer on "Down-Easters" used to say, as "slick as ile," when this miniature tempest suddenly burst out in a revival of the language and methods used in the redoubtable old English periodicals forty years ago. We were interested in seeing how exactly this sort of criticism that slew our literary fathers was revived now for the execution of their degenerate children. And yet it was not exactly the same. We used to call it "slang-whanging."

One form of it was a blank surprise at the pretensions of American authors, and a dismissal with the formula of previous ignorance of their existence. This is modified now by a modest expression of "discomfiture" on reading of American authors "whose very names, much less peculiarities, we never heard of before." This is a tribunal from which there is no appeal. Not to have been heard of by an Englishman is next door to annihilation. It is at least discouraging to an author who may think he has gained some reputation over what is now conceded to be a considerable portion of the earth's surface, to be cast into total obscurity by the negative damnation of English ignorance. There is to us something pathetic in this and in the surprise of the English critic, that there can be any standard of respectable achievement outside of a seven-miles radius turning on Charing Cross.

The pathetic aspect of the case has not, however, we are sorry to say, struck the American press, which has too often treated with unbecoming levity this unaccountable exhibition of English sensitiveness. There has been little reply to it; at most, generally only an amused report of the war, and now and then a discriminating acceptance of some of the criticism as just, with a friendly recognition of the fact that on the whole the critic had done very well considering the limitation of his knowledge of the subject on which he wrote. What is certainly noticeable is an entire absence of the irritation that used to be caused by similar comments on America thirty years ago. Perhaps the Americans are reserving their fire as their ancestors did at Bunker's Hill, conscious, maybe, that in the end they will be driven out of their slight literary entrenchments. Perhaps they were disarmed by the fact that the acrid criticism in the London "Quarterly Review" was accompanied by a cordial appreciation of the novels that seemed to the reviewer characteristically American. The interest in the latter's review of our poor field must be languid, however, for nobody has taken the trouble to remind its author that Brockden Brown—who is cited as a typical American writer, true to local character, scenery, and color—put no more flavor of American life and soil in his books than is to be found in "Frankenstein."

It does not, I should suppose, lie in the way of THE CENTURY, whose general audience on both sides of the Atlantic takes only an amused interest in this singular revival of a traditional literary animosity,—an anachronism in these tolerant days when the reading world cares less and less about the origin of literature that pleases it,—it does not lie in

the way of THE CENTURY to do more than report this phenomenal literary effervescence. And yet it cannot escape a certain responsibility as an immediate though innocent occasion of this exhibition of international courtesy, because its last November number contained some papers that seem to have been irritating. In one of them Mr. Howells let fall some chance remarks on the tendency of modern fiction, without adequately developing his theory, which were largely dissented from in this country, and were like the uncorking of six vials in England. The other was an essay on England, dictated by admiration for the achievements of the foremost nation of our time, which, unfortunately from the awkwardness of the eulogist, was the uncorking of the seventh vial—the uncorking of which, we happen to know, so prostrated the writer that he resolved never to attempt to praise England again. His panic was somewhat allayed by the soothing remark in a kindly paper in the "Blackwood's Magazine" for January, that the writer had discussed his theme "by no means unfairly or disrespectfully." But with a shudder he recognized what a peril he had escaped. Great Scott!—the reference is to a local American deity who is invoked in war, and not to the Biblical commentator—what would have happened to him if he had spoken of England "disrespectfully"!

We gratefully acknowledge also the remark of the "Blackwood's" writer in regard to the claims of America in literature. "These claims," he says, "we have hitherto been very charitable to." How our life depends upon a continual exhibition by the critics of this divine attribute of charity it would perhaps be unwise in us to confess. We can at least take courage that it exists—who does not need it in this world of misunderstandings?—since we know that charity is not puffed up, vaunteth not itself, hopeth all things, endureth all things, is not easily provoked; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish; but charity never faileth. And when all our "dialects" on both sides of the water shall vanish, and we shall speak no more Yorkshire or Cape Cod, or London cockney or "Pike" or "Cracker" vowel flatness, nor write them any more, but all use the noble simplicity of the ideal English, and not indulge in such odd-sounding phrases as this of our critic that "the combatants on both sides were by way of detesting each other," though we speak with the tongues of men and of angels—we shall still need charity.

It will occur to the charitable that the Americans are at a disadvantage in this little

international "tiff." For while the offenders have inconsiderately written over their own names, the others preserve a privileged anonymity. Any attempt to reply to these voices out of the dark reminds one of the famous duel between the Englishman and the Frenchman which took place in a pitch-dark chamber, with the frightful result that when the tender-hearted Englishman discharged his revolver up the chimney he brought down his man. One never can tell in a case of this kind but a charitable shot might bring down a valued friend or even a peer of the realm.

In all soberness, however, and setting aside the open question, which country has most diverged from the English as it was at the time of the separation of the colonies from the mother-land, we may be permitted a word or two in the hope of a better understanding. The offense in *THE CENTURY* paper on "England" seems to have been in phrases such as these:—"When we began to produce something that was the product of our own soil and of our own social conditions, it was still judged by the old standards"; and, we are no longer irritated by "the snobbishness of English critics of a certain school," "for we see that its criticism is only the result of ignorance—simply of inability to understand."

Upon this the reviewer affects to lose his respiration, and with "a gasp of incredulity" wants to know what the writer means, "and what standards he proposes to himself when he has given up the English ones?" The reviewer makes a more serious case than the writer intended, or than a fair construction of the context of his phrases warrants. It is the criticism of "a certain school" only that was said to be the result of ignorance. It is not the English language nor its body of enduring literature—the noblest monument of our common civilization—that the writer objected to as a standard of our performances. The standard objected to is the narrow insular one (the term "insular" is used purely as a geographical one) that measures life, social conditions, feeling, temperament and national idiosyncracies expressed in our literature, by certain fixed notions prevalent in England. Probably also the expression of national peculiarities would diverge somewhat from the "old standards." All we thought of asking was that allowance should be made for this expression and these peculiarities, as it would be made in case of other literatures and peoples. It might have occurred to our critics, we used to think, to ask themselves whether the English literature is not elastic enough to permit the play of forces in it which are foreign to their experience. Genuine literature is the expression,

we take it, of life—and truth to that is the standard of its success. Reference was intended to this, and not to the common canons of literary art. But we have given up the expectation that the English critic "of a certain school" will take this view of it, and this is the plain reason—not intended to be offensive—why much of the English criticism has ceased to be highly valued in this country, and why it has ceased to annoy. At the same time, it ought to be added, English opinion, when it is seen to be based upon knowledge, is as highly respected as ever. And nobody in America, so far as we know, entertains, or ever entertained, the idea of setting aside as standards the master-minds in British literature.

In regard to the "inability to understand," we can, perhaps, make ourselves more clearly understood, for the "Blackwood's" reviewer has kindly furnished us an illustration in this very paper, when he passes in patronizing review the novels of Mr. Howells. In discussing the character of Lydia Blood, in "The Lady of the Aroostook," he is exceedingly puzzled by the fact that a girl from rural New England, brought up amid surroundings homely in the extreme, should have been considered a lady. He says:

"The really 'American thing' in it is, we think, quite undiscovered either by the author or his heroes, and that is the curious confusion of classes which attributes to a girl brought up on the humblest level all the prejudices and necessities of the highest society. Granting that there was anything dreadful in it, the daughter of a homely small farmer in England is not guarded and accompanied like a young lady on her journeys from one place to another. Probably her mother at home would be disturbed, like Lydia's aunt, at the thought that there was no woman on board, in case her child should be ill or lonely; but, as for any impropriety, would never think twice on that subject. The difference is that the English girl would not be a young lady. She would find her sweetheart among the sailors, and would have nothing to say to the gentlemen. This difference is far more curious than the misadventure, which might have happened anywhere, and far more remarkable than the fact that the gentlemen did behave to her like gentlemen, and did their best to set her at ease, which we hope would have happened anywhere else. But it is, we think, exclusively American, and very curious and interesting, that this young woman, with her antecedents so distinctly set before us, should be represented as a lady, not at all out of place among her cultivated companions, and ready to become an ornament of society the moment she lands in Venice."

Reams of writing could not more clearly explain what is meant by "inability to understand" American conditions and to judge fairly the literature growing out of them; and reams of writing would be wasted in the attempt to make our curious critic comprehend the situation. There is nothing in his experience of "farmers' daughters" to give him

the key to it. We might tell him that his notion of a farmer's daughters in England does not apply to New England. We might tell him of a sort of society of which he has no conception and can have none, of farmers' daughters and farmers' wives in New England—more numerous, let us confess, thirty or forty years ago than now—who lived in homely conditions, dressed with plainness, and followed the fashions afar off, did their own household work, even the menial parts of it, cooked the meals for the "men folks" and the "hired help," made the butter and cheese, and performed their half of the labor that wrung an honest but not luxurious living from the reluctant soil. And yet those women—the sweet and gracious ornaments of a self-respecting society—were full of spirit, of modest pride in their position, were familiar with much good literature, could converse with piquancy and understanding on subjects of general interest,

were trained in the subtleties of a solid theology, and bore themselves in any company with that traditional breeding which we associate with the name of lady. Such strong native sense had they, such innate refinement and courtesy,—the product, it used to be said, of plain living and high thinking,—that, ignorant as they might be of civic ways, they would, upon being introduced to them, need only a brief space of time to "orient" themselves to the new circumstances. Much more of this sort might be said without exaggeration. To us there is nothing incongruous in the supposition that Lydia Blood was "ready to become an ornament to society the moment she lands in Venice."

But we lack the missionary spirit necessary to the exertion to make our interested critic comprehend such a social condition, and we prefer to leave ourselves to his charity, in the hope of the continuance of which we rest in serenity.

*Charles Dudley Warner.*

---

## HALF-LIVES.

### I.

Two were they, two; but one  
 They might have been. Each knew  
 The other's spirit-fittest mate—apart.  
 Ah, hapless! though once jealous Fortune drew  
 Them almost heart to heart,  
 In a brief-lighted sun!

### II.

So near they came, and then—they are  
 So far!  
 They seemed like two who pass,  
 Each on a world-long journey opposite,  
 Their two trains hurrying dark  
 With long-drawn roar through the dread deep of night,  
 (O faces close—they almost touched, alas!  
 O hands that might have thrilled with meeting spark!  
 O lips that might have kissed!  
 O eyes with folded sight  
 Dreaming some vision bright!)  
 In darkness and in mist.

*John James Piatt.*





## THE ABORIGINES AND THE COLONISTS.\*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

### I.

#### FIRST ACQUAINTANCE.

"TALL, handsome timbered people," is the phrase by which one of the earliest travelers in New England describes the Indians, and he adds that "the *Indesses* that are young are some of them very comely — many pretty brownnettos and spider-fingered lasses may be seen among them." He frankly adds that the savages are "very figurative or thievish," and "importunate beggars" withal. Mutual curiosity, followed by barter, by attempts at religious conversion, and by a hostility from which there seemed to be no escape, are the ever-recurring phases of the contact of the white and red races in all parts of North America. With fresh and wondering eyes the explorers sent by Raleigh saw the stately Indians who came to trade on the decks of their vessels, and the later comers in James River looked with a similar curiosity at the chief who marched to welcome them at the head of a procession, while he played upon a scrannel pipe of reed. It is hard for us to imagine the wonder with which these untraveled Englishmen regarded savages who wore their hair cut short like a cock's comb in the middle of the head, one side of which was shaved and covered by a copper plate; who decked their painted bodies with birds' feathers; and wore, besides other "conundrums," such ear-ring pendants as bears' or hawks' claws, living snakes, or "dead rats by the tail"; sometimes, also, the dried hand of a human enemy dangled under a face painted to produce a horrible effect.

The Indians, on their part, held superstitious notions of the new-comers, whom they regarded as in some sort *manitos*, or demons, on account of their apparently magical skill. When the black slaves were brought, however, the savages at Manhattan revised their theory; these blacks were "the true breed of devils," they exclaimed. The mysterious articles of the white man's manufacture were all supernatural in Indian eyes. Thomas Harriott, the great mathematician, a member of Raleigh's colony, zealously read the Bible in the hamlets of the North Carolina tribes, who

thereupon paid homage to the book. Harriott's scientific instruments, the loadstones, burning-glasses, fireworks, guns, fish-hooks, and, yet more, a spring clock that "went of itself," were also considered supernatural. On the hill by New Amsterdam, the Indians watched the ghostly wings of the windmill, moved by a power invisible, and to them it was "the world's wonder; they durst not come near his long arms and teeth biting to pieces."

But all the childish curiosity and all the erroneous notions were not on the side of the savages. The early travelers and settlers believed with singular unanimity that Indians were born white; even the French Jesuit writers who dwelt among them would have it that the color of their skins was due to their nudity and to bear's-grease, while Josselyn states explicitly that the Indian babes in New England were dyed with hemlock bark, tanned like leather, as one might say; and so late as 1681, William Penn pronounces them black as gypsies, "but by design."

The institutions of the Indians are seen through English eyes by all the colonists. Petty chiefs of a few hundred or, at most, two or three thousand bowmen, are "kings," and we read of a message sent from Pennsylvania to the "Emperor of Canada" — some Iroquois head man, no doubt. The chief's squaw was always a "queen" or an "empress," and the little naked Pocahontas was a royal "princess." We grow tired of thinking how great a mob of kings and emperors there were in this savage wilderness, and are relieved when a more modest writer speaks of "one Black William, an Indian duke." In like manner, the "medicine-men," or professional conjurors and jugglers, were regarded by the earlier voyagers as the priests of a regular worship of the sun or of the devil.

A favorite topic for the display of learned folly in Europe and America in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was the origin of the Indians. At a very early period they were the cursed children of Canaan, the son of Ham; then it was shrewdly guessed that they came from Joktan, and their affiliation might quite as reasonably have been fixed upon almost any of the other names in the biblical genealogies. However, the eminent

\* Copyright, 1883, by Edward Eggleston. All rights reserved.



Dutch scholar, Grotius—"the Oracle of Delft"—discovered that the Americans could not be, as various writers had maintained, Scythians, Moors, Tartars, or what not, but must be of Hebrew descent. This hypothesis, founded on the similarity of customs among primitive peoples, served to quicken the hopes of the apostle Eliot, and to stimulate the liberality of sentimental people in England, who were pleased to find Americans in their Bibles, if only by far-fetched inference. And did not the Indians, like the ancient Jews, anoint their heads, dance after a victory, compute time by nights and moons, speak in parables, and make "grievous mournings and yellings" for their dead? But there were rival theories in vogue, some of them mixed up with an incomprehensible jargon about Gog and Magog. Dr. Mede, a famous English theologian, propounded one which was regarded by some in New England "as the oracle of God." It was that some centuries after Christ, the devil, becoming alarmed lest his worship should be quite expelled from the world, induced some of the heathen of the north of Europe to undertake a passage to a promised land in America, thus making himself "the ape of God," who had led his chosen people in this way. The conclusion was that, although it might be found impossible to convert the devil-worshippers, yet it would be a work "pleasing to Almighty God and our Blessed Saviour to affront the devil with the sound of the Gospel where he had hoped to escape the din thereof."

This theory of Dr. Mede was suitable to the state of feeling in New England in the time of Philip's war, and accorded with the belief, prevailing so persistently, that the American Indians worshipped devils, and held audible and visible communication with Satan through their diviners or medicine-men. Champlain declares that the priests of the Algonkins talk visibly with the devil; and Whittaker, the "Apostle of Virginia," says that the Indians are "naked slaves of the devil," and that their priests are no better than English witches. Strachey, secretary of the Virginia colony, thinks that their "connivres" are able to detect theft by the devil's help; and Lawson had heard that, while the conjurations of Carolina Indians were in progress, there was a significant "smell of brimstone in the cabins." The pilgrims at Plymouth recognized the power of Indian jugglers to fetch rain; the Jesuits of Canada equally believed in their magical skill; and a Dutch clergyman at Fort Orange avers that they had so much witchcraft, divination, sorcery, and wicked tricks, that they could not be held in by any bands or locks. Josselyn says that

the medicine-men of New England were invulnerable—"shot free and stick free"; while one of the earliest fur-traders of Maine declares that the Indians were all witches. Roger Williams lovingly calls the savages "wild brethren and sisters," but, after having once seen a medicine-dance, he "durst never be an eye-witness, spectator, or looker-on," lest he should have been "partaker of Satan's inventions and worship"; and he grants that the powwows "doe most certainly by the help of the Divell work great cures." An intelligent writer on New York in 1670 relates with implicit belief that the medicine-men were wont to materialize a spirit at the green-corn feast, which now and then went so far as to carry off some of the spectators while the conjuror was taking the collection customary on all such occasions. But this demon was, after the manner of his kind, shy of irreverent skeptics and investigators; he would never appear until all the white men had been put out. A hundred years after Roger Williams, David Brainerd, missionary to the Delawares, witnessing the same ceremony did not flee like Williams, but attempted exorcism. "At a distance, with my Bible in my hand," he says, "I was resolved, if possible, to spoil the spirit of powwowing, and prevent their receiving an answer from the infernal world." One reason given for the cruel attack made by the Dutch director, Kieft, upon the savages of New Netherland, in 1642, was that the natives were making him the subject of diabolical incantations; and in the first code of laws promulgated for the government of New York after its capture by the English, it is enacted that no Indian shall "at any time be suffered to powaw or performe outward worship of the Devil in any Towne within this government." Similar statutes in other colonies were aimed at giving the devil discomfort.

Almost all the tribes with which the English came in contact in the first epoch of colonization were of the Algonkin stock, and spoke cognate languages. This race of Indians occupied the coast from the St. Lawrence to the Carolinas, and of the interior it held almost all the territory north of the Ohio between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi, and stretched away to the Saskatchewan Valley in British America. John Smith, in the waters of the Chesapeake, and the Dutch at Fort Orange, where Albany now stands, reached early the powerful Iroquois race, who, in the Five Nations of New York,—the Hurons of Canada, the Eries, and the Neuter Nation of the intermediate country about the lakes, and the Susquehannahs and Tuscaroras of the Piedmont region of Maryland, and North Carolina,—formed an island,

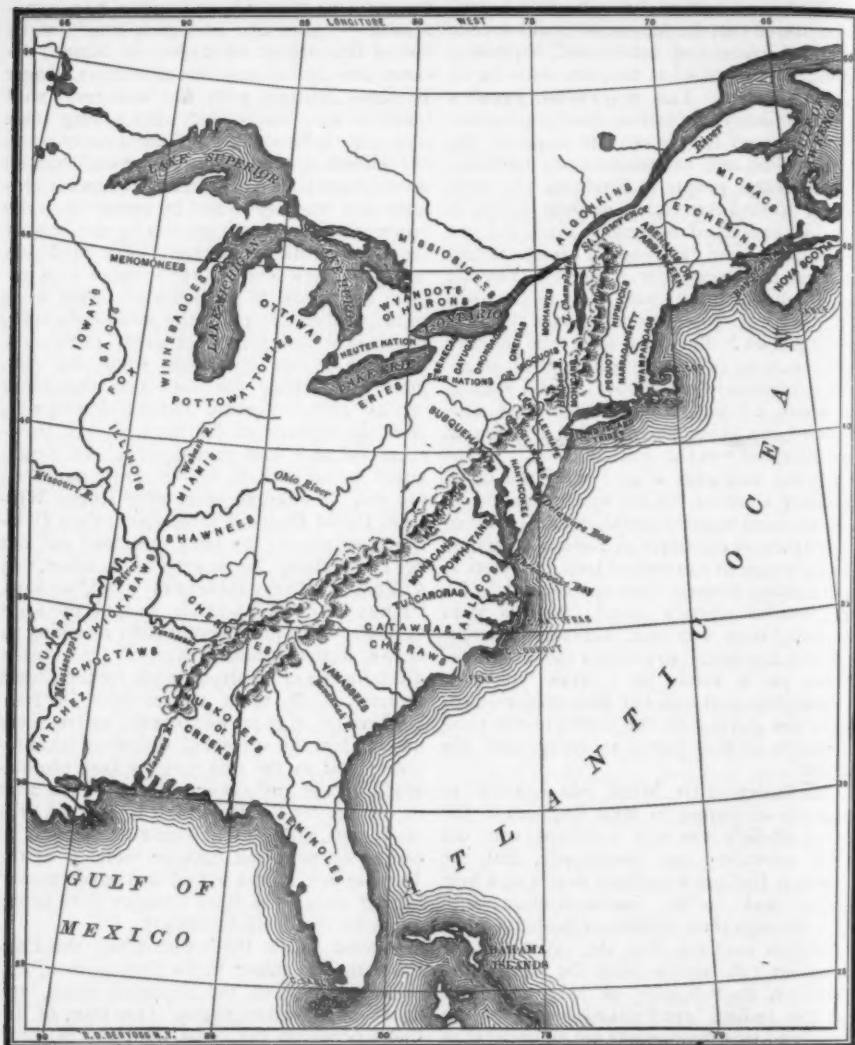


CHART SHOWING THE APPROXIMATE LOCATION OF THE MORE PROMINENT INDIAN TRIBES WHEN FIRST KNOWN TO EUROPEANS.

or islands, wholly surrounded by Algonquians. The southern colonies were in contact with tribes of the Muscogee family,—the Creeks, Choctaws, and Chickasaws. It is only by language and customs that this classification can be made; the lines of alliance and hostility among the Indians did not conform to those of race and speech, and the universal adoption of captives, especially of children taken in war, stood in the way of any very marked diversity of physical appearance or mental characteristics.

## II.

## LESSONS LEARNED FROM THE BARBARIANS.

THE Indian manner of living, learned from the climate and the hard necessities of the wilderness, afforded many suggestions to the colonists. In Virginia, as in New England, the planting of the Indians' corn saved the first settlers from starvation, and the white men imitated the Indian method of planting and cooking it. Having no iron, the savages cleared their fields awkwardly by girdling the

trees and letting them stand, if the forest was not dense, or by burning down the tree, and then severing the trunk into logs by means of little fires. The stone axes used in some tribes were accounted precious and were handed down as heir-looms. They were provided with helvies by splitting a cleft in a young tree and inserting the ax; here it remained until the wood had grown about it, when a section of the sapling was taken out with the ax inclosed. The Southern Indian twisted a hickory withe about the ax-head for a handle. Even after they had got iron tools from the whites, it suited the indolent temper of the race better to burn down the trees than to chop them. They had hoes made of wood, of a turtle-shell affixed to a stick, or of a sharp stone, or a deer's shoulder-blade similarly arranged. The corn was planted as our farmers plant it, in hills three or four feet apart, with four or five grains in a hill. Beans grew about the stalk then as now, and pumpkins or squashes filled the intervening space.

The very names of our dishes are witnesses that the European-Americans learned many ways of cooking from the Indians. Pone, hominy, samp, succotash, and supawn are words borrowed from the aboriginal tongues; and the preparations of Indian corn which bear these names were served in wigwams, no doubt, for ages before white men had ever seen the gay streamers and waving tassels of the maize-field. On a hot stone, or the bottom of an earthen vessel set before the fire, the aboriginal baked what the pioneer afterward baked on his hoe and called a hoe-cake; the toothsome southern "ash-cake" was also first made by the squaws, who shrouded it in husks before committing it to the fire. The Indians knew how to hull corn by applying lye. They celebrated the coming of the delicious green "roasting-ears" by a solemn feast. They nourished infants and invalids with maize-gruel, and they were before us also with the merry pop-corn—"the corn that blossomed," as the Hurons called it.

But "our wild brethren and sisters" used Indian corn in ways unknown to us; it was their chief food, and they "put it through all its sauces." Jerusalem artichokes, dried currants, powdered mulberries,—indeed, almost all other sorts of fruit and flesh,—were mixed with it. They cooked little doughnuts of meal by dropping them into maple syrup. One of their most useful preparations was probably that which, in Virginia, was called *rocka-hominy*, and in New England, *nohick*—simply parched corn pulverized, and carried in a pouch in journeying; it was mixed, before eating, with snow in winter and with spring water in summer. They used maize for many

other things: of the meal they made poultices; with a bowl of mush, given by the bride to her new lord, some tribes celebrated marriages; by means of the grains of maize, to represent a penny or stiver, the savage cast up his accounts with the trader; grains of corn were sent as tickets to those who were bidden to a feast; and, by putting them into gourds and turtle-shells, rattles were made. The husks they braided for mats and wrought into baskets, into light balls for some of their games, into salt-bottles, and even shoes, long before the white man took the hint and made of them chair-bottoms, floor-mats, and collars for horses. Maize was worshipped as a divinity. Children were kept in the field to watch the precious grain as it grew; but some of the tribes protected the thievish crow, because of the legend that a crow had brought them the first seed of the plant which supported their life on so many sides.

From the aborigines the settlers learned the use of other articles of food, such as the persimmon of the South, and the so-called ground-nut of the North. Penn found the savages eating baked beans, as white people do yet in Boston. The feestoons of drying pumpkin in the frontiersman's cabin are imitated from the Indians.

None knew better than the red men with what last resorts to sustain life in time of famine. The roving Adirondacks, who planted little, if at all, were called "tree-eaters" by their enemies, because they were often obliged to subsist on the "rock-tripe" lichen, and the inner bark and buds of trees. The starving condition to which many of the European pioneers were reduced obliged them to learn to eat the food with which the savages supplied their wants. The first Virginia settlers were glad to feed on the green snake, and a hundred years later the meat of the rattlesnake was regarded as "dainty food" by some of the planters. The Indians were not epicures. Even their varied preparations of maize must have been insipid from the lack of salt in most of the tribes. But a savage appetite is not fastidious. Putrid meat, whole frogs, the intestines of the deer just as taken from the animal, and fish-oil or bear's oil, even when rancid, were not refused. Fruit was not suffered to ripen, lest others should find it; the tree was felled, and the fruit, sour and acrid as it was, consumed at once.

The Indian's wigwam was too easily made and too well suited to the pressing needs of the settlers, not to be occasionally used. All the tribes in the country east of the Alleghenies built bark-houses, though of varying degrees of excellence and stability. In a place

of temporary dwelling, or among the more shiftless tribes, it was but a rude little shelter, with a hole at the side by which the owner entered and the smoke came out. The Iroquois race, on the other hand, as well as some Algonkin tribes, constructed an elaborate compound wigwam of bark, capable of holding a clan of many families, of affording some rude conveniences, and of fending the bitter northern cold. The Indians of Virginia and the Carolina coast built houses of red cedar bark, sometimes fifty or a hundred feet long; while the Muscogees, and perhaps others, had winter-houses of logs. But the house of bark was almost universal, and was so well suited to the roving life and easy habits of the savage that even the apostle Eliot could persuade but few of his converts to accept the white man's house. The majority thought it an advantage that they could easily remove the wigwam, and thus be rid of the vermin.

In Virginia, the primitive cabins of Jamestown borrowed the bark roof and other features from the wigwam. The best of these cabins were decorated with brightly colored Indian mats, which the exiled gentry of Lord De la Warre's time playfully compared to "arras hangings and tapestry." In Massachusetts many of the poorer settlers dwelt at first in tents and booths, and for a long time after in wigwams. In Maryland, the first comers shared an Indian village with the original owners. In East Jersey, the settler erected in a single day a wigwam that served him until he could build a palisade house. The Quakers in West Jersey were glad to winter in Indian wigwams at first. In the warmer climate of Frederica, in Georgia, bowers of palmetto-leaves took the place of the preliminary bark shelter. Perhaps the only surviving relic of the Indian mode of building among the white people in the Eastern States is the bark "camp"—a sort of wigwam—still used as a place of temporary abode by sportsmen in the northern forests.

With the bark-cabin, with maize, and with tobacco, came the only social customs derived from the Indians by the colonists. When a wigwam was to be built, land to be opened for corn, or other difficult work to be done, the Indian called out all of his neighbors; the husking of the maize, too, was always attended by a merry crowd. Such customs were well suited to the physical and social wants of a community in the wilderness; the "house-raising," the "wood-chopping" and the "apple-peeling" came to be as universal among the colonists as among the Indians. In New England, the word "bee" was invented as a generic name for parties of this

sort. The practice of smoking together by the wayside and elsewhere, in sign of friendship, which the Puritan law-makers thought too pleasant to be harmless, was an Indian custom; among the tribes of the great interior valley it had come to be in some cases a state solemnity, so that the calumet or peace-pipe was the safe-conduct of an ambassador.

The make-shifts of the wilderness were early acquired from the savages: modes of hunting, of trapping, and of traveling, the "blazing" of trees to mark new forest-paths, the twisting of ropes from the inner bark of the slippery elm, and other devices for meeting the exigences of forest living. For years the Plymouth pilgrims pounded their corn in wooden mortars, after the primitive manner of their neighbors; and the same practice prevailed in other pioneer settlements. The Virginians were still using the fish-weir at the period of the Revolution. When the Southern or Western farmer, dressing his swine, drops hot stones into a barrel of water until it boils, he makes use of a device common to those tribes of Indians that had only wooden vessels. The making of sugar from the maple was practiced by the Indians, who boiled the sap in earthen pots. The pine-knot candle, so generally used in the cabins of the colonists, had lighted the smoky wigwams, no doubt, for ages before Europeans arrived. The canoe made by excavating a log is still in use: the Indian wrought it painfully by burning the wood and scraping it out with shells or stones. If one may believe the reports, there were some canoes, probably of bark, among the Long Island tribes, that would carry eighty men apiece; those carrying half that number were not uncommon. The birch-bark canoe—the Indian's masterpiece—still holds its own among the Northern trappers, guides, and *voyageurs*, as does also the ingenious network snow-shoe. So, too, the dressing of skins with the brains of the animal, and the making of basket-splints by pounding ash-wood until the "growths" separate, are lessons which the frontiersman learned from the savage.

It is evident that the contributions of the red race to pioneer life in this country were many and important. In estimating the influence of the Indians on colonial character, we must take into account the corruption of manners on the frontier, proceeding from the trickery which always accompanies trade with ignorant and childish savages, and from the irregular relations of white men with Indian women. The idleness and the paucity of moral restrictions in savage life rendered it attractive to reckless men. The New England lawgivers punished dwellers in the tents of the heathen for their pagan way of living;



one such straggler is described as "a sad wretch; he never heard a sermon but once these fourteen years." The many degenerate white men who lingered among the Southern tribes are spoken of by the naturalist Brickell as "a lost and unfortunate sort of people." These Southern lotus-eaters attributed their long loitering to the waters of Herbert's Spring at the head of the Savannah: whoever drank of this fountain was doomed to spend seven years in the wilderness beyond. The superstition became a fixed one; men fainting with thirst passed by the fatal fountain without drinking, fearing to "pluck the fruit of the forbidden ground."

## III.

## DECAY OF THE OLD LIFE OF THE INDIAN.

On the other hand, every part of the Indian's life was disturbed by the approximation of civilization. Savages who had not yet advanced beyond the stage of stone hatchets and chronic inter-tribal warfare, were not suffered to develop into that of iron implements and commercial activity through tedious cycles by the slow processes of race culture and natural selection, but were overwhelmed by the premature arrival of a complex civilization out of another world. The flint hatchet and the spear tipped with deer's horn did not grow by degrees into the thousand implements of the world of artificers; they were abolished suddenly while yet the people whose intelligence was gauged by them were incapable of accepting the new life which had engulfed their old. The economic equilibrium of savagery was overturned. The hoe was a helpful addition to the Indian's power, but fire-arms and the white man's commodities broke down the old relation of supply and demand in his life; the necessity for exertion became less strenuous, wild animals were more easily killed with the new weapons, and unwonted supplies could be bought from the trader with furs and deer-skins. Under the augmented demand the fur-bearing animals soon grew scarce; with the increased facilities for capture, game disappeared. By this time new habits had been formed, and new wants aggravated the misery of savage life; the son of the fierce, indolent, and independent warrior found himself a parasite—a hewer of wood for the white man. It is not surprising that, in despair and blind resentment, the Indian tribe sometimes dashed itself to pieces in futile resistance to the incoming civilization.

Not that Indian life was, at its best, a desirable or endurable mode of existence for any but one who had the tastes of a savage. It was

squalid, inconvenient, and miserable, with the addition of life-long insecurity growing out of perpetual inter-tribal warfare. Even in the cabins of the Creek tribes, and in the fixed bark-houses of the Iroquois-Huron race, there was no furniture but the rudest implements, and a platform covered with skins or mats for a bed, and used by all the family. There were no provisions for privacy or decency. The higher Algonkins, like the Powhatans and some others, were not better provided for; while the roving tribes of mere hunters had never more of household goods than could be conveniently packed upon the back of a squaw, and carried by a strap across her forehead. If we could assemble the implements and utensils possessed by all the different tribes,—the knives of horn, the baskets of husks and splints, the pails of bark; the mats for doors, house-lining, and beds; the bone awls for sewing and drilling wampum; the canoes of various sorts; the wooden, earthenware, and even soap-stone vessels; the spears, bows, arrows, war-clubs, and stone axes, with the rude threaddles of the Muscogees,—we should have a considerable variety. But the number of kinds possessed by any one tribe was small, and the articles owned by any one family were exceedingly few.

The lightly built Indian village was usually removed when the fire-wood became scarce or the corn-ground showed signs of exhaustion; whole tribes would be jostled out of their places by an aggressive enemy, who made their villages too insecure even for the endurance of a savage. By a few reverses, a tribe might be partly exterminated and wholly broken up. Its remaining members were then forced to incorporate with other nations for protection. Thus boundaries, always uncertain, were ever receding, or advancing, or wholly vanishing.

The arrowheads of flint or horn, turkey-spur or eagle-claw, the vessels of earthenware or steatite, the fish-hooks of bone and the richly decorated costumes of buckskin, silk-grass, turkey and other plumage, and of fur,—sometimes skillfully painted on the smooth side, so that "they looked like lace," or decorated with dyed porcupine-quills and the bright-colored skins of ducks' heads,—showed that the Indians possessed ingenuity, and, on occasion, patient application. But the range of their ingenuity was narrow, and their diligence needed the goad of necessity, or the spur of their inordinate passions for revenge and display. There was never among them a spontaneous movement to acquire the arts of the white man. It was enough for them to get, by trade or pilfering, or in war, the articles which the Europeans made. Of all the new



plants brought in by the colonists, the Iroquois adopted only the apple and pear trees, and the Delaware peaches. The Indians often preferred to buy their tobacco of the white man, and they even sometimes depended on trading furs for a supply of maize, thus tending to lose their small agricultural advancement.

Almost every convenience procured from the Europeans brought disturbance to the old mode of living. The dog having been, with the exception of tame birds, the Indian's only brute companion, it was long before his life could be adjusted to the slight addition of a second domestic animal. The Hurons, on receiving horses from the French, were filled with childish delight, and the men volunteered to assist the women in getting fire-wood—the driving of horses was a new diversion for idlers. But the gift was a fatal one at first: the horses ate the unfenced maize, and the village was thrown into consternation. When iron and brass kettles, with poor iron hatchets manufactured on purpose for the Indian trade, could be had in exchange for beaver-skins, there was no longer need for the laborious making of earthen pots or stone hatchets; the rudimentary arts of pottery and stone-cutting were quickly forgotten, and the Indian took a step backward in becoming by so much less an artificer and by so much more a mere hunter. Even the shell-beads which the sea-coast Indians manufactured with so much toil and painstaking, for ornament and money, were better made by the Dutch at Hackensack and Albany. The elaborate fur garments were ripped up and sold, and their kind made no more; the duffel cloth, without so much as a hem or seam, was thrown about the shoulder, and the Indian was more than before a savage. His guns, his traps, his knives, his hatchets, his outer garment, and his wampum money, were all purchased in exchange for skins, and thus he lost his skill, exterminated his game, and sacrificed his independence.

What made the lean and hungry fox think his lot better than that of the pampered house-dog was the collar-mark on the dog's neck. That which was dearest to the Indian in his rugged life was its entire freedom. From infancy he was subject to almost no authority, either of parent or chieftain. Where there was little property and entire liberty of secession from the band, the control of a chief was of necessity small. The men and women of the tribe were rather managed than governed by their head men. The execution of penalties was left almost always to private revenge; quarrels were settled without the intervention of authority, unless a dispute threatened the

integrity of the band, in which case it was taken in hand and managed by the craft of the chief and the council. If a member of the tribe was troublesome, and his death regarded as desirable for public reasons, suggestions were adroitly thrown out that he was a worker of evil charms, and all the ills that happened in the village came thenceforth to be attributed to his malice and magic; he was at length put to death in obedience to a popular clamor, while the chief men who had purposed his destruction did not appear in the matter. In rare cases of sedition or witchcraft, the council appointed executioners to stab the offender.

It is related that once, among the Hurons of Canada, a public execution was deemed needful under the following circumstances: A man had "cast away" his wife, but she went in the annual hunting-party, accompanied by her brothers. Perceiving by accident that her husband, who was of the party, was watching her, she warned her brothers, and, with the youngest of them, concealed herself at night in a tree near their lodge, where she was witness to a struggle in which the rest of her brothers were slain by her husband and his friends. The woman, after many narrow escapes, contrived to reach the village first, where she related the occurrence to her own family, and then to the council, giving for assurance of the truth of her story the statement that one of the assailants had been badly bitten in the hand. It was not thought best to leave so flagrant a crime to be avenged by a family several of whose warriors had been killed at a blow. A feast was therefore prepared in the council-house in honor of the returning party, who, besides having good luck, were laden with the spoils of the slain. The hunters related their adventures to the guests, as the manner is at such times, and told, with apparent grief, of the irruption of enemies who had cut off those that were missing. The man with a bandaged hand said that a beaver had bitten him. Then, from their concealment behind a mat, were suddenly brought forth the woman and the youth to confront the assassins with the story of their crime. When this circumstantial accusation was finished, young men who had been placed next to the criminals, stabbed them to death, the murderers submitting to their fate without complaint or resistance, after the manner of an Indian doomed by his own tribe.

Under the system of private retaliation for private offenses, and of tribal vengeance for public or foreign ones, the hideous passion of inveterate revenge took the place of patriotism and religion in the brain of the Indian.

It was the pride of an injured man to dissemble, but never to forget—wreaking vengeance long years after the offense. Out of this insatiable lust for revenge came the ever-recurring and almost unintermitting warfare between tribes. Battle was, indeed, a necessary pastime for idle young braves, and peace was irksome, so that war was often sought merely for the sake of excitement, and for the opportunity it gave of acquiring distinction. It was this passion for revenge, uplifted to a patriotic and pious duty, that brought about the cruelty to prisoners which makes the history of Indian wars one long horror of human perdition. In every village through which the captive passed, tortures of one kind or another were inflicted by men, women, and children, who thus consoled themselves for the loss of friends. Sometimes it was the gauntlet, sometimes a widow would solace her spirit by cutting off a joint of a finger, or biting out a nail. If the prisoner did not chance to be adopted as a slave into some cabin, in place of a dead member, he was at last "cast into the fire," under which phrase there lurked the indescribable tortures which were inflicted for dreary hours upon the defiant victim. In some tribes these torture-scenes were conducted by the women. The eating of the flesh of victims burned at the stake seems to have grown out of a desire to wreak a final and ferocious vengeance on his body, though there were warriors who boasted a great relish for human flesh. In war-time, the northern tribesmen were accustomed to "subsist on the enemy" in a literal way. Denonville, Governor of Canada, having vanquished the Senecas in 1687, was horrified at seeing twenty-five of the latter, who had been killed in battle, quartered, boiled, and devoured by his Ottawa allies; and six years later, the New York commander, Major Peter Schuyler, was not pleased to find a Frenchman's hand in the soup served to him in the camp of his Iroquois soldiers.

In war, as at home, the Indian refused discipline, following the leader whom he trusted, and returning home whenever he became discontented with the conduct of the expedition. But, despite his lawlessness and idleness, his freedom was checked on many sides by the unseen bands of traditional custom and tyrannical public sentiment. What he must do in certain contingencies was firmly prescribed for him by the immemorial usage of his race, and it was rare that any Indian was strong enough to break through this chain. Trammled even in small matters by fixed customs and an intricate etiquette, as well as by superstitions innumerable, he never submitted to any despotism besides. Attempts

of white men to enslave Indians were generally fatal to the savages, who were as unwonted to such restraints as other creatures of the wilderness.

Excitement of some kind was indispensable to relieve the tedium of the idleness in which a great part of savage life was spent. The intervals between hunting and war-parties were filled up by an inconceivable number of ungraceful dances of various kinds, all regulated by a rather complicated etiquette, many mixed with superstition, and some ending in debauch. There were feasts of many sorts, at which those not invited might crowd the door-ways as spectators, or strip off the bark sides of the cabins to see the ceremonies; and there were athletic games, and games of hazard, with dice of bones or cherry-stones, in which the excited players would often lose all their possessions, not sparing to wager their wives; the reckless gamester sometimes even staked his own liberty, and became a slave to the winner until his friends could redeem him. Sometimes the lucky arrival of prisoners in transit, who could be beaten as they ran the gauntlet, furnished diversion, and on grand occasions the savage could repair to the council-house as to a theater, to see the long-drawn torture of a captive—a sight as well suited to his taste as bull-fighting to a Spaniard's, or bear-baiting and cock-fighting to that of our English ancestors.

## IV.

## OBSTACLES TO CIVILIZATION AMONG THE INDIANS.

ATTEMPTS were made in every colony to civilize the Indians, but to these their immemorial and inflexible customs offered in many cases an insuperable barrier. Not only the natural indolence and ferocity of the individual, but the whole economic system of the American tribes tended to promote a barbarous unthrift. All the rewards which civilized life gives to industry and frugality were lacking. The family who had prudently grown a larger supply of corn than its neighbor was compelled by custom to share with those less provident. The inflexible law of savage hospitality assured to the idler a subsistence in the wigwams of his neighbors, and impaired the sense of property. In some of the tribes, at least, the estate of a man deceased was divided by his relatives without regard to his widow and children, who by prescription belonged to another cabin and another "totem," and were not accounted of his kindred in such sense as to inherit his goods.

The wife's property, likewise, did not belong in any case to the husband.

Deep-seated hereditary savagery, which regales itself with torture and cannibalism, cannot be removed in one generation; and before time could be given for permanent results of missionary efforts, the savages were effaced or swallowed up by civilization. The Indian mind was involved in a complicated mass of superstition which rendered the adoption of a new religion difficult. Fetishism, mixed with abject dread of invisible demons that must be appeased, an incredible reverence for dreams, and a perpetual fear of witchcraft, were the things that stood for religion among them. Some tribes had images that were used for charms, and the veneration of these rose occasionally into something like idolatry. The Indians threw tobacco to the spirit supposed to inhabit water-falls and whirlpools, and among the Iroquois the torturing and eating of their enemies partook of the nature of human sacrifice to the demon Aireskouï. There were in some tribes conjurations addressed to inferior animals and other objects of reverence. Fire,—which cooked food when pleased and consumed the cabin when angry,—the sun, the four winds, and all things that were "subtle, crafty, and beyond human power," were supernatural. The powwows or seers, who seem to have wrought themselves into trances, and to have added to these much of juggling imposture, maintained a great ascendancy over the common people. It was they who, with dancing, contortion, shaking rattles, and howling, exorcised the spirit that caused sickness, often with mysterious passes drawing visibly with their teeth from various parts of the patient's body bits of hair and bone which had been inserted by witchcraft, to the no small damage of the sick man's health. Under their direction the tribes held prolonged huggermuggerings, in dry seasons, to bring rain upon the fainting fields of maize.

Superstition settled many questions of war and of tribal policy. A band of Indians emigrated in a body from the Minnisink region, to avoid a malign genius of the place. A party of Senecas chased a young Catawba warrior for five miles. He succeeded in killing seven of them before they captured him. The next day, when he was led out to the torture, he escaped by a sudden dash, leaped into the river amid a shower of bullets, and swam under water like an otter, only rising to take breath. On the opposite bank he made insulting gestures at his enemies, and fled away. Of those who pursued him, he slew a party of five while they slept, mangled and scalped them, and then returning in the

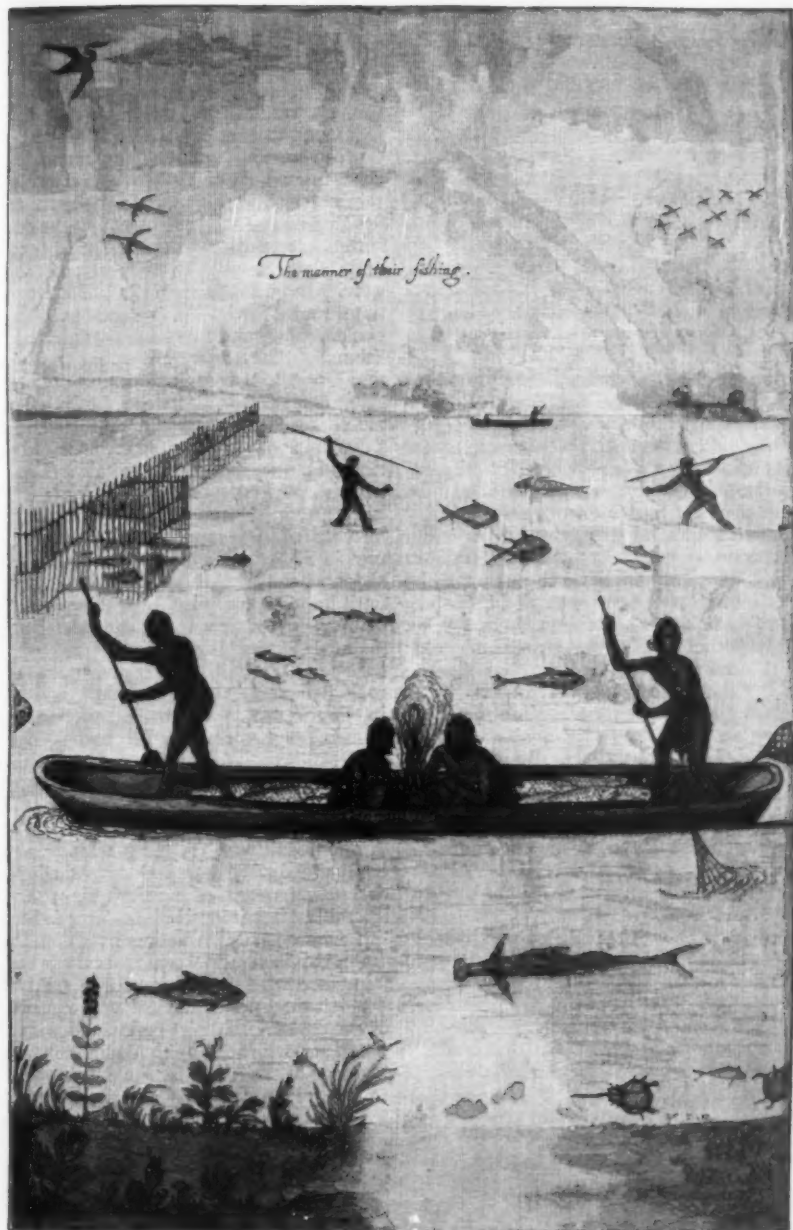
night, dug up and scalped the seven whom he had slain at first. A solemn council of his foes decided that he must be a wizard, and that pursuit would therefore be useless.

Many were the stories of the transformation of wizards told by the Indian fires; in such tales consisted much of their folk-lore. There was one of a village whose chief men died of a plague, "once upon a time." The conjuring medicine-men knew well that the bird of death which flapped its wings and uttered its cries every night over the cabins of those doomed to destruction could be none other than a transformed wizard, but all their arts availed nothing. At last a deputation from the doomed village visited the lodge of The-Man-With-Very-Long-Hair—a hermit of the wilderness—to implore assistance. He made them some charmed arrows. With one of these they wounded the fatal bird. The next day a young man living in a poor wigwam with his mother was reported to be very ill. Some of the elders visited him, and found, as they expected, the magical arrow sticking in his flesh; under pretense of withdrawing it, they gave it such a thrust as to kill him.

Whatever a man dreamed of must be given him at all hazards to save him from fatal calamity. In one instance a wife was surrendered to a dreamer; in another a slave was killed and cooked for one; in yet another, where the sleeper had dreamed of capture and torture, he persuaded his friends to mimic capture and subject him to a considerable torture, to prevent his falling into the hands of his enemies. Designing men often used dreams to procure what they coveted, and there are amusing stories of retorts in kind on such dreamers.

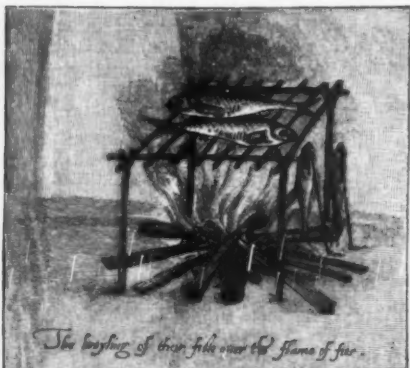
A trade in charms was carried on in some, if not in all, the tribes. Old men no longer able to hunt either set up for doctors, or manufactured and sold a "beson"—that is, a medicine which, taken internally with exact and appropriate ceremonies, would give luck to the hunter. All of their medicines were administered with precise ceremonies necessary to their efficacy, and the greater part of Indian medical practice was the sheerest imposture and howling nonsense. They knew the value of certain simples of the country, they were skillful in dressing wounds; and the "sweating-house," in which they were accustomed to parboil themselves, after the manner of a Russian vapor-bath, was serviceable for cleanliness, if not for cures.

A serious obstacle to the civilizing influence of the missionary among the Indians was the wide difference between the moral standards and social conventions of the white race



FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWING MADE BY JOHN WHITE. (BY PERMISSION OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.)





FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWING MADE BY JOHN WHITE, IN 1585. (BY PERMISSION OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.)

and the red. Falsehood and craft were as much esteemed among the American savages as among those of Lacedæmon; perfidy and cruel treachery were matters for public boast in a war-dance. Chastity, as such, was held in no repute. The wife must be faithful to her husband while she remained with him, and he might punish her infidelity on detection, or he might beat her paramour cruelly,—even to death, if he chose; but if the woman's unchastity were with the husband's consent, there was no odium attached to it. In most of the tribes polygamy was allowed; in all the man might "throw away" his wife when he chose, and she was equally free to leave him. Marriages for a limited time, and alliances on probation with a view to marriage, were often contracted. In the unmarried women unchastity was common and unproved in all the tribes. In many tribes the chiefs were prudently made hereditary through the female line. The sentiment of purity did not exist among American savages, the property sense was feeble, and human life was held very cheap—the payment of a few belts of wampum being sufficient, in many cases of homicide, to take the hatchet out of the head of the slain, to bury him decently, and to wipe the tears from the eyes of his kindred,—in the words of the ceremony with which the shell-money was presented.

The Indian notions of morality were the outgrowth of Indian life. To the state of the savage his code of social conventions was appropriate; the white man's moral standard would have been inapplicable and impossible to him, so long as he remained a wandering hunter and fisherman, and a guerilla soldier. Hence, it was seen by such philanthropists as Eliot that tillage and fixed dwellings must precede the advent of a new religion and a new code of law.

V.

#### MISSIONARY AND OTHER PHILANTHROPIC EXPERIMENTS.

THE French Jesuits who entered by way of Canada were the first to propagate Christianity among the Indians within the limits of the thirteen original States. The French of every class, indeed, succeeded better in insinuating themselves into the favor of the savages than the English. The Frenchman was the quicker-witted, more alert, flexible, good-humored, and adventurous; by these traits and his suavity, he was far better qualified to ingratiate himself with his antipodes, than the cooler, stiffer, and more regularly moral Englishman. The eager and undaunted zeal of the Jesuit, that shrank from no peril or hardship, was pressed forward by a discipline much more austere than a military régime—a discipline enforced by the rewards and penalties of eternity. Miracles are always wrought by this sort of devoted enthusiasm; it made Brébeuf patient and defiant amidst the hellish tortures of the Iroquois; it sent the irrepressible Marquette from one untamed tribe to another, in the great unknown valley, until he sank and died on the remote shores of Lake Michigan; and it carried the already maimed Father Jogues, in obedience to the hard orders of his superiors, back to the cruel Iroquois, certain of death, and shrinking in every nerve from the probable infliction of such torture as he had seen others suffer. There is a whole world of pathos in Jogues' brave, half-despairing words, "*Ibo et non redibo*—I shall go, and not come back."

The Jesuit worship and teaching was more easily propagated than the dogmatic, inflexible and naked system of the Puritan, or the more formal but not imposing worship of the English Church. The Amalingans whom Father Rale baptized almost in a body were first impressed with the superiority of Christianity by their deputies having seen the procession of the consecrated host conducted with much pomp and with something like magnificence in a village of the Abnakis. Rale knew well how to take advantage of a barbarian's susceptibility to display. Skillful in the art of turning wood, and knowing something of painting, he labored with his own hands to render his church in the wilderness of Maine imposing. This externalism gave Catholicism a great advantage on all sides. The medicine-men were natural rivals and enemies of the "black-robés," who preached against their powwowing, but, on the plan of keeping



on the safe side, even they were willing that their children should get whatever benefit there might be in the mysterious, and, to them, magical rite of baptism. "In this consists the best fruits which our mission at first receives," writes one of the Fathers, "and which is the most certain; for, among the great number of infants whom we baptize, not a year passes but many die before they are able to use their reason." One of the Jesuits told the captive minister of Deerfield that he always charged the Indians, when they went against the English settlements, to baptize the children before killing them. This doctrine of the benefit of the exact observance of sacraments and other ceremonies was entirely comprehensible to the Indian's mind, and was in the line of his habitual thinking. It was not needful to exact an advanced civilization; the Catholic Church was able to bend itself to the state of the wild man, and to arouse in him the profoundest enthusiasms of which his nature was capable. Voluntary fasts of the severest sort were common among the Indians, on arrival at manhood, in mourning for the dead, and to procure good luck in hunting; the austerities recommended by the Church were therefore readily received, and the stern savage nature felt their fascination. At the Canadian Mission of St. Xavier, Indian neophytes used flagellations unto blood, and belts lined with points of iron. The amiable Mohawk fanatic, Catherine Tehgahkouita, who is called the Iroquois saint, and at whose tomb French as well as Indian devotees were healed of divers sicknesses, carried her austerities to such an extreme as to purchase sanctity with her life.

When the Mohawks captured some of the converts whose religion had brought them into alliance with Canada, the new Catholics had an opportunity to display that fortitude which is in the very fiber of the Indian, by suffering the torments skillfully inflicted by their own tribesmen. These martyrdoms inflamed the zeal of the neophytes, and increased the luster of the new faith in the eyes of the savages.

The Jesuit fathers had frequent cause to complain of the stumbling-block which the lax moral code of the Indians put in their way. The devout Father Jogues recoiled with horror from what he could not help seeing while a captive in the tents of the Mohawks, fearing that his own soul might suffer contamination. The teaching of the Church that a man should have but one wife, and that marriage was

not to be dissolved, was a saying hard to be received by savages. Permanent marriage is indispensable to a high civilization, but its necessity is not felt among a barbarous people, where property is not accumulated, where the wife carries the chief burden of the family in any case, and where the domestic affections have not yet passed from brute feeling into human sentiment. Virtues common enough in a regular and industrious society are not easily preserved in the idle, wandering, and promiscuous life of the wigwam.

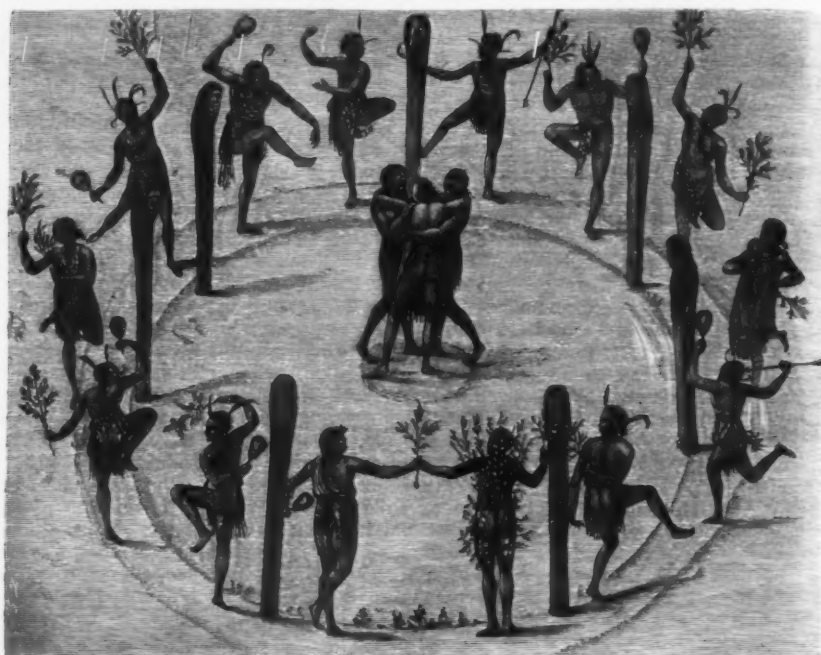
The patient heroism of the French Jesuits must always excite admiration, but their labors for the Indian race have produced no larger or more enduring result than those of others who have spent themselves in the attempt to elevate the American savages. From the first, the English adventurers to America, having no conception of the difficulty of changing the leopard's spots, proposed to make their colonies a means of propagating the faith among the Indians. Captain John Smith was censured because he had not already wrought the conversion of the heathen, in the first two years of storm and stress, while all his endeavors were directed to cajoling or frightening the savages into giving him corn enough to keep his cadaverous company alive. The conversion of the "Princess" Pocahontas was believed to be the coming-in of the first-fruits of the tribes; but the young Indians sent to England only learned the vices of Englishmen. One of the first clergymen in Virginia, Jonas Stockam, losing patience, proposed that the throats of their "priests and ancients" should



FROM THE DRAWING MADE IN BALECH'S COLONY, IN 1525, BY JOHN WHITE. (BY PERMISSION OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.)

be cut, as a necessary preliminary to the conversion of the aborigines; and even the geographer Hakluyt said that "if gentle dealing will not serve," there were "hammerers and rough masons enough,—I mean our old soldiers trained up in the Netherlands,—to square and prepare them to our preachers' hands." Force being a favorite means of grace for Papists and Puritans at that time,

minating the Indians took the place of the desire for their conversion. Toward the close of the seventeenth century, and in the early years of the eighteenth, the experiment of giving a liberal training to Indian youth was tried for many years in the College of William and Mary, in which a professorship for their benefit was founded by a legacy of the famous Robert Boyle, and Governor Spots-



A DANCE OF THE CAROLINA INDIANS. (FROM JOHN WHITE'S ORIGINAL, IN THE GRENVILLE COLLECTION OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.)

it was naturally thought a wholesome thing for heathen savages. One of the earliest projectors of the Virginia colony spoke more softly, and urged that the Spanish example should not be imitated, but that the savages should be converted "by faire and loving means suiting to our English natures, like that soft and gentle voice wherein the Lord appeared to Elias." Collections were made in the churches in England to found a college at Henrico for the purpose of "educating infidel children in the true knowledge of God." Ten thousand acres of land were set apart for this school, and an amiable and enthusiastic gentleman—Mr. Thorpe—took charge of its affairs. But upon the beginning of Indian horrors in 1622, Thorpe himself was killed, the colony was driven to the verge of ruin, and the passion for exter-

minating the Indians took the place of the desire for their conversion. Toward the close of the seventeenth century, and in the early years of the eighteenth, the experiment of giving a liberal training to Indian youth was tried for many years in the College of William and Mary, in which a professorship for their benefit was founded by a legacy of the famous Robert Boyle, and Governor Spots-

wood established at his own expense an Indian school among the Saponies, where, about 1720, as many as seventy-seven children were under the teaching of the excellent Charles Griffin. But the Indian students at William and Mary died from uncongenial surroundings, or relapsed into savagery, and Spotswood's school had no other result than that of making the Saponies a little more cleanly than other Indians. Missionary efforts were also made by the English Jesuits, who came over with Governor Calvert, at the planting of Maryland, in 1634. Here, first, perhaps, in an English colony, translations were made into an Indian dialect for purposes of conversion. Nothing could be more romantic than the wilderness voyages on the waters of the Potomac and its tributaries, such as were frequently made in a little



ROBERT BOYLE. (AFTER A PRINT FROM A PAINTING IN POSSESSION OF LORD DOVER.)

boat by one or another of these fathers, accompanied by an interpreter and a servant. A chest containing bread and butter, a little green-dried maize, some beans, and a little flour, was the store of supplies in case night should overtake them far from the hospitality of wigwam or cabin. In another chest were a bottle of wine for the Eucharist, and six bottles of holy water for baptisms. There was a casket containing sacred utensils, and a small table for an altar. Another casket was filled with little bells, combs, fish-hooks, needles, thread, and other such things "to conciliate the affection" of the Indians. One can imagine the impression made upon the savage mind by the unpacking of these bottles of consecrated wine and holy water, and the setting out of the little table and the mysterious sacred utensils. When at length Father White cured some dangerous wounds by the application of the cross to them, there

could be no longer a doubt of the superior efficacy of the new religion. Similar cures through religious agencies were starting-points with some of the New England missions. But in the course of years Indian wars, and the consequent removal and destruction of the Maryland tribes, obliterated every vestige of the work of these Jesuit missionaries.

Two curious devices for taming the Indians by degrees were tried in Maryland and Virginia. In 1651, Lord Baltimore proposed to settle six bands on a tract of land with copyhold estate, and the machinery of a feudal manor. In 1655, Virginia tried the plan of giving them a cow for every eight wolves' heads, but the Indians neglected to milk the cows in summer and allowed them to starve in winter. Nearly a hundred years later the Abbé Picquet tried to establish pastoral habits in the Indians at Ogdensburg.

Soon after Father White had translated a



FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWING MADE BY JOHN WHITE IN 1585.

catechism into the speech of the Piscataways on the Potomac, John Campanius, a Lutheran minister, in New Sweden, rendered the Lutheran catechism into the cognate dialect of the Lenni Lennape, the Indians of the Delaware. It was not only translated, but adapted to the savage understanding: "Give us this day a plentiful supply of corn and venison," was one of the petitions in the Lord's Prayer, as rendered by Campanius; to this the heart of a savage would be sure to respond. The French Jesuits took similar liberties when they represented, in the Iroquois, that the soil of heaven yields corn, beans, and pumpkins, without the trouble of tillage. The return of Campanius to Europe, and the overthrow of New Sweden by the Dutch, put an end to this mission. But half a century after Campanius we find the catechism printed for

the first time, and put in use for the instruction of the Indians.

About the time that Campanius began to learn the language of the Delawares, a similar impulse moved Megapolensis, a Dutch clergyman at Albany, to attack the "heavy language" of the Mohawks. At a later period other Dutch ministers made similar endeavors. Nowhere are the vanities and vices of the savage set down more vivaciously than in a racy letter of "Dominie" Megapolensis. The children, he tells us, went "mother-naked" until they were ten, twelve, or fourteen years of age, and the adults were almost naked in summer. They wore shoes of buckskin or corn-husks, and had a streak of short hair in the middle of the head, "like hog's bristles." When one of them had bought half an ell of duffel cloth, he hung it loosely about him, "without sewing, just as torn off, and, as they go away, they look very much at themselves, and think they are very fine." The energy of the French Catholic and of the New England Puritan missionaries was foreign to the temper of the Dutch Calvinists; but the churches of Albany succeeded, from time to time, in bringing a number of the Indians to Christianity. The Dutch dominions found it a discouraging work, however, as

well among the Indians on the sea-coast as among the Mohawks about Albany. In 1657 Megapolensis, then at New Amsterdam, and his colleague, wrote to Holland that the Indian whom they had had under instruction to teach his people, and who had learned to read and write good Dutch and had made a public profession of faith, had of late taken to drinking brandy, had pawned his Bible, and had "become a real beast." This was the end of similar beginnings in many places.

It was, however, in the colonies of Massachusetts and Plymouth, and on the island of Martha's Vineyard, that the most persistent and successful attempts were made in colonial times to assimilate the Indian's modes of living and thinking to that of the white man. There was a force and tenacity in

Puritanism that rivaled in effectiveness the enthusiasm and discipline of the Jesuits, and when once the energies of the New England divines were directed to the Christianizing and civilizing of pagans, some result was sure to follow. Though the work was attempted by Roger Williams in Rhode Island and was begun successfully by the Mayhews, father and son, on Martha's Vineyard, it found its chief agent in John Eliot, the famous "apostle to the Indians," whose courage, sagacity, and self-denial are the highest glory of early New England Puritanism. The lapse of time, which dims the fame of the eloquence of Cotton and Hooker, and the advance of thought, which makes the debates of the great synod of Cambridge puerile nonsense and the learning of Norton and the Mathers of little account, only increase the luster of the Roxbury preacher. His patient devotion made the wilderness of barbarism blossom with Indian villages governed by law and striving after regular morality, while his example infused a more humane spirit into the rigorous Puritanism of his time. He remembered that such work must be slow, and chose for his motto: *Ab extremo ad extremum nisi per media*. He had the supreme condescension of strong goodness to the infirmities begotten of savagery and vice. He entertained no false notions of savage character, but felt the hideousness of human barbarism; he even calls the Indians "the dregs of mankind." He stooped to win their affections by means suited to their childishness: at the close of his first public interview he gave apples to the children and tobacco to the men. When they wept, he shed tears; his heart was like a mother's to them. The first prayer he was able to utter in their tongue touched their stolid natures profoundly. They would sometimes lie awake all night from the excitement caused by his sympathetic discourses. It is impossible, even now, to read



FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWING MADE BY JOHN WHITE IN 1585.

without emotion his narrative of the awakening of conscience in some of the Indians, of the confession of faults, and the tearful reconciliation of domestic quarrels.

Their minds, not inured to the hardy speculations of theology, received Eliot's system with difficulty. They asked him what would become of the soul of a man if he were cased in iron a foot thick, and cast into the fire. They wished to know why God did not kill the devil, and have done with him. But he chiefly won them by his appeals to a common-place sense of right and wrong, and to their domestic feelings. He persuaded the tyrannical husband to make public and contrite confession of wife-beating, and he reconciled the unruly son and unkind father by bringing them to mutual confessions and forgiveness in the presence of their neighbors. By seeking the Indians at their great fishing resorts, by accepting the rude conditions of their life, by hardihood under exposure, and by coolness in peril, he won their esteem.

Eliot had need of his motto, for his converts began their new life at a very low point, as the early laws which they instituted for their own reformation bear witness. They



WAMPUM BELT, PRESENTED BY INDIANS TO WILLIAM PENN. (BY PERMISSION OF THE LIBRARY COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA.)





JOHN ELIOT (BY PERMISSION, FROM A PORTRAIT IN POSSESSION OF THE FAMILY OF THE LATE WILLIAM WHITING, ESQ.)

imposed penalties on idleness, lewdness, long hair in men and short hair in women, sponging on one's neighbors, scantiness of apparel in women. Later there were rules against powwowing, lying, stealing, polygamy, quarreling, pride, Sabbath-breaking, greasing one's self, and certain other offenses that are better left unnamed. These are the blue laws of the aborigines. By degrees many of the Indians were reduced to some order, though they never became industrious, and were liable to many lapses into savagery. General Gookin, the agent of the Massachusetts General Court, was Eliot's principal assistant in the civil part of his work. There was much opposition from the medicine-men, and a more dangerous antagonism was stirred up by the jealousy of the chiefs. Mockery was added to intimidation. Two lads from the Christian village were jeeringly nicknamed respectively Jehovah

and Jesus. One of the chiefs on Martha's Vineyard, for "walking with the English," was wounded by an assassin sent from the mainland. One cannot but regret the waste of time and effort in Eliot's translation of the whole Bible into a dialect spoken by a few thousand people, and destined to pass swiftly out of use. He also spent breath in giving lectures to Indian teachers on "logic and theology," after the manner of the times, and in 1672 printed a thousand "logic primers" in their language. Money was freely given in England by Robert Boyle and others; much of it was expended in New England in trying to educate Indians in Harvard College, for the ministry. Aside from the inherent folly of giving classical or scholastic instruction to an Indian preacher, the Indian youth were not fitted by nature to receive a liberal education, and the change in their hereditary

habits aggravated their natural tendency to pulmonary disease, so that this part of the experiment was an entire failure—the only Indian graduate died at twenty years of age, and, failing students, the “Indian College” building was turned into a printing-office. But the most trying part of Eliot’s experience must have come from the instability of many of his converts. Some of the most prominent relapsed into barbarism and vice, and some engaged in Philip’s massacres. Among these was the Indian printer who had helped Eliot in issuing the Bible. Yet those of his converts who took part with Philip in the massacres scrupled much as to whether they might eat horse-flesh in case of necessity.

We must not, however, estimate at too low a rate the results of the labors of the apostle and those associated with him. Just before the outbreak of Philip’s massacres, when the missionary work was at its best, there were about four thousand in the villages of the “praying Indians,” on Martha’s Vineyard, Cape Cod, and about Boston, chiefly among sedentary fishing tribes, and those living intermingled with the settlers. Missionary labor was never very successful in a dominant tribe.

In the hurricane of popular resentment which broke forth after the outbreak of the massacre under Philip, Eliot and Gookin had need of all their courage and address to preserve the faithful praying Indians from the wrath of the white man. The apostle’s former popularity in these times turned into something like odium, but his courage and devotion increased with the distress of his people, who were shut up on one of the islands in Boston harbor for safety until they were at last permitted to fight against Philip. After the tempest subsided, it came to pass, by the labor of those who succeeded Eliot, that all of the New England Indians who survived the wars, the diseases, and the vices introduced by Europeans, were brought, to a greater or less extent, under the influence of Christianity and law. But a regular life has always proved not only irksome, but unwholesome, to the Indian. Caucasians have been acclimated to civilization only by the slow advance of centuries. A rapid reduction to a civilized state is a passage from extreme to extreme, without the intervening mean. The moral and economic improvement wrought in the condition of the Indians in New England and on Long Island has produced a gradual and almost total extinction of the red race; the white man’s virtues are nearly as fatal to the Indian as his vices.

It is not my purpose to trace here the history of Indian missions, except in so far as it illuminates some traits of colonial life, and

the character and fate of the aboriginal race. The politico-religious mission of the English Church among the Iroquois belongs to the history of the conflict between the English and French colonies. The later and partly successful missions of the Congregationalists and Scotch Presbyterians were the overflow of the great Whitefieldian revival, and their history belongs to the account of that movement. The discouragement attending all these efforts is well expressed in the confession of the veteran missionary, John Brainerd, at the close of the colonial epoch: “There is too much truth in the common saying, ‘Indians will be Indians.’”

But it would be a mistake not to mention here the quaintly picturesque mission of the Moravian brotherhood, which began in 1739, at Shokomeko, on the borders of New York and Connecticut, and spread to many tribes, so that the voices of the German brethren were heard in the valley of the Ohio long before the Revolution. Never was there a more single-hearted religious enthusiasm than that of the Moravian missionaries, dwelling often in wigwams remote from human fellowship, and in frequent perils, winning the savages by incredible affection, and recalling them from their disheartening lapses into barbarism by a long-suffering patience that knew no exhaustion. The communal organization of the Moravians gave them an isolation from worldly interest, and a discipline as effective as that of the Jesuits, while the gentle simplicity of their manners and the intensity of their religious faith fitted them for a work of reformation among savages. They did not escape the fatality attending all Indian missions. Though they held a peaceful position aloof from the conflicts between France and England, Royalists and Continentals, which agitated even the wilderness, yet they were often ground between the millstones. The ignorant settlers about their first mission accounted them French Jesuits in disguise, and the meek brethren endured the most shameful persecutions from the authorities in New York, who were unwilling that a drunken Indian should be brought to decency without the Governor’s license. They suffered much from hostile Indians, and more from barbarous frontiersmen; nearly a hundred of their converts—men, women, and children—were massacred by white men at Gnadenhutten in 1782.

There is one indirect and unexpected result of religious propagandism among the natives. The old religion in some of the pagan tribes has suffered a change. The Great Spirit, chief of all the gods and demons,—hardly, if at all, known to their thought before,—has come

into prominence. Their festivals and superstitious observances are now marked by something more entitled to be called worship than were their old incantations. The religious ideas disseminated among them in the later colonial time affected the teachings of the Indian prophets, who arose after the Revolution in great numbers. Such was the great Ganeodiyo, the Iroquois reformer, brother of the famous chief, Cornplanter. After a life of dissipation, Ganeodiyo fell into a trance and saw visions sent by the Great Spirit. He devoted the last sixteen years of his life to reforming the ancient religion and setting to rights the morals of his fellow-tribesmen. All of the unchristianized Iroquois received his message, and after his time the decrease of their numbers through intemperance ceased. One curious effect of his religious teaching has been a sort of apotheosis of Washington; for though no white man can ever enter the kingdom of heaven, yet George Washington, the magnanimous friend of the Six Nations, abides in luxury, solitude and silence, in a house fast by the very door of Paradise, where every good Indian, on his way to bliss, is permitted to look in and see him. Similar though less dominant prophets arose among the Delawares, one of whom supported Pontiac's hostilities; and of the same kind was the Shawnee prophet, Tensk-watawa, the brother of Tecumseh, who strongly influenced the Indians of Ohio and Indiana, in the beginning of this century, and such perhaps were the prophets among the Creeks. These reformers adopted the old superstitions, customs, and festivals, but seem to have given them a somewhat deeper significance. To the amorphous superstitions of the savages they added certain notions that were, no doubt, received from the missionaries, such as that of a supreme deity, and that of reward and penalty in a future life. All, or nearly all of them, made abstinence from strong drink a prominent article in their moral code, and denounced witches and sorcery; and all of them set their faces against the influence of the white man, of which they were themselves the unconscious offspring.

Speculation on the possibilities of development in the Indian race must always be rather void of result. In Mexico and Peru two of its branches had attained a considerable civilization, a ponderous architecture, a grotesque and colossal sculpture, and a hieroglyphic system of writing. Within the bounds of the thirteen colonies, the Creeks or Muscogees had come to plant extensively, to build log-houses with a roof of thatch, to do some rude wood-carving, to sculpture elab-

orate tobacco-pipes of stone, and to weave with a rude threedle. The Hurons, before the earliest period of European settlement, carried on an intermediary commerce with other tribes; the Tuscaroras made maple bowls and ladles for sale to other Indians. The powerful Muscogee Confederacy at the South, and that of the Iroquois Five Nations at the North, were triumphs of savage statecraft, and had apparently set out on that tedious and bloody path to civilization trodden for ages by the European races. The superiority of the Iroquois to the Algonkin tribes has been exaggerated; but the former certainly had more convenient houses, a larger dependence on agriculture, superior craft and enterprise in attack, a better foresight and skill in fortification, and were able to transmit from one generation to another a stronger national cohesion than that of the tribes about them. They had emerged from the state in which petty clans are mutually repellant, like the molecules of gases; a very slow process of condensation was probably going on, and the far-reaching conquests and fierce extermination of foes by the Five Nations tend to show that the awful law of selection by survival of the strongest, the most compactly organized, and the most ingenious and energetic, was at work in the tribal warfare of America. On the other hand, the remains of ancient art found in the mounds of the Mississippi Valley, and the massive earth-works of the same region, indicate that the Indians in that valley in antiquity were as far advanced in the arts as the more recent tribes, and that they were as compactly and extensively organized, and were possibly more agricultural than any of the modern tribes north of Mexico. Development in art and organization would seem to be always a result of the necessities growing out of an increasing density of population, but the population of the tribes in the colonies was apparently stationary. Incessant war, frequent want, occasional pestilence, and the destruction of unborn offspring caused the increase, if there was any, to be very small. Whether in some far distant future a civilization might have been evolved comparable to that achieved on the Eastern continent, cannot now be conjectured; the arrival of Europeans put an end to the experiment. There is abundant compensation for the temporary evils that followed the contact of the two races, in that eons of massacre and torture horrible to contemplate have been spared by the introduction of a civilization already somewhat advanced and necessarily dominant over and exclusive of the primitive barbarism.

## A WOMAN'S REASON.\*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Chance Acquaintance," "A Modern Instance," etc.

### VIII.

THE walk from the post-office to West Pomegranate street is not very short, but Helen was at the Miss Amys' door before she knew. The elder Miss Amy came herself to answer the bell. She recognized Helen presently through her veil, and welcomed her with a decayed-gentlewoman politeness, explaining that she and her sister kept no servant when their lodgers were out of town. Helen had begun to say, after the preliminary parley about health and the weather, that she had come to see if she could take board with them, when the younger Miss Amy came in. She shook her head in response to the elder Miss Amy's reference of the matter to her, and said she was sorry, but it was a mistake: they only let their rooms furnished now, and people must find table-board at some of the neighboring houses. At Helen's look of disappointment, she said she knew it was very disagreeable going out to meals; but their lodgers were nearly always gentlemen, and they did not mind it.

"Is the lady who wishes the rooms a young person?" asked Miss Amy.

Helen saw that they thought she was looking up a place for some one else, and that they were far from imagining her errand to be on her own behalf. They saw in her an amiable young lady, interesting herself for some one who was out of town perhaps, and wished to come in for the winter. It cost Helen more to set them right than she could have believed; the first steps downward in the world are not so painful from the surprise of your equals as from that of people on the level to which you descend.

"It's for myself that I want the room," said Helen; and both the Miss Amys said "Oh!" and then were silent, till Helen asked if they could recommend her to some good place where she could find both board and lodging under the same roof. The Miss Amys thought a while. All the neighboring places were very large boarding-houses, and the company very promiscuous.

"I don't think you would like it, Miss Harkness," said the younger Miss Amy.

"I'm afraid it isn't a question of what I shall like, any more," said Helen, bravely. "It's necessary that I should economize, and if I can get a room there cheaply, I must not be fastidious."

"Oh!" said the younger Miss Amy, a little more expressively than before.

"Still," continued the young girl, "I should like it better if I could find some place where there were not *many* other boarders."

The elder Miss Amy looked at the younger with a blankness for which the glare of her spectacles was mainly responsible, and asked:

"How would Mrs. Hewitt's do?"

"Mrs. Hewitt's might do," assented the younger sister. "Her rooms are good, and the Smileys liked her table. But Miss Harkness would find it very different from what she's been used to."

She seemed to add this caution with a certain indefinable insinuation that the change might be a useful lesson.

"Oh, no doubt," said Helen, "but I shall not mind, if —"

"It's quite a proper place in every way," continued the younger Miss Amy, "and the neighborhood unexceptionable. If you can get the use of the parlor to see your friends in, it would be desirable. You won't keep *all* your acquaintance," she added, "but some will remain true. *We* retained all that we wished."

"Yes," said Helen, dryly, not choosing that Miss Amy should assume their equality in that fashion. The Miss Amys had, in fact, declined to their present station from no great social eminence, but the former position had been growing in distinction ever since they lost it, and they had so long been spoken of as "such gentlewomen," that they had come to look back upon it as something quite commanding; and there was a note of warning for Helen in the younger Miss Amy's remark, as if all persons must not expect to be so fortunate as they. "I should like," said the young girl, with some stateliness, "very much to see Mrs. Hewitt. Will you give me her address?"

"I will write it on one of our cards," said Miss Amy, who found with difficulty, in a

\* Copyright, 1882, by W. D. Howells. All rights reserved.



portable writing-desk on the table, a card inscribed with *The Misses Amy* in the neat penciling of a professional card-writer. The reception-room of these ladies was respectable in threadbare brussels and green reps; a fire of English cannel coal, in the grate, seemed to have been a long time laid, and the lumps of coal would have been the better for dusting. The house was clean, but it had the dusty smell which small city houses have at the end of summer before their furnace fires are lit, and Helen had found the Miss Amys not such nice Miss Amys as she had thought them in former days, when she had come to their house to call upon some friends there. When the card was inscribed with Mrs. Hewitt's address, she rose to receive it.

She felt strangely depressed, and the tears came into her eyes as she pulled down her veil and hurried away. She had packed a bag before leaving Beverly, with the purpose of not going back that night, for she had not thought but that she should go at once to the Miss Amys, and had resisted all entreaties that she would return and tell the Butlers about it. She would not have gone to the Miss Amys now on any account, and yet she felt somehow hurt at not finding their house open to her in the way she had imagined. She had a cowardly satisfaction in thinking that she could easily get the six-o'clock train to Beverly after she had seen Mrs. Hewitt.

Like the elder Miss Amy, that lady answered her door in person when Helen rang, and taking the card, with the explanation that Helen gave her, led the way to her reception-room. It took shape from the swell-front; and the rocking-chair, into which Mrs. Hewitt sank, stood between the two windows, by which she could easily command the life without, up street and down. What had been the fire-place was occupied by a register; over the mantel hung the faded photograph of an officer in uniform; in the corner was a what-not, with shells and daguerreotypes in cases, and baskets of sewing on its successive shelves; against the wall, opposite the windows, stood a sewing-machine; the carpet was a tapestry of moss pattern in green color; the window-shades had a band of gilt around their edges, relieved in green, and the reps of the sofa and chairs were green. Simple and few as these appointments were, they had an unreconciled look, as if they had not been bought to match, but were fortuitous combinations on which some one else had lost money.

Mrs. Hewitt asked her to sit down, but Helen remained standing, and said that she was a little pressed for time, and must ask at once if she could have a room with board.

"I don't know as I've got anything 'twould suit you, but we can look," said Mrs. Hewitt, apparently disappointed in not being first allowed to talk it all over. "Did you want something *on suit*, or singly?" she asked.

"I don't know what you mean," said Helen.

"Do you want more than one room?"

"Oh, no! I only want one."

The landlady preceded Helen up the stripe of linen that covered half the narrow carpeting on the cramped staircase. "Parlor," she announced on arriving at the first landing, as she threw open the door of a large room furnished in much-worn brown plush, "goes with the rooms on this floor; I always let 'em *on suit*. Now, if you wanted anything *on suit*——"

"I only want one room, and I don't care for a private parlor," said Helen.

The landlady glanced up the next flight of stairs.

"That whole floor is let to one family—lady and gentleman and little boy,—and then there's only a room on the top floor besides," said Mrs. Hewitt.

"I'll look at it, please," said Helen, and followed the landlady up. The room had a pretty bed and bureau; it was very neat, and it was rather spacious. "Is there any one on this floor?" asked Helen, feeling sure that the cook and second girl must be her neighbors.

The landlady pushed open the door across the little passage-way.

"There's an art student in this room," she said.

"Art student?" gasped Helen.

"Young lady from Nashua," said the landlady.

"Oh!" cried Helen, remembering with relief that art students in our time and country are quite as apt to be of one sex as another, and thinking with a smile that she had been surprised not to smell tobacco as soon as Mrs. Hewitt had said "art student." She reflected that she had once been an art student herself, and wondered what the sketches of the young lady from Nashua were like. "What would be the price of this room?"

The landlady leaned against the side of the bed.

"Seven dollars," she said, in an experimental tone. "I used to get my ten and twelve dollars for it, right after the war."

"I will take it," said Helen, who found it much less than she feared. "And I should like to come at once."

"To-night?" asked the landlady, looking at Helen.

"Yes, if the room's ready."



"Oh, the room's *ready*. But—did you bring a trunk?"

"I forgot! It's at the station. I can send for it."

"Oh, yes; the express is right round the corner from here. You just give 'em your check. But you better not lose any time. They're late sometimes, any way."

"Very well," said Helen, childishly pleased at having transacted the business so successfully. "I will take the room from to-day, and I will pay you for the first week now."

"Just as you please," said Mrs. Hewitt.

Helen drew out her *porte-monnaie*, and said:

"The Miss Amys can tell you about me."

"Oh, that's all right," answered Mrs. Hewitt, politely. She had perhaps been perplexed to know how she should hint anything about references to this young lady who took an attic room with such a high and mighty air. "Their card was sufficient."

When Helen came back from her errand to the express office and went to her room, she laid aside her things and made herself at home in it. She did not know in the least what her life was to be there; but she felt that this, whatever it was not, was escape and independence and beginning. A rapid calculation had shown her that her payment of seven dollars a week would not encroach much upon her capital, and somehow she would earn enough money to meet her other expenses. She could not sit still; she rose and opened her closet, and found it deep and convenient; she pulled out the bureau drawers, and they were very sweet and clean. She discovered a little cupboard with shelves where she thought she would put her books. The room was very complete; there was even a hook in the ceiling by the window where some one must have hung a bird-cage. Helen was happy, without accusing herself, for the first time since her father died. She smiled to herself at her landlady's queerness, and was glad, as young people are, to be housed along with a character. She wondered what Miss Root was like, and who the Evanses could be. At the sound of the tea-bell she felt the emotion of a healthful hunger.

There was a dish of cream toast, very hot and fragrant; hotter, and more fragrant still, there was a dish of oysters, delicately stewed and flavored; in a plated basket in the center of the table was a generous stack of freshly-sliced lady-cake. "From Copeland's," Mrs. Hewitt explained, when she passed it. "Mr. and Mrs. Evans are out to tea, and I thought we wouldn't wait for Miss Root. She's late sometimes. Did you like your oysters?"

"Delicious!" said Helen.

"Yes, I think there's nothing like a drop—not *more* than a drop—of sherry in your stew, just when it comes *to* the stew. I don't believe in any thick'nin' myself; but if you *must* have it, let it be cracker crumbs: flour makes it so kind of slippery." Mrs. Hewitt went on to enlarge upon many different kinds of dishes, and then, from whatever obscure association of ideas, she said: "When you first came in to-day, before I fairly looked at the Miss Amys' card, I thought you'd been buryin' a husband. I don't see how I could took you if you had. Widows are more *trouble* in a house! Boston family?"

"What?" cried Helen.

"Your folks Boston people?"

"Oh, yes," replied the girl. And she submitted with what grace she could to the inquisition into her past that followed. "I've never lived anywhere else." And nothing seemed stranger than this when she came to think it over in her room. Here, in the heart of Boston, she was as remote from the Boston she had always known as if it were a thousand miles away; from herself of the time when she lived in that far-off Boston she seemed divided by centuries. Into what a strange and undreamt-of world she had fallen! She did not dislike it. On the contrary, she thought she should be rather content in it. Without definite aims as yet for the future, she fancied that she should try to be wholly of her present world, and ignore that in which she used to live. Already she felt alien to it so far as to wish that the Butlers would not send people to call on her, nor come much themselves. She knew that she could adapt herself to her circumstances, but she dreaded the pain of their inability to realize her in them, and felt that their unhappiness about her would be more than she could bear. She planned a geographical limit within which she could live a long time and not meet any one whom she had known, and she resolved next day to begin her exploration of her solitude. The dark gathered into the room, and the window showed a black frame against the sky before she thought of lighting her gas. She was shaking her match out, as women do, when a light tap at her door standing ajar startled her, and then the door was pushed open, and the figure of a tall girl stood on the threshold.

"Miss Root: Miss Harkness, I believe," said the figure. "Will you lend me a match, please? I waited for you to light your gas, so as to be sure you had matches before I bothered you. It's such a long journey downstairs."

Helen smiled in her most radiant way, and

got the matches, saying, as she held them forward:

"Wont you come in, please?"

"No, I thank you," said Miss Root, taking one match only. "I begin badly. But you wont find me a great borrower. Have you got everything you want in your room?"

"Yes, everything, I believe," said Helen, sweeping it with a comprehensive glance.

"You'll find Mrs. Hewitt pretty prompt. You wont have anything to complain of, unless you mind being talked to death. Good-night," and drawing the door to after her, Miss Root returned to her own room.

Before she slept, Helen heard the street door open and shut, and then voices ascending to the third floor: a lady's voice, and a gentleman's voice, and a sleepy little boy's voice.

"Well, this is the *last* time we shall take Tom to the theater," said the lady's voice—the voice of spent nerves.

"Yes," said the gentleman's voice. "We shall confine ourselves to the circus after this, Tom."

"Circuses are the best, any way," said the child's voice.

"Hush! Don't speak so!" cried the lady.

"Why, they are, mamma," insisted the boy.

"This is a question of morals, not of opinions, Tom," said the father. "You're not to prefer circuses when they're inflicted as a punishment."

They had now reached their door, as it appeared, for a light flashed into the hall below as from gas turned up.

The lady's voice was heard again:

"His forehead's burning hot! If that child should have a fever—— Here, feel his forehead!"

"Forehead's all right!" responded the heavier voice.

X "I shall give him three of aconite!" cried the lady.

"Give him three thousand, but put him to bed," assented the gentleman.

"Will you shut the door?" implored the lady. "Waking the whole house!"

"I haven't refused, my dear," said the gentleman. "Why do you always——"

The door closed, expressively, and not, as Helen fancied, by the gentleman's hand. "The Evanses," she inferred. She fell asleep, wondering if she could indeed be the same girl who had talked that morning to Lord Rainford on the rocks at Beverly.

## IX.

HELEN saw the Evanses in going to break fast. They came down-stairs just after her;

Mr. Evans leading his boy by his extended forefinger, and Mrs. Evans coming behind, and twitching something about the child's dress into place, as mothers do.

"Mrs. Hewitt," said Mr. Evans, as they sat down at table, "I have been some time in your house, but you must have older friends than I, and I don't understand why the law has honored me as it has."

"I'm sure I don't know what you're talking about," said Mrs. Hewitt, pouring the coffee.

"Well, I don't myself," returned Mr. Evans, "and I thought I would get you to explain. You don't find yourself unusually infirm of mind, do you?"

"No, I don't," replied Mrs. Hewitt, candidly.

"And you haven't experienced anything like a return of extreme youth?"

"What *is* the man after?" cried Mrs. Hewitt.

"Then why should you be taken care of in any special manner, and why should I, of all people, be called upon to take care of you? Here's a paper," Mr. Evans continued, taking a document from his pocket, "that I found slipped under my door this morning. It makes a personal appeal to me, in the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to become your trustee. Of course, it's very flattering and all that, but I'd much rather not. You must allow me to resign, Mrs. Hewitt. I never did understand business very well, and——"

"How'd they ever get into this house without my knowing it? That's what I should like to find out!" said Mrs. Hewitt, gazing absently at the paper which Mr. Evans had given her.

"What does it mean?" he asked.

"Pshaw!" cried his landlady. "You don't say you never was *trusteed* before? And boarded round as much as you have!"

"Trusteed! Is it so common a thing as to have a participial form? Then I needn't have any scruples about resigning?"

Mrs. Hewitt broke into a laugh.

"Resigning! Bless you, you *can't* resign. There's no such thing."

"Gracious powers! Not resign an office for which I don't feel myself competent——"

"Oh, come, now! you know very well what it is. It's them curtains," said Mrs. Hewitt, pointing to the green-and-gold trimmed shades.

Mr. Evans rose and curiously examined the shades; his boy also slipped down out of his chair, and joined in the inspection.

"Thomas, who gave you leave to quit the table? Come back!" cried Mrs. Evans.

"My dear!" expostulated her husband, "the child very naturally wishes to see what sort of window-shade it is that thrusts an irrisignable office of honor and profit upon his father. Look carefully, Tom. Regard the peculiarity of the texture, the uncommon tone of the colors."

"Oh, pshaw, Mr. Evans. You stop!" exclaimed Mrs. Hewitt. "When they sent in their bill, I told 'em it was too much, and I shouldn't pay it. I *didn't* believe they'd really go so far as to trustee me."

"But what *does* it mean, Mrs. Hewitt?" asked Mrs. Evans. "I don't believe Mr. Evans knows any more than the rest of us."

"Why, Mrs. Evans, it means just this: that your husband isn't to pay me any board till this bill is settled; and if he does, he's liable for it himself. I presume they'll be trusteein' all of you. I shall have to pay it now."

"Is that the law?" demanded Mrs. Evans. "It makes one long for a delinquent debtor of one's own. So simple, yet so effective."

"Well, you have it to say," said Mrs. Hewitt, surprisingly little ruffled by the incident, "that you never was trusteeed in *my* house before."

"I certainly have that to say," admitted Mr. Evans. "I'm sorry on your account that I can't resign my trusteeship, and I'm sorry on my own that it's such a very sordid affair. I never happened to be appointed to office before, and I was feeling rather proud of the confidence reposed in me."

They all rose from the table together, and Helen went upstairs with the Evanses. She and Mrs. Evans exchanged a few words on the way, and stopped on the first landing to glance into the large parlor. Mr. Evans came after, bestriding his boy, who now had hold of both his forefingers,—like a walking Colossus of Rhodes. He flung open the parlor door, which stood ajar, in Mrs. Hewitt's manner.

"Goes with the rooms on this floor; I always let 'em *on suit*; now, if you wanted anything *on suit*——" He looked at Helen for sympathy, and she laughed.

"Yes, I know," she said.

"Mrs. Hewitt wont like your joking her so much," said his wife.

"She wont know it, if I do it behind her back. And she seems to enjoy it to her face."

"Do you think she liked your coming out about that trusteeing?"

"She didn't mind it. But I have it on my conscience to tell Miss Harkness that Mrs. Hewitt is, for all I know, a very just person—and that I'm surprised she let those shade

people get the advantage of her. She has a passion, like all landladies, for single gentlemen. She idealizes them, I am afraid. There haven't been any single gentlemen in the house since we came here, two years ago. We sometimes fancy that her preference is founded upon her experience of Mr. Hewitt as a married gentleman, which was probably unpleasant."

"Is—is she a widow?" Helen ventured to Mrs. Evans.

"Why, not exactly," said Mrs. Evans.

"It's a very neat way of putting it," said Mr. Evans. "She's a widow, Miss Harkness, of the herbaceous variety."

"My dear, she'll *hear* you," cried Mrs. Evans.

"Very well, then; she wont understand me. I'll venture to say Miss Harkness doesn't."

"No, I don't," said Helen, and looked at Mrs. Evans for light.

"Her husband is living, I believe," explained Mrs. Evans, "but—absent."

Mr. Evans laughed again.

"Not lost, but gone before! Come, Tom! We must go to work!"

He led the way up to the next floor, and at her door Mrs. Evans asked Helen if she would not come in.

Helen had a curiosity, which she thought harmless, to see their apartment, and she accepted the invitation in the drifting, indecisive manner which ladies have when they do not mean to commit themselves to the consequences of a self-indulgence. She did not feel quite sure of these people; she had a strong impression that she was their social superior; but, thrown with them as she was, she had too much good sense to hold stiffly aloof from them. She sat down, without, as it were, acknowledging that she sat down; and she followed Mrs. Evans about from room to room without seeming to do so, as well as she could manage that difficult effect. It was a very pretty little apartment of four tiny rooms, of which the last was Mr. Evans's study: this was just large enough to admit his desk and chairs, and was packed with books on shelves to the ceiling, and Helen inferred that he was some sort of literary man. She would not sit down again, but paid a frosty little net-work of compliments to the souvenirs of travel that she saw upon the tables and walls; she praised the balcony on which one of the windows opened, and she smiled upon the flowers with which Mrs. Evans had filled it. In fine, she guarded her distance with the skill that had kept the acquaintance at a stand-still, and yet left it resumable on more cordial terms at will. One is of one's world, after all; and, even in re-

signing her world, as she thought she had done, Helen had not yet made up her mind to be of a lower one.

She had promised to go down to Beverly on the morrow and tell her friends what she had done, as the condition of their letting her come up to Boston at all on that wild enterprise of hers, and, though she would have been glad not to go, she kept her word. But it was really not so hard meeting them as she had feared. Mrs. Butler was forbearing, and Marian preoccupied; the younger girls saw it somewhat as Helen did, and thought it an enviable adventure. She told them all that had happened in detail, and made them laugh. She partly dramatized her interview with the Miss Amys, and they said it was perfectly delightful to think of *Helen* being patronized by such people. They wanted to see Mrs. Hewitt and the fellow-boarders; they wished that somebody would trustee their mother; they said that the life Helen was leading was fascinating.

"Perhaps you wouldn't find it so fascinating if you were obliged to lead it," said Mrs. Butler.

"Helen leads it, and she finds it fascinating."

"Helen leads it out of the hardness of her heart, because her friends don't wish her to," returned Mrs. Butler, fondly.

"Mrs. Butler! Remember your promise!" said Helen.

"I hope you'll remember yours, my dear, to come back to us."

"Oh! And what are you going to do, Helen? What are you going to do for a living?" demanded Jessie Butler.

"Jessie!" cried her mother. "Don't be absurd! Do for a living?"

"I hope you won't think it absurd, Mrs. Butler," said Helen, with serious dignity, "for I really want to do something for a living."

"Poor child!" said Mrs. Butler, getting Helen's hand between hers, and tenderly smoothing it. "What could you do?"

"I don't know what yet. But I know I could do something."

She felt dispirited by Mrs. Butler's motherly kindness, and would have liked to take her hand away. This was what she had dreaded, this feeling on the part of such friends as the Butlers that anything useful and practical was impossible to her. For the moment this feeling seemed all that stood between her and a prosperous career of self-help; it unnerved her so terribly.

"Do tell us what you've been thinking of trying," persisted Jessie.

She was the youngest, and she ventured on

almost as great freedoms with her mother and Helen as Marian herself did.

"Oh, I thought over a great many things as I came down this morning," answered Helen. "But I haven't settled upon anything yet. Indeed, indeed, Mrs. Butler!" she exclaimed, "I'm very much in earnest about it, and *don't* try to discourage me, please!"

"I won't, dear!" Mrs. Butler assented, soothingly, as if Helen were a sick child, and must be humored in her little fancies.

"How would plain sewing do?" suggested Jessie. "Or, Wanted by a young lady, to have the care of small children, where she would be received as one of the family, no objection to the country, wages not so much of an object as permanent home, address H. H., Transcript office?"

They laughed at this, Helen forlornly and helplessly with the rest. They could not realize her ambition, and they did not believe in her necessity: Mrs. Butler because she felt that all Helen need really do was to go to Europe with her, and return to marry Robert Fenton as soon as he could get leave to come home; the young girls because they had no experience of life, and could not imagine Helen's case. They were merry about her projects all through lunch, and Helen herself felt that she was behaving very ridiculously in pretending to be anything but the well-taken-care-of young lady that she had always been. The world which she had touched yesterday became as unreal in its turn as it had made her old life seem.

"I will tell you," said Marian, who had given the subject less attention than the rest, and had laughed at Helen with half her mind all the while on her approaching marriage; "I will tell you. In these days Helen must take to some form of ceramics. I wonder that we didn't think of it before. How could we discuss this subject in Beverly, of all places, and not think of pottery? Helen must decorate pottery for a living."

"Oh, yes! and she can drive over to the pottery this afternoon with us, and select the shapes!" clamored the younger sisters.

Their noise submerged Mrs. Butler's rebukes; there was open rebellion to her voice.

"Mamma!" cried Jessie, "you needn't try to put us down about this. It's an extraordinary case! We've never had the opportunity before to decide the vocation of a young lady who wants a lucrative employment. Do say you'll decorate pottery for a living, Helen!"

"Do! do!" pleaded all the rest. They had left their places and gathered round her in postures of supplication.

Helen was swept along in the tide.



"I don't know anything about ceramics," she laughed, turning upon the group.

"That's the beauty of the profession," they shouted in reply. "You don't *need* to know anything about it."

"I can't draw!"

"Drawing's the very last thing that's wanted for art pottery. Say that you'll drive over with us and select the shapes?"

"You must first begin with a bean-pot, like that pretty little Mrs. Gay," said Jessie Butler. "You ought to have heard her talk about it: so colonial, so in character with Beverly." The young girl gave the tone and the languish. "She decorated it with a flowering bean; they say she thought that was the kind they baked. Perhaps you'll find that they've begun to give bean-pots an æsthetic shape. Miss Harkness's bean-pots will become the fashion. We shall have a course of beans in their native earthenware at diners, and when the pot comes in everybody will put on their *pince-nez*, and crane over and ask 'Is that a Harkness, Mrs. Jones?'"

"No, no! I can't go with you!" cried Helen. "I'm going back to Boston this afternoon."

They all protested; but Helen stood firm, feeling that it was her one chance for life, or for making a living. If she was ever to put in force her resolutions to be something and to do something, she could not get away too soon from an atmosphere in which no one, not even herself, could regard them seriously. It was a trying ordeal, this pity of Mrs. Butler's, and this jocose incredulity of the young girls; yet, as Helen rode back to town, she was more and more satisfied that there was something possible and practical in Marian's suggestion. She recalled some pretty shapes of pottery which she had seen in a shop window, and which seemed to her more stupidly decorated than anything she could do if she did her worst. They were there on sale, and somebody had been paid for doing them, or expected to be paid for it. The conclusion from the premises was irresistible, and Helen found herself impatient to arrive and begin work. She could really draw very prettily, though she had denied her gift; she was even a clever copyist; but she knew that she lacked the imaginative impulse, and she had not cared for what she could do, because so many others could do it as well.

As soon as she left the train she hastened to this shop, where, beside the decorated pots and vases, she had seen a good many uncontaminated examples of the Beverly ware. She was vexed to find the place already closed, and she could hardly wait for the morning.

She hurried from her breakfast to the shop in the morning. When her purchase came home, and she unpacked it on her bed (the largest and safest surface in her room), she cowered a little to see it so great in quantity. She blushed to find herself making such an ambitious beginning; and though five dollars had seemed a great deal to spend, she wished for the moment that it had not bought quite so much. But this was foolish; of course she must spoil some of the designs, and since she was going to try a variety of decorations, she should want a variety of jars. She set them all on the shelf of her closet, which she locked; she folded up the wrapping-paper and tucked it away; she even concealed the string; and, after putting on her hat and veil for the street, she had to sit down and have a paroxysm of guilty consciousness before she could summon courage to go out on her next errand.

She was going to a shop where they sold artists' materials, to get her colors and to pick up any hints they could give her there about her work. They were not personally very well informed, but they sold her several little books which had ceramic designs in them, and which would tell her all she wished to know. After she had bought them, she thought them rather poverty-stricken in their patterns, and as she passed a print-shop window she saw that pretty series of engravings, illustrative of the old fable of the storks and the babies; and the ceramic fitness of storks at once struck her. The prints were rather expensive, and Helen thought that she could not get on without the whole set. Then, as the matter developed in her mind, a great idea occurred to her: "Flaxman's Illustrations of Homer." They were, of course, the only things to copy in the classic shapes. The book cost more than she supposed it would; but as she meant to stop with that, she believed she might afford it, and at any rate she bought it. She was afraid to look the whole sum in the face at first, but her hopes rose with her rapid walk homeward, and she finally confronted the fifteen dollars with serene courage.

The next three weeks were given to very ardent if not very diligent labor. Helen had an insuperable shyness about her enterprise; she managed so that she might put everything out of sight at a moment's warning, if any one came to her room.

Before actually beginning upon the vases, Helen schooled herself in reproducing on paper the designs she meant to use, and this took time. She was also interrupted by excursions to Beverly; but she did not count this as loss altogether, for she was able to



make several studies in color of the low blackberry-vine, now in its richest autumnal bronze, and of certain sea-weeds, with which she meant to decorate several pieces. She did three with storks, and had a fourth half-done when she let it fall. She wrapped the fragments in paper, and took them out at twilight, and dropped them in the street some distance away, that the pieces might not be traced to her, and so proceeded to the Flaxmans. She chose three subjects among these: The old nurse Euryclea recognizing Ulysses as she bathes his feet; Penelope carrying the bow of Ulysses to the suitors; and the meeting of Ulysses and Penelope. These all related to the return of the wanderer, and they went very prettily round the vases. Ulysses following the homeward car of Nausicaa from the coast on which she found him shipwrecked was a subject which Helen instinctively rejected, though the lines were lovely, and she felt that she could do it easily. The jar which she decorated with the sea-weed had a band of shells round the middle; a slanting flight of birds encircled the vases, over which she taught the blackberry-vine to wanton.

She had many alternating moods of exaltation and despair while upon this work; but when it was all done, and the pots were set out in a fair row on her window-shelf, and she retired a pace or two with her pencil at her lip to get their entire effect, she could not but own that they seemed very successful. At that distance certain defects of drawing—such as that which gave Penelope bearing the bow rather a pert and mincing look—and other blemishes were subdued, but even when taken up severally and scrutinized merely at arm's-length, the vases bore the ordeal of critical inspection very well. "And no one," thought Helen, "will ever look at them more severely than I have."

She sank into her chair, which she drew up in front of her work, and indulged a long reverie. In this she dramatized her appearance at one of those charming shops where they deal in such things; she set little scenes in which the proprietors called one another up to look at her vases; and she dialogued their compliments and her own evasive acceptance of them. They ended by asking very respectfully if she could not be persuaded to employ a part of her leisure in doing something of the kind for them; and on her replying that these were for sale, they had instantly offered her a price for them that passed her wildest hopes; that seemed so much too much, indeed, that she insisted upon abating something from it. Struck by this nobleness in her, they had conversed in low tones together; and

then the senior member of the firm had confessed that they had some hesitation in asking her to design certain friezes which they were to do for a cottage at Newport, and their admiration for her work must be their excuse if they were proposing something quite out of the way; but they begged her to remember that two ladies in London had taken up decorative architecture as a profession, and they trusted they were not wrong. Then Helen had replied, Oh, no, indeed! She was only too much flattered by their confidence in her, and she would be very glad to think it over; all that she feared was that she would not be able to meet their expectation; at which they had laughed, and said *they* had no such fear, and had drawn her a check for her vases, and had added a few hundreds as a sort of retainer in the matter of the friezes. At this point Helen broke from her reveries with "What silly, silly nonsense! What a simpleton I am!"

While she was in good humor with them, she resolved to pack her vases in the basket that she had got for that purpose, and when each was carefully wrapped and put in she laughed to find the basket looking like that of an old Jew who used to come to the kitchen-door to sell Bohemian glass when she was a child. The matter of transportation was one that she did not consider till the next morning, when it flashed upon her that she could not go carrying that basket about. She must drive, and though this did not accord with her severe ideas of economy, she had to own that she had been rather lavish in her preparations for work, and that it would be foolish to try now to scrimp at an impossible point. She would take a coupé by the hour, and perhaps get it cheaper if she had it several hours; though when she went out for the carriage, she found the driver inflexible, and she had to take it at the usual rate. She bade him drive her to Mrs. Hewitt's door, and she wanted him to go up with her and carry down her basket; but he, seeing her a single defenceless woman, boldly answered that he could not leave his horse, and Helen, indignant, and trembling for her secret, was forced to bring it down herself. Happily Miss Root had gone out; the Evanses' door was closed; and she encountered Mrs. Hewitt neither in going up nor in coming down. When she lifted the basket on the carriage-seat she was out of breath but exultant at her escape, and with unbroken courage she ordered the driver to go to the address given him. But it now occurred to her that she could not lug that great hamper across a crowded pavement into a shop-door, and she must sell her wares by sample. She

employed the driver in taking out the best of the stork vases, one of the most characteristic Flaxmans, and the blackberry-and-bird-banded jar. She scarcely dared look at them now, but as she gathered them to her bosom with one hand, while she caught up her skirt with the other to alight from the coupé, it was with quite as much hope as fear that her heart palpitated against those classic shapes. She pulled down her veil, however, for she knew that she was blushing violently; and when she stepped upon the ground she found herself giddy.

The people were all busy when she entered the store, and the gentleman to whom she hoped to speak was occupied with a lady whom Helen knew—a lady who gave proof of having lived abroad by the loud and confident voice which she had succeeded in managing, not like an Englishwoman but like an Englishman. Helen shrank from her recognition, and lurked about, pretending to be interested in distant bric-à-brac, and growing momentarily more faint and tremulous; but when the lady went out and the gentleman turned from closing the door after her, Helen came quickly forward. She plucked up an excited gasp from somewhere, and waiving the respectful kindness with which he bent to listen, said, "I've something here I'd like to show you," and she unfolded one of her vases, and as he took it up, with "Ah, yes! Something in ceramics," she unwrapped the others and set them on the shelf near which they stood. "Why, this is very nice, Miss Harkness," said the dealer; "very nice, indeed." He carried all three of the vases to the light and returned with them, holding out the bird-banded jar. "I like this one best. You've managed these birds and this vine in quite the Japanese spirit; they're the only people who understand the use of unconventionalized forms. The way your blackberry climbs into the neck of your vase is thoroughly Japanese. These storks are good, too—very effectively handled. The classic subject—well, I don't think that's quite so successful; do you?"

"No, I don't know that it is," said Helen, so grateful for his praise of the others that she would willingly have allowed this to be a disgraceful failure.

"Have you ever done anything of this kind before?" asked the dealer.

"No," replied Helen.

"Very remarkable," said the dealer. He had set the vases back on the shelf again, and now gazed at them somewhat absently. "It shows what can be done with this sort of thing. See here!" he called to his partner, who was also disengaged. "Here's something pretty, and rather new."

"Your work, Miss Harkness?" asked the other partner politely, coming up.

He said much the same things that the first had said; he even stopped a young lady assistant who was passing, and made her admire the jars. Then he also fell into a musing silence, while Helen waited with a thickly beating heart for the rest of her reverie to come true, and stayed herself against a counter, till these amiable partners should formulate some offer for her wares. The young lady assistant ebbed noiselessly away, and went to writing at a high desk; the second partner shifted from his right foot to his left, turned his head abruptly, and feigned to be called suddenly by some duty in the direction to which he looked. His going roused the first partner.

"Yes!" he said with a deep, nasal sigh, in coming to himself, and was sinking again into his abstraction, when he seemed to think of something. "Excuse me a moment," he said, and went and looked into the show window, and then into a dark corner in the back part of the room. "I thought we had some of that Cambridge pottery," he called out to his partner.

"No," said the other, remaining aloof, "we only had a few pieces."

"Well!" said the first, coming back to Helen. "I supposed we had some of it left. I was going to suggest, Miss Harkness, if you're interested in this sort of thing, that you ought to see that North Cambridge ware. Have you ever seen it?"

"No," answered Helen, faintly.

"It isn't so *native* quite in sentiment as this Beverly ware, but is much more refined in form. It's beautifully finished. Really, I don't see how it falls short of that Copenhagen pottery to finish. If you have plenty of time on your hands, you couldn't do a better thing than go out to see them making it. I think it would interest you."

"Thank you," said Helen; her head whirled, but she resolved to speak steadily if it killed her. "I shall certainly go. I'm glad you mentioned it. I never saw any of it."

She fumbled piteously at the papers which she had taken off her vases, and the dealer brought some softer stuff, and skillfully wrapped them up for her.

"These things are quite worthy of Japanese paper," he said, indicating the silky texture of the fabric he had used. "I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you for letting us see your work, Miss Harkness. It's charming. I hope you'll keep on at it. I'm interested business-wise, you know," he added, "in having you ladies take up these graceful arts. And be sure and go to see that Cambridge

ware. We can get some of it for you, if you wish." He had followed her to the door, and now opened it for her, with a bow.

"Thanks," said Helen. "I won't forget. Good-morning."

"Good-morning."

She got into the coupé, and put her vases carefully back in the basket, and sat down on the seat beside it. She quivered with the intense and bitter disappointment, and she burnt with shame, as every particular of her interview blazoned itself upon her consciousness, and she realized that she had no one but herself to blame for the precise result. The people had been thoroughly kind and sympathetic; they had praised her work, and had been far more interested in it than she had any right to expect; but their taking her on her old social plane had made it impossible for her to meet them on any other. Apparently, they had never once imagined that she wished to sell these things, and she had not known how to approach the fact. They had thought she wished merely to show them as matters of æsthetic interest; but if they had not supposed she came for advice, what could they think of her conceit in making such a display, and of staying and staying till she had all but to be turned out of doors! All that about the Cambridge ware must have been a polite ruse to get rid of her,—to spare her feelings while they relieved their own. What had kept her from telling them honestly and bravely what she had come for? Did she really expect them to ask her if her work was for sale, as in her reverie; and then offer her that frieze to do in Newport? It was intolerable! She literally bowed herself down in self-contempt, while her heart ached with the sickening defeat of her hopes.

"Where to?" asked a gruff voice.

She had been sitting still in her coupé, and this was the voice of the driver, as he leaned over from his seat, and projected the demand in at the window.

"Oh!" cried Helen. Then she hesitated in a flutter. She had never thought where she should go next; she had not taken any next place into account. "Oh! Drive—drive——" She hesitated again, and then she gave the address of the street where she had bought her pottery. She remembered the decorated pieces there; and they might like hers. At any rate, the people did not know her, and she should have the courage to offer them her work.

She began somewhat as at the other place: "I thought you might like to see——," and then corrected herself, and said, "I wished to show you my decoration of some of the Beverly ware I got here the other day."

"Oh, yes," said the shop-man,—warily, Helen thought. But she undid her vases, and saw him smile in approval. "They've come out very well," he added, as if they had been subjected to a process. "Here are some new shapes, which we've just got in to-day."

Helen only glanced at the vases he indicated. "I see you have some decorated pieces here," she said, hastily. "Would you like to buy these?"

The man's smile gave place to a look of something like anguish. He took off his hat, and scratched his head. "Well—well—not this morning, I think. The fact is, it's a new thing, you know; and these decorated pieces are principally to show what may be done with the ware. We do sell them, but we don't—we don't buy. By and by, I hope we shall be able to do so, but as yet we only expect to supply the plain ware to ladies who wish to paint it. There *are* places where——" He looked still more distressed and stopped.

Helen hastily wrapped her jars up again, and turned to go. The man followed her a few paces.

"Your own work?" he asked.

"Yes," said Helen, shortly, without looking round. "Drive slowly along Washington street," she ordered; and as the coupé started she blamed herself for not re-opening the parley at the man's last question, and trying to learn of him something about those other places he had begun to mention. She was too much bewildered to do that, but it must have looked like pride. Helen resolved now that she would be not only bold but meek.

She had a plan of stopping at various little shops, in whose windows she remembered seeing artistic caprices, like pictures in birch-bark, and comic designs jig-sawed out of white-wood. They might somewhere take a fancy to her vases. She stopped accordingly wherever bric-à-brac showed itself in any sort. The street was full of people, that is to say, of women, thronging in and out of the shop doors, and intent upon spending the money of their natural protectors. It is always a wonderful spectacle, and in the circuit of a quarter of a mile, about the confluence of Washington and Winter streets, it enforces itself with incomparable vividness.

There is doubtless more shopping in New York, or London, or Paris, but in those cities it is dispersed over a larger area, and nowhere in the world perhaps has shopping such an intensity of physiognomy as in Boston. It is unsparingly sincere in its expression. It means business, and the sole business of the city seems to be shopping. The lovely faces of the swarming crowd were almost fierce in their preoccupation, as they pressed

into the shop doors; as they issued from them, and each lady stooped and caught the loop of her train in one hand, while she clasped half-a-dozen paper parcels to her heart with the other, those faces exhibited no relaxation of their eager purpose. Where do they all come from, and where does the money all come from? It is a fearful problem, and the imagination must shrink from following these multitudinous shoppers to their homes, in city and suburb, when they arrived frayed and limp and sore, with over-spent allowances, and the hard task before them of making the worse appear the better reason.

Helen was dismayed to realize herself the only one of all her sex who wished to sell and not to buy, and at the shops which she entered they were puzzled to conceive of her in that unique character. They were busy with the buyers, and when she had waited about patiently, and had at last found a moment to show her work, they only considered it in various patterns of indifference and refusal. For the most part they scarcely looked at it, and Helen found her scantiest toleration at those places where she was obliged to deal with women. Commonly they could not put her errand and her coupé intelligibly together; the conjunction seemed to raise suspicion. In one shop it raised laughter, which followed her from the young lady behind the counter, who said quite audibly to the young lady at the desk: "Actually in a coupé! Think I should walk myself!" Helen, who had now hardened her sensibilities to everything, took the hint, and let the carriage come after her from shop to shop. But that served no purpose except perhaps to excite the fears of the driver lest she should try to escape from him. When every place had been tried, she still had her vases on her arm, which, when she got them back into the basket, she perceived was sore with carrying them.

"Home," she said to the driver, and leaned back against the cushions, and closed her hot dry eyes. She was so benumbed by what she had undergone, that she did not feel very keenly, and her physical fatigue helped off the mental pain. Presently the carriage stopped, and she saw they were in a jam of vehicles in front of a large jewelry store. There had been something the matter with her watch, and now she thought she would have it looked at; and she dismounted and went in. She gave her watch to a man behind one of the counters, and while he screwed a glass into his eye, and began to peer and blow into the works, Helen cast a listless look into a window where there were some

jars of limoges and plates of modern majolica. A gentleman, who did not look quite like a clerk, came forward. Helen carelessly asked him the price of some of the faience. It seemed very little, and he explained that it was merely earthenware painted in imitation of the faience, and began to praise it, and to tell who did it. Helen did not listen very attentively; she was thinking of her own work, and wondering if she should have courage to ask him to look at it, and how, if she should, she could get it from the coupé without awkwardness, when he said, "I see you have something there in the way of our business." Then she saw that she had mechanically gathered up her three vases and brought them in with her on her arm; she had long ceased to wrap and unwrap them. She looked at them stupidly, but said, "Yes, this is something I've been doing"; and the gentleman politely took them and admired them with a civility that was so cordial to her after the ordeal she had passed through that the tears came behind her veil.

"Do you think," she asked, very timidly, "you would like to buy something of the kind?"

"M—m—no," said the gentleman musingly, as he turned one of the vases over in his hand.

Helen's breath came again, and she turned to get her watch, which the workman said was ready; one of the wheels had caught, merely; and there was no charge. She took back her vase, and nodded to the gentleman. He did not bow very definitively in return, but followed her to the door.

"The fact is," he said, "there's very little sale for these things now. The whole decoration business has been overdone. However," he added, after a pause in which he seemed to take in the fact of Helen's black, "we might chance to dispose of them for you. If you like, you can leave them here on sale." Helen promptly handed him the vases.

"You mustn't form any expectations," he cautioned. "It will be a chance. What shall I ask for them?"

"Oh, anything—anything you can get," cried Helen, desperately. "Nobody wants them."

"Well, we'll see," said the other, and now he set the vases in the window between the jars of imitation faience.

Helen timidly offered him her card, and she stole a glance at the vases from the outside, and thought they looked very common and dreadfully personal. Their being there gave her neither hope nor pleasure.

The door of the coupé stuck fast, and while she stood tugging at it a policeman stepped



up and opened it for her. "See here, my man," he said to the driver, "you'd better get down and wait on your passengers decently, or give up the business. What's your number?" and, while the man mumbled something in explanation and excuse, Helen looked up into the face of her champion. She failed at first to recognize the civil fellow who had come home with her father the day of the seizure, and whom she had met on the steps; but the officer knew her, and touched his hat.

Then she remembered him. "Oh, is it you?" she cried, as if it was some old friend.

"Yes," said the officer, very much pleased.

"I've always wanted to see you again, and thank you," began Helen.

"Oh, *that's* all right," answered the officer.

"Your father was a *man*, I can tell you. I—I was awfully sorry for you, Miss Harkness." He spoke with a simple cordiality, that Helen felt it nothing odd to be shaking hands with a policeman at high noon in Washington street.

"Thank you, you are very kind. Good-bye. I shall never forget your goodness to him that day."

"Oh, don't mention it," said the policeman. He touched his hat again, and vanished in the crowd; and she reflected that she had not asked his name. As she looked in the direction he had gone, she saw not him, but herself. She saw herself standing on the threshold of her old, lost home, and turning to look after this man with the stare of amused, haughty wonder, that a girl bred in ease and fashion, and fondly shielded from all that was rude or was abrupt in life, might fitly bend upon such a curious piece of the social mechanism, unexpectedly and inconceivably related to herself. Her attitude implied secure possession in perpetuity of whatever was gracefully supreme in the world, of whatever was prosperously fastidious and aloof. It was enough to remember this attitude now.

The coupé stopped at Mrs. Hewitt's narrow door, and the man got down and helped her out. "I guess the horse is tired enough to stand while I carry this basket up for you," he said.

Helen had no gratitude to express, and she did not thank him for this service when she took out her purse to pay him. She had kept the carriage two hours and a half, and he said they never counted less than an hour, but he would call it four dollars. As he folded the bills, he said he hoped she did not blame him for not opening the coupé door for her; she got out and in so often, and his horse always started up so when he left the box.

"Oh, no, no!" cried Helen. "Only go, please."

She closed the door behind him, and she flung herself upon the bed, and hid her face in her pillow, and drenched it with her rushing tears. Her head ached, and her heart was sore in her breast. All that had happened repeated itself with ceaseless iteration in her mind; all the looks, all the tones, all the words—they burnt, and rang, and hummed in her brain; the long ordeal of her disappointment dramatized itself to the inner sense in thousand-fold swift reverberation; the disappointment was as bitter as if starvation were before her, and the shock to her pride was even greater. She had fancied, as she now realized, that she should succeed because she was she; while warning herself that she must not expect anything but failure, she had secretly cherished an ideal of triumph that made the future a matter of fortunate inspirations and delightful toil. This was what she had really hoped; and now, to her defeat was added the stinging sense of having been a fool. She had probably set to work quite in the wrong way; and she had been not only a fool, but such a coward as to be afraid to say that she wished to sell her work to the only people who could take a special interest in it. Yet they might not have cared for it either, and if she had spoken she would have had only one ignominy the more to remember. For, what puzzled and surprised Helen most of all was that when she had taken the humblest mien, and approached those shop people on their own level, as it were, without pretension and without pride, they should have shown no sense of the sacrifice she had made, but should have trampled upon her all the same.

The glamour was gone from her experiment. She was in the mood to accept any conditions of dependence; she wondered at the vain courage with which she had refused the idleness and uselessness of the home offered her by the Butlers.

The dinner-bell rang, but she remained with her face in the pillow: after a while some one tapped at her door, and then pushed it softly open and looked in. But she did not stir. Whoever it was must have thought her asleep and so left her; yet when Helen opened her eyes there was still some one in her room. A shawl had been flung over her, and Miss Root was sitting at the window looking at her, and apparently waiting for her to wake up.

"Not going to be sick, are you?" she asked. "You've been sleeping ever since before dinner, and Mrs. Hewitt asked me to look in and see how you were getting along. I guess you haven't taken cold; she put the shawl on you."

"Oh, no!" said Helen, rising briskly, in



the first free moment of waking, when care has not yet dropped back upon the heart. "I came in with a headache, and threw myself on the bed to rest."

"That some of your work?" Miss Root indicated with a nod the basket which stood in the middle of the floor where the man had set it. The paper had come off one of the jars, and showed its decoration.

"Yes," said Helen. "I did them—I——" A thought flashed into her mind: "They are for a wedding present!"

"May I look at it?" asked Miss Root.

"Certainly," said Helen, feeling bolder, now that she was protected by this little outwork of unreality against the invasion of Miss Root's sympathy. She unwrapped two or three of the jars and set them on the window-seat.

Miss Root did not trouble herself to take them up, but stood at a little distance and glanced at them with an eye that Helen saw understood and classed them, and that made her feel like the amateur she was. The girl turned away without comment.

"I saw some just like them in a window as I came along Washington street. I pity any poor wretch that expects to live by painting and selling them."

Miss Root could not have meant her equivocal speech in unkindness, for she added, looking back as she went out, "Don't you come down if you don't feel just right; I'll bring up your supper to you."

Helen said she was going down, and arming herself with the courage of her despair, she confronted the question of the tea-table with gayety even, and made light of her long nap. She said she had been shopping all the morning, and the irony of the phrase in this application flattered her bitter mood. It was a stroke of the finest sarcasm, could they but know it; and in her heart she mocked at their simple acceptance of her statement.

Mr. Evans said he was surprised she could sleep after shopping. When his wife went shopping it kept the whole family awake for the next twenty-four hours and care-worn for a week. Mrs. Hewitt asked about the fashions, and said that she always found things just as cheap and a good deal better at the large stores, and you spent more time and laid out as much money running round to the little places. It seemed to Helen the height of the sardonic to answer—"Yes, it was quite useless to go to the little places."

"D'you find your letters all right, Miss Harkness?" asked the landlady, when this talk had taken its course. "I put 'em on the corner of your mantel."

"No," said Helen; "I didn't look."

"Well, you'll see 'em when you go back. They came after you went to sleep. The most curious stamps on I ever saw."

Helen's heart stood still with fear and hope; and "Oh, papa, get them for my collection," pleaded the little boy.

"Here," she said, rising, and making this opportune prayer her shelter, "come up with me, and you shall have them"; and after due reproach from his mother, he was suffered to go with her.

It was Robert Fenton's handwriting on the envelopes. "It's my answer—it's my sentence—and I deserve it," she said, under her breath, as she stood with the letters in her hand, trying to detach one of the stamps with her trembling fingers.

"There!" cried the boy, "you're tearing it!"

"Never mind," said Helen; "they're both alike. I'll cut this other off for you."

But her hand shook so that she chopped into the letter a little with the scissors.

"If I couldn't cut better than that!" roared the boy, anxious for the integrity of his stamp. "What makes you get so white, and then get so red?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing!" answered Helen, incoherently. "Here's your stamp." She stooped to give it. The child was pretty, with still gray eyes and full lips. "Will you kiss me, Tom," she asked, in a very soft, trembling voice, "for good luck?" It seemed as if her fate hung upon his will; but when he hastily kissed her and ran out, she still had not courage to open the letters. She flung them on the bed and locked the door, and then came back and looked at them. She could see a little of the writing in one through the hole where she had cut away the stamp, and she tried to make out the words; they were such words as "from," and "four," and "with."

If there had been but one letter, she thought, she should not have been afraid of it; but this mystery of there being two! She tried putting one out of sight under the pillow, but that did no good. Her sole comfort was that while they were still unopened she did not know the worst; but in the meantime she was consumed with a terrible curiosity. She studied them hard, and then walked away to the farthest corner.

"Oh, what *is* it in them? Indeed, I couldn't bear anything after to-day, indeed I couldn't!" she whimpered. "I *can't* open them!"

And then she pounced upon one of them in a frenzy and tore it open.

(To be continued.)

## CARDINAL MANNING.

THE painter who, conscious of his own deficiencies, has yet satisfied his patrons by a portrait executed to order, may well hesitate to fulfill the task if requested to furnish a companion picture. The subject, however worthy, may not appeal so fully to his own interests or imagination; the character may not be so familiar to him, or have been studied so long; the light in which the picture is to hang may be different; the original may be better known, and the representation therefore more open to criticism. Just as I think any painter may feel, so do I feel in reality when asked by the Editor of *THE CENTURY* to contribute to these pages a sketch of Henry Edward, Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. Whatever insufficiency I was aware of in myself, in contributing a sketch of Cardinal Newman, is much more obvious to me in the present undertaking. Were it conceivable to me that I should ever become a Catholic, I should, in joining the church, be more attracted by the school of thought to which, as it seems to an outsider, Cardinal Newman belongs, than to that of Cardinal Manning; while my very complete sympathy with much of the Archbishop's political, social, and philanthropic work serves, though the logical process is not very clear, to intensify my theological distance from him. What, however, the readers of *THE CENTURY* wish is not a portrait of the man by one of his own intimates, or by one of his own faith, but rather a sketch of one of the foremost men in modern London, and the foremost representative of the Catholic Church in England. This I essay to give, not without diffidence, but with every wish to be honest and fair.

Cardinal Manning is in his seventy-fourth year. He is the son of the late William Manning, M. P., and Governor of the Bank of England, and was educated at Harrow and Baliol, migrating thence, after taking the highest honors, to become a Fellow of Merton. He is a typical public school man, and could scarcely have been at any but a fashionable public school. Men who have not had such training may have courtly manners, may be thorough men of the world; those educated at home may have equal, sometimes more, erudition; but the combination of learning worn lightly like a flower, great frankness of manner with power of reticence when needed, aptness for being at home

in any society, from the rough to the courtier, and simple unconscious ease, are generally to be found among Englishmen only in those educated at our first-class public schools. These were the qualities which, joined with his birth and his father's position, gave him, even as a very young man, a commanding influence in Oxford society, which raised him to be Archdeacon of Chichester at the early age of thirty-two, and which have made him so great a power in his own communion since he joined it. They have also given him influence among very various classes of society, especially among the great, so that his brother-in-law, the late Bishop of Winchester, smarting under the desertion of his friend, and unable to deny himself the use of epigram, called him the "apostle of the gentlemen." He became Rector of Lavington and Graffham in Sussex in 1834, and married the youngest Miss Serjeant, one of the co-heiresses of the Lavington property, two other sisters having married Samuel Wilberforce, afterward Bishop, and Herry Wilberforce, his brother. Mrs. Manning survived her marriage but a few months, and the four volumes of "Parochial Sermons," published by Archdeacon Manning while Rector of Lavington, show the effect upon a sensitive nature of a very deep and early sorrow, which strengthened the spirituality of his nature and turned his thoughts more and more toward the unseen world. All that was deepest in him, just as what was true in the nature of Bishop Wilberforce, was touched and strengthened by the loss of their young and beautiful wives. This great sorrow, by which his after elevation in the church of his adoption was rendered possible, has not always been looked upon by his co-religionists in the same light. It was one of the canons of his own Pro-cathedral who said that the greatest blow the Catholic Church had received in this century was the death of Mrs. Manning.

A quiet residence among the Sussex downs might have put an extinguisher on many men; it put none on Manning. Any one who reads the lives of the Wilberforces, or the many biographical and other contributions toward the history of the English Church during the Tractarian movement, will recognize the considerable part which Manning played; and when he became Archdeacon of Sussex his charges were among the

forces that affected the whole religious and political attitude of a large and often dominant section of the English Church.

It may be here well to quote, both as a specimen of his style and of the tone of thought in which he habitually lived, the concluding sentences of a sermon published by him on "Commemoration of the Faithful Departed":

"Therefore, the Church commemorates their [the saints'] earthly welfare, that we may go forth out of ourselves in a reverent love for those whose sanctity abashes our inflated self-esteem. She bids us remember that, in comparison with her mighty dead, we are but worms; that the Church is not ours to rend and set in array, nor to patronize and irreverently praise; that we are but one of a flowing tide of generations—one only—and that neither the worst nor the best. Better were it for us to stand in awe at our own littleness. We are but a handful of restless, therefore, self-exalting children in the sight of the Church unseen.

"Therefore, year by year, let us reverently commemorate their names, remembering what they were, but steadfastly gazing at what they are. Their very words are still ringing in our ears: of some the beloved image, too, is full before us. Let us live as they would bid us, could they still speak: let us fulfill their known behests, following in their steps, filling up the works that they began, carrying on their hallowed offices now bequeathed to our care: let us be like them in deadness to sin, and increasing homage to our unseen Lord. As we grow holier, we grow nearer to them; to be like them is to be with them; even now they are not far from us; we know not how nigh. As yet, for a time, the veil is drawn. We shall know all at His coming. It may be, we shall say: What! so near, and we could not see you? At times we could almost fancy we were not alone; but when we strained our sight, we saw nothing; when we listened, all was still."

But Manning was by no means consciously approaching the goal at which he afterward found himself; so far from this, that while the commemoration of the Gunpowder Plot was still a scandal to the English Liturgy, Archdeacon Manning preached before the University of Oxford a violent tirade against Popery with a vehemence unusual in an English, and still more in an university pulpit. He declared it to be impossible that the Pope should ever again have the jurisdiction in the realm of England; and his indignant declamation profoundly distressed many of those who, though not aware that they might themselves be drawn into closer relations with the Roman Church, yet desired to "speak gently of our sister's fall." Newman was then in retirement at Littlemore, preparing for the end, which was shortly coming—his own reception into Catholicism. Archdeacon Manning walked out to Littlemore to call upon him, but the report of the disastrous sermon had already preceded the preacher. The door was opened by one of

those young men, then members of the quasi-monastic community, who had to convey to the Archdeacon the unpleasant intimation that Dr. Newman declined to see him. So anxious was the young man to cover the slight, and to minimize its effect, that he walked away from the door with the Archdeacon, bare-headed as he was, and had covered half the way to Oxford before he turned back, unaware, as was his companion, of his unprotected state, under a November sky. So strangely do we change in these changing times, that it is hard to realize that the perplexed novice was Mr. J. A. Froude.

Those who read Archdeacon Manning's "Parochial Sermons" will recognize yet another predominant note besides that of nearness to the unseen world, although closely in harmony with the former. This is the note of sacramental channels of grace. Hence, when the spiritual grace of baptism was denied by Mr. Gorham, and his view pronounced to be tenable within the Church of England, Archdeacon Manning, with many others, felt the very ground on which they stood cut from under them. If the Church of England denied sacramental grace, which to them involved the very essence of religion, there was indeed nowhere to turn but to the Church of Rome, however impossible it had once seemed that they should do so. Immediately after the Gorham judgment was pronounced, Archdeacon Manning shook from his feet the dust of an heretical Church, to join that toward which his steps had so long unconsciously been advancing; when no doubt he found that the boundaries were by no means so difficult to overstep as they had seemed to him on that November day. After the short retirement, inevitable on his change, preparatory to taking orders in the church of his adoption, his rise was rapid and signal. He, too, like his brother cardinal, founded a congregation, that of the Oblates of St. Charles Borromeo, filling in the interim the dignified office of Provost of Westminster. In 1865, Monsignor Manning was consecrated Archbishop of Westminster. In 1875, he was created a cardinal with the title of Saints Andrew and Gregory. Since his appointment as archbishop few men have ever been more before the world. Not only is he a constant preacher in, and a frequent preacher out of his diocese; not only has he been a combatant in intellectual contests, especially in the Metaphysical Society, a club which met monthly, where he held his own with such disputants as Dr. Martineau, Mr. Frederick Harrison, and Professor Huxley,—he has also taken part in the social life of London to such an extent that there is hardly

a philanthropic work in which he could consistently coöperate wherein he has not been a sharer. Conspicuous above all has been the aid that he has given to total abstinence societies both in and out of his church. In politics he is understood to take a strongly democratic view, and has been heard to say that, were he not what he is, his choice would be to be a demagogue. On the Irish question, and to some extent on the extreme Irish side, he has been very outspoken; and should it hereafter prove to be possible that the Catholic Church, at least in the West, should ally herself with the cause of the people, as distinguished from the cause of the oligarchs, Cardinal Manning's name will be found on the roll of those who have helped the fusion.

One signal exception, indeed, there has been. The language in which he allowed himself to speak of the son of the perjured usurper of France, stricken down as a filibuster in a war with which he had nothing to do, was a profound grief to many who deeply admired His Eminence. Making all allowance for the feelings excited by a mother's sorrow and the death of a prince, so-called, who chanced to be Catholic, it was distressing to hear so powerful a voice lamenting the extinction of a dynasty which not all the sacred oil of Rheims could have made other than accursed, and from whose right hand the blood of the slaughters of the Second of December could never have been washed. And, indeed, it is this coquetting with tyrants, in spite of the upsurging, from time to time, of nobler and better feelings; it is this retrogression to the side of all that is base and foul in government, which—far more than dogmas, of which nearly all can be accepted metaphysically and transcendently—keeps at a distance those who might be attracted by the great history or the soothing promises of the church which Cardinal Manning has adopted.

Those who attend his many sermons and speeches, those who read his published sermons and have a right to judge, tell us that the fervor of devotion which was so remarkable in the sermons of the archdeacon is to be found, enhanced and deepened, in the discourses of the archbishop. The keen arguments, the statesman-like papers on the Independence of the Holy See, the astute special pleading on behalf of the Vatican Council, have not dimmed the fervor of devotion. The man of the world never for an instant ceases to be the priest; and we believe that many a death-bed, which might have been not unfairly left to the ministrations of the minor clergy, has been blessed by the uplifted hand of him who in England bears the weight of all the churches. And, while many

might take the Cardinal-Archbishop as an incarnation of shrewd, every-day common sense, his recognition of the pilgrimage to Lourdes shows that he yet feels how completely the church of the nineteenth century is the church of the Middle Ages, and that he shrinks from no recrudescence of modern miracles, however physical.

The eminently practical nature of the man has been shown in his choice of a residence. In all London there could scarcely have been found a house which, *primâ facie*, was less adapted for a home than the gaunt, ugly building standing a little south-east of the Victoria Station, erected by philanthropic officers a good many years ago as a club for the non-commissioned officers and men of the Guards. Its great echoing stone hall, its bare, square rooms, well intended for public purposes, seemed but ill adapted for a home; but when the Guards' Club failed as a speculation here was a house, cheap and large and handy—a building capable of being invested with a certain magnificence—and for comfort its occupant cares but little. No other great man is more accessible than the Cardinal. Through no rooms are ushered men of more various opinions than through these great halls, Italian in their spaciousness, all English in their chilliness. And yet a certain dignity and grandeur seem to haunt them and surround also their spare, even emaciated tenant. The windows of this uninviting abode look out on a dreary waste at the backs of houses, overgrown with what can only by courtesy be called grass—a squalid inclosure; but, to the Cardinal, this plot probably presents a different aspect than to the ordinary beholder, for it is the site of the cathedral which he intends to erect, and of which a design hangs on the walls of his chief reception-room. No doubt in his mind's eye there rise soaring arch and lofty spire, and the vision of England, Catholic once more, thronging its wide portals. We see no indication of the realization of such a view. What if converts by the hundred are to be numbered among the principal ranks, both of intellect and birth? What are they, even hundreds, among so many? What if there be into England large incursions of poor Irish, or poor Italians, or poor French, so that the churches in Westminster or Hatton Garden are thronged?—there is no sign whatever that the great bulk of the middle class of England are anything but sturdily Protestant, tolerating, but by no means accepting, the Catholic faith. Yet we would not, if we could, forbid the Cardinal to complete his church and to dream his dream, being well assured that his efforts, in whatever they

result  
elevat  
der  
pasto  
not t  
—he  
by  
deed  
he ha  
whic  
his p  
total

In  
Geor  
taini  
migh  
Gwe  
Miss  
alized  
work  
acter  
of th  
In di  
foun  
refer  
tion  
veale  
so do  
that  
Now  
the  
purpo  
as di  
work  
in th  
some  
find  
thrus  
which  
that  
time  
it was  
1876  
ducti  
to tr  
remer  
treat  
pictu  
thron  
multi  
of the  
blasé

\* Be



result, must result at least in this—the moral elevation and ennobling of those who fall under his sway. Not wholly popular,—for his pastoral staff is somewhat rigid, and does not bud and blossom like the rod of Aaron,—he is yet thoroughly respected and revered by the Catholics of England. There are, indeed, cynics among his priests who think that he has made but little way in some of the causes which he has most at heart, and that, were his personal influence removed, the great teetotal organization of the League of the Cross

would crumble to dust. But however this may be, we know too well that no man can carry out one-half the schemes he sets before him, and that, at any rate, in the words of George Herbert, he

"Who aims a star  
Shoots higher far than he that aims a tree."

Those who are not of his own faith may be led to admire the indomitable pluck and vigor of one among the most prominent figures of our present London world.

*C. Kegan Paul.*

### MORAL PURPOSE IN ART. \*

In the last lecture, we obtained a view of George Eliot's "Daniel Deronda" as containing two distinct stories, one of which might have been called "The Repentance of Gwendolen Harleth," and the other "The Mission of Daniel Deronda"; and we generalized the principal objections against the work into two, namely, that the main characters were prigs, and that the artistic value of the book was spoiled by its moral purpose. In discussing the first of these objections, we found that probably both of them might be referred to a common origin; for examination of precisely what is meant by a prig revealed that he is a person whose goodness is so downright, so unconforming, and so radical that it makes the mass of us uncomfortable. Now there can be no question that so far as the charge of being overloaded with moral purpose is brought against "Daniel Deronda," as distinguished from George Eliot's other works, it is so palpably contrary to all facts in the case that we may clearly refer it to some fact outside the case; and I readily find this outside fact in that peculiar home-thrust of the moral of "Daniel Deronda" which has rendered it more tangible than that of any preceding work which concerned time past. You will remember, we found that it was only in "Daniel Deronda," written in 1876, after thirty years of study and of production, that George Eliot allowed herself to treat current English society; you will remember, too, how we found that this first treatment revealed, among other things, a picture of an unspeakable brute, Grandcourt, throned like the Indian Cama above the multitude, and receiving the special adoration of the most refined young English girls with a blasé stare,—a picture which made the worship

of the golden calf or the savage dance around a merely impotent wooden idol fade into tame blasphemy. No man could deny the truth of the picture; the galled jade was obliged to wince; this time it was *my* withers that were wrung. Thus the moral purpose of "Daniel Deronda"—which is certainly beyond all comparison less obtrusive than that of any other book written by George Eliot—grew, by its very nearness, out of all perspective. Though a mere gnat, it sat on the very eyelash of society and seemed a monster.

In speaking of George Eliot's earlier stories, I was at pains to show how explicitly she avowed their moral purpose: in "Amos Barton," in "Janet's Repentance," in "Adam Bede," everywhere there is the fullest avowal of didacticism; on almost every other page one meets those direct appeals from the author in her own person to the reader, in which George Eliot indulged more freely than any novelist I know, enforcing this or that moral view in plain terms of preaching. But it curiously happens that even these moral asides are conspicuously absent from "Daniel Deronda": the most cursory comparison of it in this particular with "Adam Bede," for example, reveals an enormous disproportion in favor of "Deronda" as to the weight of this criticism. Yet people who had enthusiastically accepted and extolled "Adam Bede," with all its explicitly moralizing passages and its professedly preaching characters, suddenly found that "Daniel Deronda" was intolerably priggish and didactic.

But resting thus on the facts in the case—easily provable by comparing "Daniel Deronda" with any previous work—to show how this censure of didacticism loses all momen-

\* Being the opening pages of the late Sidney Lanier's Last Lecture, Johns Hopkins University, April, 1881.



tum as against this particular book, let us advance to the more interesting, because more general, fact that many people—some in great sincerity—have preferred this censure against all of George Eliot's work, and against all didactic novels in general. The objection involves many shades of opinion, and is urged with the most diverse motives and manners. At one extreme we have "The Saturday Review" huskily growling that the office of the novelist is to amuse, never to instruct; that George Eliot, in seeking the latter, has even forfeited the former; and that "Daniel Deronda" neither amuses nor instructs; whereupon George Eliot is derisively bid, in substance, to put on the cap and bells again and leave teaching to her betters,—with a voice, by the way, which is wondrously like that with which the "Edinburgh Review" some years ago cried out to our adorable John Keats, "Back to your gallipots, young man!" From this extreme we have all shades of opinion—to that vague and moderate apprehension much current among young persons influenced by a certain smart sound in the modern French phrase, "*L'Art pour l'Art*," or by the German nickname of Tendency books—that a moral intention on the part of an artist is apt to interfere with the naturalness or intrinsic beauty of his work; that in art the controlling consideration must always be artistic beauty, and that artistic beauty is not only distinct from, but often opposed to, moral beauty.

Now to discuss this question *a priori*, to go forward and establish an æsthetic basis for beauty, involving an examination which must range from Aristotle to Kant and Burke and Mr. Grant Allen's physiological theories, would require another course of lectures quite as long as that which is now ending; and you will remember I was careful to say in my last announcement, not that I would attempt to *discuss*, but (the words used were) to "throw some light upon this question" in the present lecture. And so, to proceed immediately to that work with some system, permit me to recall to you, in the first place, that the requirement has been, from time immemorial, that wherever there is contest as between artistic and moral beauty, unless the moral side prevail all is lost. Let any sculptor hew us out the most ravishing combination of tender curves and spheric softness that ever stood for woman; yet, if the lip have a certain fullness that hints of the flesh, if the brow be insincere, if in the minutest particular the physical beauty suggest a moral ugliness, that sculptor, unless he be portraying a moral ugliness for a moral purpose, may as well give over his marble for paving-

stones. Time, whose judgments are inexorably moral, will not accept his work. For indeed we may say that he who has not yet perceived how artistic beauty and moral beauty are convergent lines which run back into a common ideal origin, and who, therefore, is not afire with moral beauty just as with artistic beauty,—that he, in short, who has not come to that stage of quiet and eternal frenzy in which the beauty of holiness and the holiness of beauty mean one thing, burn as one fire, shine as one light, within him, is not yet the great artist.

Here it is most instructive to note how the fine and beautiful souls of time appear after a while to lose all sense of distinction between these terms,—Beauty, Truth, Love, Wisdom, Goodness, and the like. Hear some testimony upon this point: this is a case for witnesses. Let us call, first, Keats. Keats does not hesitate to draw a moral, even from his "Grecian Urn," and even in the very climacteric of his most "high-sorrowful song"; and that moral effaces the distinction between truth and beauty.

"Cold pastoral!" he cries, at the end of the "Ode on a Grecian Urn,"

"When old age shall this generation waste,  
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe  
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st  
'Beauty is truth, truth beauty,'—that is all  
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

Again, bearing in mind this identity of truth and beauty in Keats's view, observe how Emerson, by strange turns of thought, subtly refers both truth and beauty to a common principle of the essential relation of each thing to all things in the universe. These lines are from his poem called "Each and All":

"Little thinks in the field yon red-cloaked clown  
Of thee from the hill-top looking down;

\* \* \* \* \*

The sexton tolling his bell at noon  
Deems not that great Napoleon  
Stops his horse and lists with delight  
While his files sweep round yon Alpine height;  
Nor knowest thou what argument  
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.  
All are needed by each one;  
Nothing is fair or good alone."

Nothing is fair or good alone: that is to say, fairness, or beauty, and goodness depend upon relations between creatures; and so, in the end of the poem, after telling us how he learned this lesson by finding that the bird-song was not beautiful when away from its proper relation to the sky and the river, and so on, we have this:

"Then I said 'I covet truth;  
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;  
I leave it behind with the games of youth.'  
As I spoke, beneath my feet  
The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,  
Running over the club-moss burrs;  
I inhaled the violet's breath;  
Around me stood the oaks and firs;  
Pine cones and acorns lay on the ground;  
Over me soared the eternal sky,  
Full of light and of deity;  
Again I saw, again I heard  
The rolling river, the morning bird:  
Beauty through all my senses stole;  
I yielded myself to the perfect whole."

But again, here Mrs. Browning, speaking by the mouth of Adam in "The Drama of Exile," so far identifies beauty and *love* as to make the former depend on the latter; inasmuch that Satan, created the most beautiful of all angels, becomes the most repulsive of all angels from lack of *love*, though retaining all his original outfit of beauty. In "A Drama of Exile," after Adam and Eve have become wise with the great lessons of grief, love, and forgiveness, to them comes Satan, with such talk as if he would mock them back into their misery; but it is fine to see how the father of men now instructs the prince of the angels upon this matter of love and beauty.

EVE. Speak no more with him,  
Beloved! it is not good to speak with him.  
Go from us, Lucifer, and speak no more!  
We have no pardon which thou dost not scorn,  
Nor any bliss, thou seest, for coveting,  
Nor innocence for staining. Being bereft,  
We would be alone.—Go.  
LUC. Ah! ye talk the same,  
All of you—spirits and clay—go, and depart!  
In Heaven they said so; and at Eden's gate,—  
And here, reiterant, in the wilderness.  
None saith, Stay with me, for thy face is fair!  
None saith, Stay with me, for thy voice is sweet!  
And yet I was not fashioned out of clay.  
Look on me, woman! Am I beautiful?  
EVE. Thou hast a glorious darkness.  
LUC. Nothing more?  
EVE. I think, no more.  
LUC. False Heart—thou thinkest more!  
Thou canst not choose but think \* \* \*  
\* \* \* that I stand  
Most absolute in beauty. As yourselves  
Were fashioned very good at best, so we  
Sprang very beautiful from the creant Word  
Which thrilled behind us, God Himself being moved  
When that august work of a perfect shape,—  
His dignities of sovran angel-hood,—  
Swept out into the Universe,—divine  
With thunderous movements, earnest looks of gods,  
And silver-solemn clash of cymbal-wings!  
Whereof was I, in motion and in form,  
A part not poorest. And yet,—yet, perhaps,  
This beauty which I speak of is not here,  
As God's voice is not here, nor even my crown—  
I do not know. What is this thought or thing  
Which I call beauty? is it thought or thing?  
Is it a thought accepted for a thing?  
Or both? or neither?—a pretext—a word?  
Its meaning flutters in me like a flame

Under my own breath: my perceptions reel  
For evermore around it, and fall off,  
As if it too were holy.

EVE.

Which it is.

ADAM. The essence of all beauty, I call love.  
The attribute, the evidence, and end,  
The consummation to the inward sense,  
Of beauty apprehended from without,  
I still call love. As form, when colorless,  
Is nothing to the eye,—that pine-tree there,  
Without its black and green, being all a blank,—  
So, without love, is beauty undiscerned,  
In man or angel. Angel! rather ask  
What love is in thee, what love moves to thee,  
And what collateral love moves on with thee;  
Then shalt thou know if thou art beautiful.

LUC. Love! What is love? I lose it. Beauty and love.

I darken to the image. Beauty—love.

(He disappears.)

Let us now carry forward this connection between love and beauty in listening to a further testimony of Emerson's in a poem called "The Celestial Love," where, instead of identifying *beauty* and *truth* with Keats, we find him making *love* and *truth* to be one:

"Love's hearts are faithful, but not fond,  
Bound for the just, but not beyond;  
Not glad, as the low-loving herd,  
Of self in other still preferred,  
But they have heartily designed  
The benefit of broad mankind.  
And they serve men austere,  
After their own genius, clearly,  
Without a false humility;  
For this is Love's nobility,—  
Not to scatter bread and gold,  
Goods and raiment bought and sold;  
But to hold fast his simple sense,  
And speak the speech of innocence,  
And with hand, and body, and blood,  
To make his bosom-counsel good.  
For he that feeds men serveth few;  
He serves all who dares be true."

And in connection with these lines,—

"Not glad, as the low-loving herd,  
Of self in other still preferred,"—

I must here beg you to observe the quite incalculable advance in the ideal of love here presented by Emerson, and the ideal which was thought to be the crown and boast of the classic novel a hundred years ago, and which is still pointed to with exultation by thoughtless people. This ideal, by universal voice, was held to have been consummated in the character of Squire Allworthy, in the famous novel, "Tom Jones." And here it is: We have a dramatic presentation of Squire Allworthy, early on a May morning pacing the terrace before his mansion, which commanded a noble stretch of country; and then Fielding glows thus:

"In the full blaze of his majesty rose the sun,  
than which one object alone in this lower creation

could be more glorious, and that Mr. Allworthy himself presented—a human being replete with benevolence, meditating in what manner he might render himself most acceptable to his Creator by doing most good to His creatures."

Here, Mr. Allworthy's benevolence has for its object to render himself most acceptable to his Creator. His love, in other words, is only another term for increasing his account in the Bank of Heaven—a perfect example, in short, of that love of the low-loving herd which is self in other still preferred.

But now let me once more turn the tube and gain another radiant arrangement of these kaleidoscopic elements, beauty and love and the like. In Emerson's poem called "Beauty" (which must be distinguished from the "Ode to Beauty"), the relation between love and beauty takes this turn: of Seyd he says:

"Beauty chased he everywhere.  
In flame, in storm, in clouds of air.  
He smote the lake to feed his eye  
With the beryl beam of the broken wave;  
He flung in pebbles well to hear  
The moment's music which they gave.  
Oft pealed for him a lofty tone  
From nodding pole and belting zone.  
He heard a voice none else could hear  
From central and from errant sphere.  
The quaking earth did quake in rhyme,  
Seas ebb'd and flow'd in epic chime.  
In dens of passion, and pits of woe,  
He saw strong Eros struggling through,  
To sum the doubt and solve the curse,  
And beam to the bounds of the universe.  
While thus to love he gave his days  
In loyal worship, scorning praise,"

(where, you observe, love is substituted for beauty, as that to which he gave his days, in the most naive *assumption* that the one involves the other,)

"While thus to love he gave his days  
In loyal worship, scorning praise,  
How spread their lures for him in vain  
Thieving Ambition and paltering Gain!  
He thought it happier to be dead,  
To die for Beauty, than live for bread."

George Eliot has somewhere called this word love a word-of-all-work. If, with another turn, I add to these testimonies one from Swedenborg, in which this same love—which we have just seen to be beauty—which beauty we just before saw to be truth—is now identified with *wisdom*, we prove the justice of George Eliot's phrase. In section X. of his work on "The Divine Providence," Swedenborg says: "The good of love is not good any further than it is united to the truth of wisdom; and the truth of wisdom is not truth any further than it is united to the good of love"; and he continues, in section XIII.: "Now, because truth is from good, as wisdom is from love, therefore both taken together

are called love or good: for love in its form is wisdom, and good in its form is truth."

And, finally, does not David practically confirm this view where, in Psalms, CXIX., he involves the love of the law of God with wisdom in the verse, "I understand more than the ancients because I keep thy precepts?"

I grieve that there is no time to call more witnesses; for I love to assemble these lofty spirits and hear them speak upon one topic. Is it not clear that in the minds of these serious thinkers truth, beauty, wisdom, goodness, love appear as if they were but avatars of one and the same essential God? And if this be true, cannot one say with authority to the young artist,—whether working in stone, in color, in tones, or in character—forms of the novel: So far from dreading that your moral purpose will interfere with your beautiful creation, go forward in the clear conviction that, unless you are suffused—soul and body, one might say—with that moral purpose which finds its largest expression in love—that is, the love of all things in their proper relation—unless you are suffused with this love, do not dare to meddle with beauty; unless you are suffused with beauty, do not dare to meddle with love; unless you are suffused with truth, do not dare to meddle with goodness,—in a word, unless you are suffused with beauty, truth, wisdom, goodness, and love, abandon the hope that the ages will accept you as an artist.

Of course, I leave out of view here all that field of artistic activity which is merely neutral, which is—not immoral, but—merely *unmoral*. The situations in Scott's novels, for instance, do not in general put us upon any moral question as between man and man. Or when our own Mr. Way paints his luminous bunches of grapes, one of which will feed the palates of a thousand souls though it is never eaten, and thus shows us how Art repeats the miracle of the loaves and fishes, feeding a multitude and leaving more of the original provision than was at first, we have most delightful unmoral art. This is not only legitimate, but I think among the most beneficent energies of art; it rests our hearts, it gives us holiday from the eternal debate, it re-creates us for all work.

But now, secondly, as to the influence of moral purpose in art: we have been in the habit, as you will remember, of passing at the earliest possible moment from abstract discussion to the concrete instance; and if we now follow that course and inquire—not whether moral purpose *may* interfere with artistic creation, but whether moral purpose *has* interfered with artistic creation, as matter of fact, in the works of those whom the ages have set

in the highest heaven of art, we get a verdict which seems to leave little room for question. At the beginning we are met with the fact that the greatest work has always gone hand in hand with the most fervent moral purpose. For example, the most poetical poetry of which we know anything is that of the author of Job and that of David and of his fellow psalm-writers. I have used the expression "most poetical" here with design: for, regarded as pure literature, these poems, in this particular of poeticalness, of pure spirituality, lift themselves into a plane not reached by any others. A single fact in proof of this exceeding poeticalness will suffice: it is the fact that these poems alone, of all ever written, bear translation from one language into another without hurt. Surely this can be said of no other poetic work. If we strike away all allowances of amateurishness and good-fellowship, and judge with the uncompromising truth of the pious artist, how pitiful is Homer as he appears even in Pope's English; or how subtly does the simplicity of Dante melt into childishness even with Mr. Longfellow guiding; or how tedious and flat fall the cultured sentences of Goethe even in Taylor's version, which has by many been declared the most successful translation ever made, not only of "Faust," but of any foreign poem; nay, how completely the charm of Chaucer exhales away, even when redacted merely from an older dialect into a later one, by hands so skillful as those of Dryden and Wordsworth!

Now, it is words and their associations which are untranslatable, not ideas; there is no *idea*, whether originating in a Hebrew, Greek, or other mind, which cannot be adequately produced as *idea* in English words. The reason why Shakspeare and Dante are practically untranslatable is that, recognizing how every word means more than itself to its native users,—how every word is like the bright head of a comet drawing behind it a less luminous train of vague associations, which are associations only to those who have used such words from infancy,—Shakspeare and Dante, I say, have used this fact and have constructed poems which necessarily mean more to native hearers than they can possibly mean to any foreign ear.

But this Hebrew poetry which I have mentioned is so purely composed of ideas which are universal, essential, fundamental to the personality of man, instantly recognizable by every soul of every race, that they remain absolutely great, absolutely artistic, in whatever language they are couched. For example,—if one climbs up for a moment out of that vagueness with which Biblical expressions, for various reasons, are apt to fall upon

many ears, so that one may consider the clean and virgin quality of ideas clarified from all factitious charm of word and of association,—what could be more nearly perfect as pure literature than this:

"The entrance of thy words giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple.

I opened my mouth and panted: for I longed for thy commandments \* \* \*

Deliver me from the oppression of man: so will I keep thy precepts.

Order my steps in thy word, and let not any iniquity have dominion over me.

Make thy face to shine upon thy servant, and teach me thy statutes.

Rivers of waters run down mine eyes because they keep not thy law."

Or this:

"I will lift up mine eyes to the hills whence cometh my help.

My help cometh from the Lord which made heaven and earth. \* \* \*

The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: He shall preserve thy soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, even for evermore."

Or this:

"In my distress I cried unto the Lord, and He heard me.

Deliver my soul, O Lord, from lying lips, from a deceitful tongue.

What shall be given unto thee, or what shall be done unto thee, thou false tongue!

Sharp arrows of the mighty with coals of juniper.

Woe is me that I sojourn in Mesech, that I dwell in the tents of Kedar!

My soul hath long dwelt with him that hateth peace.

I am for peace; but when I speak they are for war."

Or this of Isaiah's.

"Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened and the ears of the deaf unstopped. Then shall the lame leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing: for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert. And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water.

In the habitation of dragons where each lay shall be grass with reeds and rushes. \* \* \* No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon; it shall not be found there; \* \* \*

And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

Or this from the author of "Job":

"Surely there is a vein for the silver and a place for gold where they fine it. \* \* \*

As for the earth, out of it cometh bread, and under it is turned up as it were fire. \* \* \*



But where shall wisdom be found? And where is the place of understanding? \* \* \*

The depth saith, It is not in me: and the sea saith, It is not with me. \* \* \*

Destruction and death say, We have heard the fame thereof with our ears.

God understandeth the way thereof, and he knoweth the place thereof.

For he looketh to the ends of the earth, and seeth under the whole heaven; \* \* \*

When he made a decree for the rain and a way for the lightning of the thunder:

Then did he see it and declare it; he prepared it, yea, and searched it out.

And unto man he said, Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding."

Here it is apparent enough that the moral purpose with which these writers were, beyond all question, surcharged, instead of interfering with the artistic value of their product, has spiritualized the art of it into an intensity which burns away all limitations of language, and sets their poems as indestructible monuments in the hearts of the whole human race.

If we descend to the next rank of poetry, I have only to ask you to observe how, in Shakspeare, just as the moral purpose becomes loftier the artistic creations become lovelier. Compare, for example, the forgiveness and reconciliation group of plays, as they have been called—"The Winter's Tale," "Henry VIII.," and "The Tempest" (which must have been written late in Shakspeare's life, when the moral beauty of large forgiveness seems to have taken complete possession of his fancy, and when the moral purpose of displaying that beauty to his fellow-men seems to have reigned over his creative energy)—compare, I say, these plays with earlier ones, and it seems to me that all the main creations are more distinctly artistic, more spiritually beautiful, lifted up into a plane of holy rapture which is far above that of all the earlier plays. Think of the dignity and endless womanly patience of *Hermione*, of the heavenly freshness and morning quality of *Perdita*, of the captivating roguery of *Autolycus*, in "The Winter's Tale"; of the colossal forgiveness of *Queen Katherine*, in "Henry VIII.,"; of the equally colossal pardon of *Prospero*, of the dewy innocence of *Miranda*, of the gracious and graceful ministrations of *Ariel*, of the grotesquerie of *Caliban* and *Trinculo*, of the play of ever fresh delights and surprises which make the drama of "The Tempest" itself a lone and music-haunted island among dramas! Everywhere in these latter plays I seem to feel the brooding of a certain sanctity which breathes out of the larger moral purpose of the period.

Leaving these illustrations, for which time fails, it seems to me we have fairly made out

our case against these objectors if, after this review of the connection between moral purpose and artistic creation, we advance, thirdly, to the fact of which these objectors seem profoundly oblivious—that the English novel at its very beginning announces itself as the vehicle of moral purpose. Richardson and Fielding, the first English novelists, carefully sheltered their works behind the claim of this very didacticism. Everywhere in "Pamela," "Clarissa Harlowe," "Tom Jones,"—in the preface, sometimes in the very title-page,—it is ostentatiously set up that the object of these books is to improve men's moral condition by setting before them plain examples of vice and virtue. Passing by, therefore, the grinning absurdity of the "Saturday Review's" declaration that the proper office of the novelist is to amuse, and that when George Eliot pretended to do more, and to instruct, she necessarily failed to do either,—it is almost as odd to find that the very objectors who urge the injurious effect of George Eliot's moral purpose upon her work are people who swear by Richardson and Fielding, utterly forgetting that if moral purpose is a detriment to "Daniel Deronda," it is simple destruction to "Clarissa Harlowe" and "Tom Jones."

When I think of the crude and hasty criticism which confines this moral purpose in "Daniel Deronda" to the pushing forward of Deronda's so-called religious patriotism, in endeavoring to reestablish his people in the ancient seat of the Hebrews,—a view which I call crude and hasty, because it completely loses sight of the much more prominent and important moral purpose of the book, namely, the setting forth of Gwendolen Harleth's repentance,—when, I say, I hear these critics not only assume that Deronda's mission is the moral purpose of this book, but even belittle that by declaring that George Eliot's enthusiasm for the rehabilitation of the Jews must have been due to a chance personal acquaintance of hers with some fervid Jew who led her off into these chimerical fancies, and when I find this tone prevailing, not only with the Philistines, but among a great part of George Eliot's otherwise friends and lovers, then I am in a state of amazement which precludes anything like critical judgment on my part. As for me, no Jew;—not even the poorest shambling clothes-dealer in Harrison street—but startles me effectually out of this work-a-day world. When I look upon the face of a Jew, I seem to feel a little wind fresh from off the Sea of Tiberias; I seem to receive a message which has come under the whole Sea of Time from the further shore of it. This wandering person, who without a home in any nation, has yet



made a literature which is at home in every nation, carries me in one direction to my mysterious brethren, the cave-men and the lake-dwellers, in the other direction to the Masterful Carpenter of Bethlehem, climax of our race.

Until you can bring me a statesman more comprehensive in view and more diligent in detail than Moses, until you can bring me poets more spiritual than David and him who wrote Job, until you can bring me a lover more pure or a mystic more rapt than John, until you can bring me a man more dear and friendly and helpful and strong and human and Christly than Jesus,—do not speak to me slightly of the Jew. And now, to gather together these people from the four ends of the earth; to rehabilitate them in their thousand-fold consecrated home after so many ages of wandering; to remake them into a homologous nation, at once the newest and the oldest upon earth; to endow the nineteenth century with that prodigious momentum which all the old Jewish fervor and spirituality and tenacity would acquire in the

backward spring from such long ages of restraint and oppression, and with the mighty accumulation of cosmopolitan experiences,—the bare suggestion would seem enough to stir the blood of the most ungente Gentile. And if, anticipating a certain shame in their attitude, these objectors add that Deronda's mission was chimerical, I reply that, since we have seen the telegraph and the railway and the photophone, and Benjamin Disraeli prime minister of England, the word chimerical has ceased to have a meaning. Somewhere in this very book we are discussing George Eliot says: "There is a sort of human paste that when it comes near the fire of enthusiasm is only baked into harder shape." Such seem to me those who remain sardonically unaffected by the idea of Jewish restoration. As for me, the movement seems so noble and captivating that to fail in it appears finer than to succeed in most of the promising projects of this world; and one almost wishes one were a Jew, that one might begin it without loss of time.

Sidney Lanier.

## AT TEAGUE POTEET'S.

### A SKETCH OF THE HOG MOUNTAIN RANGE.

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS,

Author of "Uncle Remus, His Songs and Sayings," etc.

#### IN TWO PARTS: PART I.

EMIGRATION is a much more serious matter than revolution. Virtually, it is obliteration. Thus, Gérard Petit, landing upon the coast of South Carolina in the days of French confusion—a period covering too many dates for a romancer to be at all choice in the matter—gave his wife and children over to the oblivion of a fatal fever. Turning his face westward, he pushed his way to the mountains. He had begun his journey fired with the despair of an exile, and he ended it with something of the energy and enterprise of a pioneer. In the foot-hills of the mountains he came to the small stream of English colonists that was then trickling slowly southward through the wonderful valleys that stretch from Pennsylvania to Georgia, between the foot-hills of the Blue Ridge and the great Cumberland Range. Here, perhaps for the first time, the *je, vous, nous* of France met in conflict the "ah yi," the "we uns" and the "you uns" of the English-Pennsylvania Georgians. The conflict was brief. There was but one Gérard Petit, and, although he might multiply the *je, vous, nous* by the thou-

sands and hundreds of thousands, as he undoubtedly did, yet, in the very nature of things, the perpetual volley of "you uns" and "we uns" must carry the day. They belonged to the time, and the climate suited them. By degrees they fitted themselves to Gérard Petit; they carried him from the mountains of South Carolina to the mountains of North Georgia, and there they helped him to build a mill and found a family. But their hospitality did not end there. With the new mill and the new family, they gave him a new name. Gérard Petit, presumably with his hand upon his heart, as became his race, made one last low bow to genealogy. In his place stood Jerd Poteet, "you uns" to the left of him, "we uns" to the right of him. He made such protest as he might. He brought his patriotism to bear upon the emergency, and named his eldest son Huguenin Petit. How long this contest between hospitality on the one hand and family pride and patriotism on the other was kept up, it is unnecessary to inquire. It is enough to say that the Huguenin of one generation left Hugue

Poteet as his son and heir; Hugue left Hague, and this Hague, or a succeeding one, by some mysterious development of fate, left Teague Poteet.

Meanwhile the restless stream of English-Pennsylvania-Georgians, with its "you uns" and its "we uns," trickled over into Alabama, where some of the Petits who were carried with it became Pettys and Pettises. The Georgia settlements, however, had been reinforced by Virginians, South Carolinians, and Georgians. The gold excitement brought some; while others, set adrift by the exigencies of the plantation system, found it easier and cheaper to get to North Georgia than to reach Louisiana or Mississippi. Thus, in 1859, Teague Poteet, a young man of thirty or thereabouts, was tilling, in a half-serious, half-jocular way, a small farm on Hog Mountain, in full view of Gullettsville. That is to say, Poteet could see the whole of Gullettsville, but Gullettsville could not, by any means, see the whole, nor even the half, of Poteet's fifty-acre farm. Gullettsville could see what appeared to be a gray notch on the side of the mountain, from which a thin stream of blue smoke flowed upward and melted into the blue of the sky, and this was about all that could be seen. Gullettsville had the advantage in this, that it was the county-seat. A country-road, straggling in from the woods, straggled around a barn-like structure called the court-house, and then straggled off to some other remote and lonely settlement.

Upon rare occasions Teague made his appearance on this straggling street, and bought his dram and paid his *thrip* for it; but, in a general way, if Gullettsville wanted to see him, it had to search elsewhere than on the straggling street. By knocking the sheriff of the county over the head with a chair, and putting a bullet through a saloon-keeper who bullied everybody, Poteet won the reputation of being a man of marked shrewdness and common sense, and Gullettsville was proud of him, in a measure. But he never liked Gullettsville. He wore a wool hat, a homespun shirt, jeans pantaloons, and cotton suspenders, and he never could bring himself into thorough harmony with the young men who wore ready-made clothes, starched shirts, and beaver hats; nor was his ideal of feminine beauty reached by the village belles, with their roach-combs, their red and yellow ribbons, and their enormous flounces. In the mountains, he was to the manner born; in the village, he was keenly alive to the presence and pressure of the exclusiveness that is the basis of all society, good bad, or indifferent; and it stirred his venom. His revolt was less pronounced and less important than that of his ancestors; but it was

a revolt. Gérard Petit left France, and Teague Poteet remained away from Gullettsville. Otherwise there was scarcely a trace of his lineage about him, and it is a question whether he inherited this trait from France or from the Euphrates—from Gérard or from Adam.

But he did not become a hermit by any means. The young men of Gullettsville made Sunday excursions to his farm, and he was pleased to treat them with great deference. Moreover, he began to go upon little journeys of his own across Sugar Valley. He made no mystery of his intentions; but one day there was considerable astonishment when he rode into Gullettsville on horseback, with Puss Pringle behind him, and informed the proper authorities of his desire to make her Mrs. Puss Poteet. Miss Pringle was not a handsome woman, but she was a fair representative of that portion of the race that has poisoned whole generations by improving the frying-pan and perpetuating "fatty bread." The impression she made upon those who saw her for the first time was one of lank flatness—to convey a vivid idea rather clumsily. But she was neither lank nor flat. The total absence of all attempts at artificial ornamentation gave the future Mrs. Poteet an appearance of forlorn shiftlessness that was not even slightly justified by the facts. She was a woman past the heyday of youth, but of considerable energy, and possessed of keen powers of observation. Whatever was feminine about her was of that plaintive variety which may be depended upon to tell the story of whole generations of narrow toilsome, and unprofitable lives.

There was one incident connected with Miss Pringle's antenuptial ride that rather intensified the contempt which the Mountain entertained for the Valley. As she jogged down the street, clinging confidently, if not comfortably, to Teague Poteet's suspenders, two young ladies of Gullettsville chanced to be passing along. They walked slowly, their arms twined about each other's waists. They wore white muslin dresses, and straw hats with wide and jaunty brims, and the loose ends of gay ribbons fluttered about them. These young ladies, fresh from school, and no doubt full of vainglory, greeted the bridal procession with a little explosion of giggles, and when Puss Pringle pushed back her ging-ham sun-bonnet and innocently gazed upon them, they turned up their noses, sniffed the air scornfully, and made such demonstrations as no feminine mind, however ignorant in other directions, could fail to interpret.

Miss Pringle had not learned the art of tossing her head and sniffing the air, but she half closed her eyes, and gave the young

ladies a look that meant something more than scorn. She said nothing to Teague, for she was in hopes he had not observed the tantrums of the school-girls.

As for Teague, he saw the whole affair, and was cut to the quick. In addition to the latent pride of his class, he inherited the sensitiveness of his ancestors but, turning his eyes neither to the right nor to the left, he jogged along to the wedding. He carried his wife home, and thereafter avoided Gullettsville. When he was compelled to buy coffee and sugar, or other necessary luxuries, he rode forty miles across the mountain to Villa Ray.

He had been married a year or more when, one afternoon, he was compelled to ride down to Gullettsville under whip and spur for a doctor. There was a good deal of confused activity in the town. Old men and young boys were stirring around with blue cockades in their hats, and the women wore blue rosettes on their bosoms. Three negroes in uniform—a contribution from the nearest railroad town—were parading up and down the straggling street with fife and drums, and a number of men were planting a flag-pole in front of the court-house.

No conscientious historian can afford to ignore a coincidence, and it so happened that upon the very day that Teague Poteet's wife presented him with the puzzle of a daughter, Fate presented his countrymen with the problem of war. That night, sitting in the door of his house and smoking his pipe, Teague witnessed other developments of the coincidence. In the next room, the baby-girl squalled most persistently; down in the valley the premonitions of war made themselves heard through the narrow throat of a small cannon which, until then, had been used only to celebrate the Fourth of July.

The noise of a horse's hoofs roused Teague's hounds, and some one called out from the road:

"Hello, Poteet!"

"Ah-yi!"

"You hearn the racket?"

"My gal-baby keeps up sich a hollerin' I can't hear my own years."

"Oh!"

"You better b'lieve! Nine hours ole, an' mighty peart. What's them Resterocrats in the valley cuttin' up the'r scollops fer?"

"Whoopin' up sesaysion. Sou' Ca'liny done plum gone out, an' Georgy a-gwine."

Teague Poteet blew a long, thin cloud of home-made tobacco-smoke heavenward, leaned back heavily in his chair, and replied: "Them air Resterocrats kin go wher' they dang please; I'm a gwine to stay right slam-bang in the United States."

There was a little pause, as if the man on horseback was considering the matter. Then the response came:

"Here's at you!"

"Can't you 'light?" asked Poteet.

"Not now," said the other; "I'll git on fuder."

The man on horseback rode on across the mountain to his home. Another mountaineer, seeing the rockets and hearing the sound of the cannon, came down to Poteet's for information. He leaned over the brush-fence.

"What's up, Teague?"

"Gal-baby; reg'lar surbinder."

"Shoo! won't my ole oman holler! What's up down yag?"

"Them dad-blasted Resterocrats a secedin' out'n the United States."

"They say theyer airtter savin' of the'r niggers," said the man at the fence.

"Well, I hain't got none, and I hain't a wantin' none; an' it hain't been ten minnits sense I ups an' says to Dave Hightower, 'I 'the United States is big enough for me.'"

"Now you er makin' the bark fly," said the man at the fence.

During the night other men came down the mountain as far as Poteet's, and always with the same result.

The night broadened into day, and other days and nights followed. In the valley, the people had their problem of war, and on the mountain, Teague Poteet had the puzzle of his daughter. One was full of doubt and terror, and death, and the other full of the pleasures of peace. As the tide of war surged nearer and nearer, and the demand for recruits became clamorous, the people of the valley bethought them of the gaunt but sturdy men who lived on the mountain. A conscript officer, representing the necessities of a new government, made a journey thither—a little excursion full of authority and consequence. As he failed to return, another officer, similarly equipped and commissioned, rode forth and disappeared, and then another and another; and it was not until a little search expedition had been fitted out that the Confederates discovered that the fastnesses of Hog Mountain concealed a strong and dangerous organization of Union men. There was a good deal of indignation in the valley when this state of affairs became known, and there was some talk of organizing a force for the purpose of driving the mountaineers away from their homes. But somehow the Valley never made up its mind to attack the Mountain, and, upon such comfortable terms as these, the Mountain was very glad to let the Valley alone.

After awhile the Valley had larger troubles

to contend with. Gullettsville became in some measure a strategic point, and the left wing of one army and the right wing of the other maneuvered for possession. The left wing finally gave way, and the right wing marched in and camped round about, introducing to the distracted inhabitants General Tecumseh Sherman and some of his lieutenants. The right wing had learned that a number of Union men were concealed on the mountain, and one or two little excursion parties were made up for the purpose of forming their acquaintance. These excursions were successful to this extent, that some of the members thereof returned to the friendly shelter of the right wing with bullet-holes in them, justly feeling that they had been outraged. The truth is, the Poteets, and the Pringles, and the Hightowers of Hog Mountain had their own notions of what constituted Union men. They desired to stay in the United States on their own terms. If nobody pestered them, they pestered nobody.

Meanwhile, Teague Poteet's baby had grown to be a thumping girl, and hardly a day passed that she did not accompany her father in his excursions. When the contending armies came in sight, Teague and his comrades spent a good deal of their time in watching them. Each force passed around an elbow of the mountain, covering a distance of nearly sixty miles, and thus for days and weeks this portentous panorama was spread out before these silent watchers. Surely never before did a little girl have two armies for her playthings. The child saw the movements of the soldiers, the glitter of the array, and the waving of the banners; she heard the dull thunder of the cannon, and the sharp rattle of the musketry. When the sun went down, and the camp-fires shone out, it seemed that ten thousand stars had fallen at her feet, and sometimes sweet strains of music stole upward on the wings of the night, and slipped heavenward through the sighing pines.

The gray columns swung right and left, and slowly fell back; the blue columns swayed right and left, and slowly pressed forward,—sometimes beneath clouds of sulphurous smoke, sometimes beneath heavy mists of rain, sometimes in the bright sunshine. They swung and swayed slowly out of sight, and Hog Mountain and Gullettsville were left at peace.

The child grew and thrived. In the midst of a gaunt and fallow generation, she shone radiantly beautiful. In some mysterious way, she inherited the beauty, and grace, and refinement of a Frenchwoman. Merely as a phenomenon, she ought to have reminded Teague of his name and lineage; but Teague

had other matters to think of. "Sis aint no dirt-eater," he used to say, and to this extent only would he commit himself, his surroundings having developed in him that curious excess of caution and reserve which characterizes his class.

As for Puss Poteet, she sat and rocked herself and rubbed snuff, and regarded her daughter as one of the profound mysteries. She was in a state of perpetual bewilderment and surprise, equaled only by her apparent indifference. She allowed herself to be hustled around by Sis without serious protest, and submitted, as Teague did, to the new order of things as quietly as possible.

Meanwhile, the people in the valley were engaged in adjusting themselves to the changed condition of affairs. The war was over, but it had left some deep scars here and there, and those who had engaged in it gave their attention to healing these—a troublesome and interminable task, be it said, which by no means kept pace with the impatience of the victors, whipped into fury by the subtle but ignoble art of the politician. There was no lack of despair in the valley, but out of it all prosperity grew, and the promise of a most remarkable future. Behind the confusion of politics, of one sort and another, the spirit of Progress rose and shook her ambitious wings.

Something of all this must have made itself felt on the mountain, for one day Teague Poteet pushed his wide-brimmed wool hat from over his eyes, with an air of astonishment. Puss had just touched upon a very important matter.

"I reckon in reason," she said, "we oughter pack Sis off to school some'rs. She'll thes nat'ally spile here."

"Haint you larnt her how to read an' write an' cipher?" asked Teague.

"I started in," said Mrs. Poteet, "but, Lord! I haint more'n opened a book tell she know'd more'n I dast to know ef I wuz gwine to die fer it. Hit'll take somebody lots smarter'n stronger'n me."

Teague laughed and then relapsed into seriousness. After awhile he called Sis. The girl came running in, her dark eyes flashing, her black hair bewitchingly tangled, and her cheeks flushing with a color hitherto unknown to the mountain.

"What now, pap?"

"I wuz thes a-thinkin' ef maybe you oughtn't to bresh up an' start to school down in Gullettsville."

"Oh, pap!" the girl exclaimed, clapping her hands with delight. She was about to spring upon Teague and give him a severe hugging, when suddenly her arms dropped



to her side, the flush died out of her face, and she flopped herself down upon a chair. Teague paid no attention to this.

"Yes, sircce," he continued, as if pursuing a well-developed line of argument; "when a gal gits ez big ez you is, she haint got no business to be a-gwine a-whoopin' an' a-hollerin' an' a-rantin' an' a-rompin' acrost the face er the yeth. 'The time's done come when they oughter be tuck up an' made a lady out'n; an' the highest way is to sen' 'em to school. That's whar yous a-gwine—down to Gullettsville to school."

"I shan't, an' I wont—I wont, I wont, I wont!" exclaimed Sis, clenching her hands and stamping her feet. "I'll die first."

Teague had never seen her so excited.

"Why, what's the matter, Sis?" he asked, with unfeigned concern.

Sis gave him a withering look.

"Pap, do you reckon I'm fool enough to traipse down to Gullettsville an' mix with them people, wearin' cloze like these? Do you reckon I'm fool enough to make myself the laughin'-stock for them folks?"

Teague Poteet was not a learned man, but he was shrewd enough to see that the Mountain had a new problem to solve. He took down his rifle, whistled up his dogs, and tramped skyward. As he passed out through his horse-lot, a cap and worm of a whiskey-still lying in the corner of the fence attracted his attention. He paused and turned the apparatus over with his foot. It was old and somewhat battered.

"I'll thes about take you," said Teague, with a chuckle, "an' set up a calico-factory. I'll heat you up an' make you spin silk an' split it into ribbens."

It was a case of civilization or no civilization, and there is nothing more notorious in history—nothing more mysterious—than the fact that civilization is not over-nice in the choice of her handmaidens. One day it is war, another it is slavery. Every step in the advancement of the human race has a paradox of some kind as a basis. In the case of Sis Poteet, it was whisky.

Teague got his still together and planted it in a nice cool place, where it could be reached only by a narrow foot-path. He had set up a still immediately after the war, but it had been promptly broken up by the revenue officers. Upon this occasion, therefore, he made elaborate preparations to guard against surprise and detection, and these preparations bore considerable fruit in the way of illicit whisky; the ultimate result of which was that Sis went to school in Gullettsville, and became the belle of the town.

The breath of the mountain was heavily

charged with whisky, and the Government got a whiff of it. Word went to Washington, and there was much writing and consulting by mail, and some telegraphing. The officials—marshal, deputy marshals, and collector—were mostly men from a distance, brought hither on the tide of war, who had no personal interest in judging the situation. Naturally enough, the power with which they were invested was neither discreetly nor sympathetically exercised. They represented the Government, which, they were taught to believe by the small men above them, was still at war with every condition and belief in Georgia.

Down in the valley they domineered with impunity, and one fine morning a posse, armed with carbines, rode up the mountain, laughing, talking, and rattling their gear as gayly as a detachment of cuirassiers parading under the protection of friendly guns. The mountain was inhospitable, for when they rode down again, a few hours afterward, three saddles were empty, and the survivors had a terrible story to tell of an attack from an unseen foe.

By the time the story of this fight with the illicit distillers reached Washington, the details were considerably enlarged. The commissioner was informed by the marshal that a detail of deputy marshals had attempted to seize a still, and were driven back by an overpowering force. The correspondents at the Capital still further enlarged the details, and the affair finally went into history as "A New Phase of the Rebellion." This was the natural outgrowth of the confusion of that period; for how should the careless deputy marshals, thinking only of the sectionalism that lit up the smoldering ruins of war, know that the Moonshiners were Union men and Republicans?

While the Government was endeavoring to invent some plan for the capture of the Moonshiners, Sis Poteet was growing lovelier every day. She was a great favorite with the teachers of the academy and with everybody. As a general thing she avoided the public square when riding to and from the school, but it was hats off with all the men when she did go clattering down the street, and some of the romantic dry-goods clerks sent their sighs after her. Sighs are frequently very effective with school-girls, but those that followed Sis Poteet fell short and were wasted on the air; and she continued to ride from the mountain to the valley and from the valley to the mountain in profound ignorance of the daily sensation she created among the young men of Gullettsville, to whom her fine figure, her graceful ways, and her thrillingly



beautiful face were the various manifestations of a wonderful revelation.

Naturally enough, the Government took no account of Sis Poteet. The commissioner at Washington conferred with the marshal for Georgia by mail, and begged him to exert himself to the utmost to break up the business of illicit distilling in the Hog Mountain Range. In view of an important election about to be held in some doubtful State in the North or West, the worthy commissioner at Washington even suggested the propriety of another armed raid, to be made up of deputy marshals and a detachment of men from the Atlanta garrison. But the marshal for Georgia did not fall in with this suggestion. He was of the opinion that if a raid was to be made at all it should not be made blindly, and he fortified his opinion with such an array of facts and arguments that the Bureau finally left the whole matter to his discretion.

Early one morning, in the summer of 1879, a stranger on horseback rode up the straggling red road that formed the principal business thoroughfare of Gullettsville and made his way toward the establishment known as the Gullettsville Hotel. The chief advertisement of the hotel was the lack of one. A tall, worm-eaten post stood in front of the building, but the frame in which the sign had swung was empty. This post, with its empty frame, was as significant as the art of blazonry could have made it. At any rate, the stranger on horseback—a young man—pressed forward without hesitation. The proprietor himself, Squire Lemuel Pleasants, was standing upon the low piazza as the young man rode up. The squire wore neither coat nor hat. His thumbs were caught behind his suspenders, giving him an air of ease or of defiance, as one might choose to interpret, and his jaws were engaged in mashing into shape the first quid of the morning.

As the young man reined up his horse at the door, Squire Pleasants stepped briskly inside and pulled a string which communicated with a bell somewhere in the back-yard.

"This is the Gullettsville Hotel, is it not?" the young man asked.

"Well, sir," responded the squire, rubbing his hands together, "sence you push me so clost, I'll not deny that this here's the tavern. Some calls it the hotel, some calls it the Pleasants House, some one thing, an' some another, but as for me, I says to all, says I, 'Boys, it's a plain tavern.' In Fergeenia, sir, in my young days, they wa'n't nothin' better than a tavern. 'Light, sir, 'light," continued the hospitable squire, as a tow-headed stable-boy tumbled out at the door in response to the bell; "drap right down an' come in."

The young man followed the landlord into a bare little office, where he was given to understand in plain terms that people who stopped with Squire Pleasants were expected to make themselves completely at home. With a pen upon which the ink had been dry for many a day the young man inscribed his name on a thin and dirty register—"Philip Woodward, Clinton, Georgia"; whereupon the squire, with unnecessary and laborious formality, assigned Mr. Woodward to a room.

Judging from appearance, the United States Marshal for Georgia had not gone astray in selecting Woodward to carry out the delicate mission of arranging for a successful raid upon Hog Mountain. Lacking any distinguishing trait of refinement or culture, his composure suggested the possession of that necessary information which is the result of contact with the world and its inhabitants. He had that large air of ease and tranquillity which is born of association, and which represents one of the prime elements of the curious quality we call personal magnetism. He was ready-witted, and full of the spirit of adventure. He was the owner of the title to a land-lot somewhere in the neighborhood of Hog Mountain, and this land-lot was all that remained of an inheritance that had been swept away by the war. There was a tradition—perhaps only a rumor—among the Woodwards that the Hog Mountain land-lot covered a vein of gold, and to investigate this was a part of the young man's business in Gullettsville; entirely subordinate, however, to his desire to earn the salary attached to his position.

The presence of a stranger at the hospitable tavern of Squire Pleasants attracted the attention of the old and young men of leisure, and the most of them gathered upon the long, narrow piazza to discuss the matter. Uncle Jimmy Wright, the sage of the village, had inspected the name in the register and approved of it. He had heard of it before, and he proceeded to give a long and rambling account of whole generations of Woodwards. Jake Cohen, a peddler, who with marvelous tact had fitted himself to the conditions of life and society in the mountains, and who was supposed to have some sort of connection with the traffic in "blockade" whisky, gave some reminiscences of a family of Woodwards in Ohio. Tip Watson, who had a large local reputation for humor, gravely inquired of Squire Pleasants if the new-comer had left any message for him.

Doubtless the squire, or some one else, would have attempted a facetious reply to Mr. Watson; but just then a tall, gaunt, gray-haired, grizzily-bearded man stepped upon the piazza, and saluted the little gathering

with an awkward wave of the hand. The not unkindly expression of his face was curiously heightened (or deepened) by the alertness of his eyes, which had the quizzical restlessness we sometimes see in the eyes of birds or animals. It was Teague Poteet, and the greetings he received were of the most effusive character.

"Howdy, boys, howdy!" he said, in response to the chorus. "They haint airy one er you gents kin split up a twenty-dollar chunk er greenbacks, is they?"

Tip Watson made a pretense of falling in a chair and fainting, but he immediately recovered, and said in a sepulchral whisper:

"Ef you find anybody dead, an' they aint got no twenty-dollar bill on their person, don't come a-knockin' at my door. Lord!" he continued, "look at Cohen's upper lip a-trimblin'. He wants to take that bill out somewheres an' hang it on a clothes-line."

"Ow!" exclaimed Cohen, "yoost lizzen at date man! Date Teep Vatsen, he so foony as allt tem utter peoples put tergetter. Vait, Teague, vait! I chanche date pill right away, terreckerly."

But Teague was absorbed in some information which Squire Pleasants was giving him.

"He don't favor the gang," the squire was saying, with emphasis, "an' I'll be boun' he aint much mixed up wi' 'em. He's another cut. Oh, they aint a-foolin' me this season of the year," he continued, as Teague Poteet shook his head doubtfully; "he aint mustered out'n my mind yit, not by a dad-blamed sight. I'm jest a-tellin' of you; he looks spry, an' he aint no sneak—I'll swar to that on the stan'."

"Well, I tell you, square," responded Teague, dryly, "I haint never seed people too purty to pester yuther folks; an' I reckon you aint nuther, is you?"

"No," said Squire Pleasants, his experience appealed to instead of his judgment; "no, I aint, that's a fact; but some folks youer bleege to take on trus'."

Further comment on the part of Poteet and the others was arrested by the appearance of Woodward, who came out of his room, walked rapidly down the narrow hallway, and out upon the piazza. He was bare-headed, his hands were full of papers, and he had the air of a man of business. The younger men who had gathered around Squire Pleasants and Teague Poteet fell back loungingly as Woodward came forward with just the faintest perplexed smile.

"Judge Pleasants," he said, "I'm terribly mixed up, and I'll have to ask you to unmix me."

The squire cleared his throat, adjusted his spectacles, and straightened himself in his

chair. The title of Judge, and the easy air of deference with which it was bestowed, gave him an entirely new idea of his own importance. He frowned judicially as he laid his hand upon the papers.

"Well, sir," said he, "I'm gittin' ole, an' I reckon I aint much, nohow; I'm sorter like the gray colt that tried to climb in the shuckpen—I'm weak, but willin'. Ef you'll jest whirl in an' make indication whar'in I can he'p, I'll do the best I kin."

"I've come up here to look after a lot of land," said Woodward. "It is described here as lot No. 18, 376th district, Georgia Militia, part of land lot No. 11, in Tugaloo, formerly Towaliga County. Here is a plat of Hog Mountain, but somehow I can't locate the lot."

The squire took the papers and began to examine them with painful particularity.

"That 'ar lot," said Teague Poteet, after awhile, "is the ole Mathis lot. The line runs right acrost my simblin' patch, an' backs up ag'in' my hoss-stable."

"Tooby shore—tooby shore!" exclaimed the squire. "Tut-tut! What am I doin'? My mind is drappin' loose like seed-ticks from a shumake bush. Tooby shore, it's the Mathis lot. Mr. Wooderd, Mr. Poteet—Mr. Poteet, Mr. Wooderd; lem me make you interduced, gents."

Mr. Woodward shook hands gracefully and cordially—Poteet awkwardly and a trifle suspiciously.

"It seems to me, Mr. Poteet," said Woodward, "that I have seen your name in the papers somewhere."

"Likely," replied Poteet; "they uv bin a mighty sight er printin' gwine on sence the war, so I've heern tell. Ef you'd a drapped in at Atlanty, you mought er seed my name mixt up in a warrant."

"How is that?" Woodward asked.

"Bekaze I bin a-bossin' my own affa'rs." Poteet had straightened himself up, and he looked at Woodward with a steadiness which the other did not misunderstand. It was a look which said, "If you've got that warrant in your pocket, it wont be safe to pull it out in these diggin's."

Squire Pleasants recognized the challenge that made itself heard in Teague Poteet's voice.

"Yes, yes," he said, in a cheerful tone, "our folks is seen some mighty quare doin's sence the war; but times is a-gittin' a long ways better now."

"Better, hell!" exclaimed Sid Parmalee.

What he would have said further, no one can know, for the voluminous voice of Cohen broke in:

"Tlook ow-ut, t'ere, Sid! tlook ow-ut! t'at pad man kedge you!"

This remarkable admonition was received with a shout of laughter. Good humor was restored, and it was increased when Woodward, shortly afterward, drinking with the boys at Nix's saloon, called for three fingers of Mountain Dew, and washed it down with the statement that it tasted just as nice as liquor that had been stamped by the Government. In short, Woodward displayed such tact and entered with such heariness into the spirit of the people around him that he disarmed the trained suspicions of a naturally suspicious community. Perhaps this statement should be qualified. Undoubtedly the marshal, could he have made a personal inspection of Woodward and his surroundings, would have praised his subordinate's tact. The truth is, while he had disarmed their suspicions, he had failed utterly to gain their confidence.

With a general as well as a particular interest in the direction of Hog Mountain, it was natural that Deputy Marshal Woodward should meet or overtake Miss Poteet as she rode back and forth between Gullettsville and the gray notch in the mountain known as Poteet's. It was natural, too, that he should take advantage of the social informalities of the section and make her acquaintance. It was an acquaintance in which Woodward and, presumably, the young lady herself, became very much interested; so that the spectacle of this attractive couple galloping along together over the red road that connected the valley with the mountain came to be a familiar one. And its effect upon those who paused to take note of it was not greatly different from the effect of such spectacles in other sections. Some looked wise and shook their heads sorrowfully; some smiled and looked kindly, and sent all manner of good wishes after the young people. But, whether they galloped down the mountain in the fresh hours of the morning, or rambled up its dark slope in the dusk of the evening, neither Woodward nor Sis Poteet gave a thought to the predictions of spite, or to the prophecies of friendliness.

The mountain girl was a surprise to Woodward. She had improved her few opportunities to the utmost. Such information as the Gullettsville Academy afforded she relished and absorbed, so that her education was thorough as far as it went. Neither her conversation nor her manners would have attracted special attention in a company of fairly bright young girls, but she formed a refreshing contrast to the social destitution of the mountain region.

Beyond this, her personality was certainly more attractive than that of most women, being based upon an independence which knew absolutely nothing of the thousand and one vexatious little aspirations that are essential to what is called social success. Unlike the typical American girl, whose sweetly severe portraits smile serenely at us from the canvas of contemporary fiction, Miss Poteet would have been far from equal to the task of meeting all the requirements of perfectly organized society; but she could scarcely have been placed in a position in which her natural brightness and vivacity would not have attracted attention.

At any rate, the indefinable charm of her presence, her piquancy, and her beauty was a perpetual challenge to the admiration of Deputy Marshal Woodward. It pursued him in his dreams and made him uncomfortable in his waking hours, so much so, indeed, that his duties as a revenue officer, perplexing at best, became a burden to him.

In point of fact, this lively young lady was the unforeseen quantity in the problem which Woodward had been employed to solve; and, between his relations to the Government and his interest in Sis Poteet, he found himself involved in an awkward predicament. Perhaps the main features of this predicament, baldly presented, would have been more puzzling to the authorities at Washington than they were to Woodward; but it is fair to the young man to say that he did not mistake the fact that the Moonshiner had a daughter for an argument in favor of illicit distilling, albeit the temptation to do so gave him considerable anxiety.

In the midst of his perplexity, Deputy Marshal Woodward concluded that it would be better for the Government, and better for his own peace of mind, if he allowed Sis Poteet to ride home without an escort; and for several days he left her severely alone, while he attended to his duties, as became a young fellow of fair business habits.

But one afternoon, as he sat on the piazza of the hotel nursing his confusion and discontent, Sis Poteet rode by. It was a tantalizing vision, though a fleeting one. It seemed to be merely the flash of a red feather, the wave of a white hand, to which Woodward lifted his hat; but these were sufficient. The red feather nodded gayly to him, the white hand invited. His horse stood near, and in a few moments he was galloping toward the mountain with the Moonshiner's daughter.

When the night fell at Teague Poteet's on this particular evening, it found a fiddle going. The boys and girls of the mountain, to the number of a dozen or more, had gathered for a frolic—a frolic that shook the foundations

of Poteet's castle, and aroused echoes familiar enough to the good souls who are fond of the cotillion in its primitive shape. The old folks who had accompanied the youngsters sat in the kitchen with Teague and his wife, and here Woodward also sat, listening with interest to the gossip of what seemed to be a remote era—the war and the period preceding it.

The activity of Sis Poteet found ample scope, and, whether lingering for a moment at her father's side like a bird poised in flight, or moving lightly through the figures of the cotillion, she never appeared to better advantage.

Toward midnight, when the frolic was at its height, an unexpected visitor announced himself. It was Uncle Jake Norris, who lived on the far side of the mountain. The fiddler waved his bow at Uncle Jake, and the boys and girls cried "Howdy," as the visitor stood beaming and smiling in the door-way. To these demonstrations Uncle Jake, "a chunk of a white man with a whole heart," as he described himself, made cordial response, and passed on into the kitchen. The good humor of Mr. Norris was as prominent as his roundity. When he was not laughing, he was ready to laugh. He seated himself, looked around at the company, and smiled.

"It's a long pull betwixt this an' Atlanty," he said after awhile; "it is that, certain an' shore, an' I haint smelt of the jug sense I lef' ther'. Pull 'er out, Teague—pull 'er out."

The jug was forthcoming.

"Now, then," continued Uncle Jake, removing the corn-cob stopper, "this looks like home, sweet home, ez I may say. It does, certain an' shore. None to jine me? Well, well! Times change an' change, but the jug is company for one. So be it. Ez St. Paul says, cleave nigh unto that which is good. I'm foreswore not to feel lonesome tell I go to the gallows. Friends! you uv got my good wishes, one an' all!"

"What's a gwine on?" asked Poteet.

"The same," responded Uncle Jake, after swallowing his dram. "Allers the same. Wickedness pervails well-nigh unto hit's own justification. I uv seed sights! You all know the divers besettings wherby Jackson Ricks wuz took off this season gone—murdered, I may say, in the teeth of the law an' good govunment. Sirs! I sot by an' seed his besettors go scotch-free."

"Ah!"

The exclamation came from Teague Poteet.

"Yes, sir! yes, friends!" continued Uncle Jake, closing his eyes and tilting his chair back. "Even so. Nuther does I boast ez becometh the fiddle-minded. They hurried an'

skurried me forth an' hence, to mount upon the witness stan' an' relate the deed. No deniance did I make. Ez St. Paul says, sin, takin' occasion by the commandment, worked in me all manner of conspicuence. I told 'em what these here eyes had seed.

"They errayed me before jedge an' jury," Uncle Jake went on, patting the jug affectionately, "an' I bowed my howdies. 'Gentermun friends,' s'I, 'foller me clos't, bekaze I'm a-givin' you but the truth, stupendous though it be. Ef you thes but name the word,' s'I, 'I'll take an' lay my han' upon the men that done this unrighteousness, for they stau' no furder than yon' piller,' s'I. 'Them men,' s'I, 'surrounded the house of Jackson Ricks, gentermun friends, he bein' a member of Friendship Church, an' called 'im forth wi' the ashoreance of Satan an' the intents of evil,' s'I; 'an' ole en decripplid ez he wuz, they shot 'im down—them men at yon' piller,' s'I, 'ere he could but raise his trimblin' han' in supplication; an' the boldest of 'em dast not to face me here an' say nay,' s'I."

"An' they uv cler'd the men what kilt pore Jackson Ricks!" said Teague, rubbing his grizzled chin.

"Ez clean an' ez cle'r ez the pa'm er my han'," replied Uncle Jake, with emphasis.

The fiddle in the next room screamed forth a jig, and the tireless feet of the dancers kept time, but there was profound silence among those in the kitchen. Uncle Jake took advantage of this pause to renew his acquaintance with the jug.

Deputy Marshal Woodward knew of the killing of Jackson Ricks; that is to say, he was familiar with the version of the affair which had been depended upon to relieve the revenue officers of the responsibility of downright murder; but he was convinced that the story told by Uncle Jake Norris was nearer the truth.

As the young man rode down the mountain, leaving the fiddle and the dancers to carry the frolic into the gray dawn, he pictured to himself the results of the raid that he would be expected to lead against Hog Mountain—the rush upon Poteet's, the shooting of the old Moonshiner, and the spectacle of the daughter wringing her hands and weeping wildly. He rode down the mountain, and, before the sun rose, he had written and mailed his resignation. In a private note to the marshal, inclosed with this document, he briefly but clearly set forth the fact that, while illicit distilling was as unlawful as ever, the man who loved a Moonshiner's daughter was not a proper instrument to aid in its suppression.

But his letter failed to have the effect he



desired, and in a few weeks he received a communication from Atlanta setting forth the fact that a raid had been determined upon.

Meantime, while events were developing, some of the old women of the Hog Mountain Range had begun to manifest a sort of motherly interest in the affairs of Woodward and Sis Poteet. These women, living miles apart on the mountain and its spurs, had a habit of "picking up their work" and spending the day with each other. Upon one occasion it chanced that Mrs. Sue Parmalee and Mrs. Puritha Hightower rode ten miles to visit Mrs. Puss Poteet.

"Don't lay the blame of it enter me, Puss," exclaimed Mrs. Hightower,—her shrill, thin voice in queer contrast with her fat and jovial appearance; "don't you lay the blame enter me. Dave, he's been a-complainin' bekaze they wa'n't no salsody in the house, an' I rid over to Sue's to borry some. Airtir I got ther', Sue sez, se' she: 'Yess us pick up an' go an' light in on Puss,' se' she, 'an' fine out sump'n' nuther that's a-gwine on 'mongst folks,' se' she."

"Yes, lay it all enter me," said Mrs. Parmalee, looking over her spectacles at Mrs. Poteet; "I sez to Purithy, s' I, 'Purithy, yess go down an' see Puss,' s' I; 'maybe we'll git a glimpse er that air new chap with the slick ha'r. Sid'll be a-peggin' out airtir awhile,' s' I, 'an' ef the new chap's ez purty ez I hear tell, maybe I'll set my cap fer 'im,' s' I."

At this fat Mrs. Puritha Hightower was compelled to lean on frail Mrs. Puss Poteet, so heartily did she laugh.

"I declar'," she exclaimed, "ef Sue haint a sight! I'm mighty nigh outdone. She's thes bin a-gwine on that a-way all the time, an' I bin that tickled tell a little more an' I'd a drapped on the groun'. How's all?"

"My goodness!" exclaimed Mrs. Poteet. "I hope you all know me too well to be a-stan'in' out there makin' excuse. Come right along in, an' take off your things, an' ketch your win'. Sis is home to-day."

"Well, I'm monstus glad," said Mrs. Hightower. "Sis useter think the world an' all er me when she was a slip of a gal, but I reckon she's took on town ways, haint she? Hit aint nothin' but natchul."

"Sis is proud enough for to hol' 'er head high," Mrs. Parmalee explained, "but she haint a bit stuck up."

"Well, I let you know," exclaimed Mrs. Hightower, untying her bonnet and taking off her shawl, "I let you know, here's what wouldn't be sot back by nothin' ef she had Sis's chances. In about the las' word pore maw spoke on 'er dying bed, she call me to 'er an' sez, se' she, 'Purithy Emma,' se' she,

'you hol' your head high; don't you bat your eyes to please none of 'em,' se' she."

"I reckon in reason I oughter be thankful that Sis aint no wuss," said Mrs. Poteet, walking around with aimless hospitality; "yit that chile's temper is powerful tryin', an' Teague ackshully an' candidly b'leeves she's made out'n pyo' gol'." \* I wish I may die ef he don't."

After a while Sis made her appearance, buoyant and blooming. Her eyes sparkled, her cheeks glowed, and her smiles showed beautiful teeth—a most uncommon sight in the mountains, where the girls were in the habit of rubbing snuff or smoking. The visitors greeted her with the effusive constraint and awkwardness that made so large a part of their lives, but after awhile, Mrs. Hightower laid her fat, motherly hand on the girl's shoulder, and looked kindly but keenly into her eyes.

"Ah, honey!" she said, "you haint sp'ilt yit, but you want made to fit thish here hill—that you wa'nt, that you wa'nt!"

Women are not hypocrites. Their little thrills and nerve-convulsions are genuine while they last. Fortunately for the women themselves, they do not last, but are succeeded by others of various moods, tenses, and genders. These nerve-convulsions are so genuine and so apt, that they are known as intuitions, and under this name they have achieved importance. Mrs. Hightower, with all her lack of experience, was capable of feeling that Sis Poteet needed the by-no-means insubstantial encouragement that lies in one little note of sympathy, and she was not at all astonished when Sis responded to her intention by giving her a smart little hug.

Presently Mrs. Parmalee, who had stationed herself near the door, lifted her thin right arm and let it fall upon her lap.

"Well, sir!" she exclaimed, "ef yander aint Sis's bo!"

Sis ran to the door, saw Woodward coming up the road, and blushed furiously—a feat which Mrs. Hightower and Mrs. Parmalee, with all their experience, had rarely seen performed in that region.

Woodward greeted Mrs. Poteet's visitors with a gentle deference and an easy courtesy that attracted their favor in spite of themselves. Classing him with the "Restercrats," these women took keen and suspicious note of every word he uttered, and every movement he made, holding themselves in readiness to become mortally offended at a curl of the lip or the lifting of an eyebrow; but he was equal to the occasion. He humored their whims and eccentricities to the utmost, and

\* Pure gold.



he was so thoroughly sympathetic, so genial, so sunny, and so handsome withal, that he stirred most powerfully the maternal instincts of those weather-beaten bosoms and made them his friends and defenders. He told them wonderful stories of life in the great world that lay far beyond Hog Mountain, its spurs and its foot-hills. He lighted their pipes, and even filled them out of his own tobacco-pouch, a proceeding which caused Mrs. Parmelee to remark that she "would like manny-fac\* mighty well ef'twer'n't so powerful weak."

Mrs. Hightower found early opportunity to deliver her verdict in Sis's ear, whereupon the latter gave her a little hug, and whispered: "Oh, I just think he's adorable!" It was very queer, however, that as soon as Sis was left to entertain Mr. Woodward (the women making an excuse of helping Puss about dinner), she lost her blushing enthusiasm and became quite cold and reserved. The truth is, Sis had convinced herself some days before that she had the right to be very angry with this young man, and she began her quarrel, as lovely woman generally does, by assuming an air of tremendous unconcern. Her disinterestedness was really provoking.

"How did you like Sue Fraley's new bonnet last Sunday?" she asked, with an innocent smile.

"Sue Fraley's new bonnet!" exclaimed Woodward, surprised in the midst of some serious reflections; "why, I didn't know she had a new bonnet."

"Oh! you *didn't*? You were right *opposite*. I should think *anybody* could see she had a new bonnet by the way she tossed her head."

"Well, I didn't notice it, for one. Was it one of these sky-scrappers? I was looking at something else."

"Oh!"

Woodward had intended to convey a very delicately veiled compliment, but this young woman's tone rather embarrassed him. He saw in a moment that she was beyond the reach of the playful and ingenious banter which he had contrived to make the basis of their relations.

"Yes," he said, "I was looking at something else. I had other things to think about."

"Well, she *did* have a new bonnet, with yellow ribbons. She looked handsome. I hear she's going to get married soon."

"I'm glad to hear it. She's none too young," said Woodward.

At another time, Sis would have laughed at the suggestion implied in this remark, but now she only tapped the floor gently with her foot, and looked serious.

\* "Manufactured" tobacco, in contradistinction to the natural leaf.

"I hope you answered her note," she said presently.

"What note?" he asked, with some astonishment.

Sis was the picture of innocence.

"Oh, I didn't think!" she exclaimed. "I reckon it's a great *secret*. I mean the note she handed you when she came out of church. It's none of *my* business."

"Nor of mine, either," said Woodward, with a relieved air. "The note was for Tip Watson."

This statement, which was not only plausible but true, gave a new direction to Sis's anger.

"Well, I don't see how anybody that thinks anything of himself could be a mail-carrier for *Sue Fraley*," she exclaimed, scornfully; whereupon she flounced out, leaving Woodward in a state of bewilderment.

He had not made love to the girl, principally because her moods were elusive and her methods unique. She was dangerously like other women of his acquaintance, and dangerously unlike them. The principal of the academy in Gullettsville—a scholarly old gentleman from Middle Georgia, who had been driven to teaching by dire necessity—had once loftily informed Woodward that Miss Poteet was superior to her books, and the young man had verified the statement to his own discomfiture. She possessed that feminine gift which is of more importance to a woman in this world than scholarly acquirements—aptitude. Even her frankness—perfectly discreet—charmed and puzzled Woodward; but the most attractive of her traits were such as mark the difference between the bird that sings in the tree, and the bird that sings in the cage—delightful but indescribable.

When Sis Poteet began to question him about Sue Fraley, the thought that she was moved by jealousy gave him a thrill that was new to his experience; but when she flounced angrily out of the room because he had confessed to carrying a note from Miss Fraley to Tip Watson, it occurred to him that he might be mistaken. Indeed, so cunning does masculine stupidity become when it is played upon by a woman that he frightened himself with the suggestion that perhaps, after all, this perfectly original young lady was in love with Tip Watson.

During the rest of the day Woodward had ample time to nurse and develop his new theory, and the more he thought it over, the more plausible it seemed to be. It was a great blow to his vanity; but the more uncomfortable it made him, the more earnestly he clung to it.

Without appearing to avoid him, Sis managed to make the presence of Mrs. Parmalee and Mrs. Hightower an excuse for neglecting him. She entertained these worthy ladies with such eager hospitality that when they aroused themselves to the necessity of going home, they found, to their dismay, that it would be impossible, in the language of Mrs. Poteet, to "git half-way acrost Pullium's Summit 'fore night 'ud ketch 'em." Sis was so delighted, apparently, that she became almost hilarious; and her gayety affected all around her except Woodward, who barely managed to conceal his disgust.

After supper, however, Mrs. Poteet and her two guests betook themselves to the kitchen, where they rubbed snuff and smoked their pipes, and gossiped, and related reminiscences of that good time which, with old people, is always in the past. Thus Woodward had ample opportunity to talk with Sis. He endeavored, by the exercise of every art of conversation and manner of which he was master, to place their relations upon the old familiar footing, but he failed most signally. He found it impossible to fathom the gentle dignity with which he was constantly repulsed. In the midst of his perplexity, which would have been either pathetic or ridiculous if it had not been so artfully concealed, he managed for the first time to measure the depth of his love for this exasperating but charming creature whom he had been patronizing. She was no longer amusing; and Woodward, with the savage inconsistency of a man moved by a genuine passion, felt a tragic desire to humble himself before her.

"I'm going home to-morrow, Miss Sis," he said, finally, in sheer desperation.

"Well, you've had a heap of fun—I mean," she added, "that you have had a nice time."

"I have been a fool!" he exclaimed, bitterly. Seeing that she made no response, he continued: "I've been a terrible fool all through. I came here to hunt up blockade whisky——"

"What!"

Sis's voice was sharp and eager, full of doubt, surprise, and consternation.

"I came to Gullettsville," he went on, "to hunt up blockade whisky and failed, and three weeks ago I sent in my resignation. I thought I might find a gold mine on my land-lot, but I have failed; and now I am going to sell it. I have failed in everything."

Gloating over his alleged misfortunes, Woodward, without looking at Sis Poteet, drew from his pocket a formidable-looking envelope, unfolded its contents leisurely, and continued:

"Even my resignation was a failure. Hog

Mountain will be raided to-morrow or next day."

Sis rose from her chair, pale and furious, and advanced toward him as if to annihilate him with her blazing eyes. Such rage, such contempt, he had never before beheld in a woman's face. He sat transfixed. With a gesture almost tragic in its vehemence, the girl struck the papers from his hands.

"Oh, you mean, sneaking wretch! You——"

And then, as if realizing the weakness of mere words, she turned and passed swiftly from the room. Woodward was thoroughly aroused. He was not used to the spectacle of a woman controlled by violent emotions, and he recognized, with a mixture of surprise and alarm, the great gulf that lay between the rage of Sis Poteet and the little platitudes and pretenses of anger which he had seen the other women of his acquaintance manage with such pretty daintiness.

As the girl passed through the kitchen, she seized a horn that hung upon the wall and went out into the darkness. The old women continued their smoking, their snuff-rubbing, and their gossiping. Mrs. Hightower was giving the details of a local legend showing how and why Edny Favers had "conjured" Tabithy Cozby, when suddenly Mrs. Poteet raised her hands:

"*Sh-h-h!*"

The notes of a horn—short, sharp, and strenuous—broke in upon the stillness of the night. Once, twice, thrice! once, twice, thrice! once, twice, thrice! It was an alarm that did not need to be interpreted to the sensitive ear of Hog Mountain. The faces of the old women became curiously impassive. The firelight carried their shadows from the floor to the rafters, where they seemed to engage in a wild dance,—whirling, bowing, jumping, quivering; but the women themselves sat as still as statues. They were evidently waiting for something. They did not wait long. In a little while the sharp notes of the horn made themselves heard again—once, twice, thrice! once, twice, thrice! once, twice, thrice!

Then the old women arose from their low chairs, shook out their frocks, and filed into the room where Mr. Philip Woodward, late of the revenue service, was sitting. There would have been a good deal of constraint on both sides, but before there could be any manifestation of this sort, Sis came in. She seemed to be crushed and helpless, nay, even humiliated.

"Why, my goodness, Sis!" exclaimed Mrs. Hightower, "you look natchully fagged out. A body 'ud think you'd bin an' taken a run

up the mountain. We all 'lowed you wuz in here lookin' airter your comp'ny. Wherd you git the news?"

"From this gentleman here," Sis replied, indicating Woodward without looking at him. She was pale as death, and her voice was low and gentle.

Woodward would have explained, but the apparent unconcern of the women gave him no opportunity.

"I declare, Sis," exclaimed her mother, with a fond, apologetic little laugh; "ef you haint a plum sight, I haint never seed none."

"She's thes es much like her Gran'papp Poteet," said Mrs. Hightower, "ez ef he'd 'a spit 'er right out'n his mouth—that she is."

This led to a series of reminiscences more or less entertaining, until after awhile, Sis, who had been growing more and more restless, rose and said:

"Good-night, folks; I'm tired and sleepy. The clock has struck eleven."

"Yes," said Mrs. Poteet, "an' the clock's too fast, bekaze it haint skacely bin more'n a minnit sence the chickens crowed for ten."

This remark contained the essence of hospitality, for it was intended to convey to Mrs. Poteet's guests the information that if they were not ready to retire, she was prepared to discredit her clock in their interests. But there was not much delay on the part of the guests. The women were dying to question Sis, and Woodward was anxious to be alone; and so they said "Good-night," the earnestness and quaint simplicity of the old women carrying Woodward back to the days of his childhood, when his grandmother leaned tenderly over his little bed and whispered: "Good-night, dear heart, and pleasant dreams."

Shortly afterward the lights were put out, and, presumably, those under Teague Poteet's roof addressed themselves to slumber. But what of the news that Sis had given to the winds? There was no slumber for it until it had fulfilled its mission. Where did it go, and what was its burden? Three sharp blasts upon a horn, thrice repeated; then an interval; then three more thrice repeated. Up, up the mountain the signal climbed; now faltering, now falling, but always climbing; sending echoes before it, and leaving echoes behind it, but climbing, climbing; now fainting and dying away, but climbing, climbing, until it reached Pullium's Summit, the smallest thread of sound. Two men were sitting talking in front of a cabin. The eldest placed one hand upon the shoulder of his companion, and flung the other to his ear. Faint and far, but clear and strenuous, came the signal. The men listened even after it had died away. The leaves of the tall chestnuts whipped each

other gently, and the breeze that had borne the signal seemed to stay in the tops of the mountain pines as if awaiting further orders; and it had not long to wait.

The man who had held his hand to his ear slapped his companion on the back and cried, "Poteet's!" and that was news enough for the other, who rose, stretched himself lazily, and passed into the cabin. He came out with a horn—an exaggerated trumpet made of tin—and with this to his lips he repeated to the waiting breeze, and to the echoes that were glad to be aroused, the news that had come from Poteet's. Across the broad plateau of Pullium's Summit the wild tidings flew until, reaching the western verge of the mountain, they dived down into Prather's Mill Road—a vast gorge which takes its name from the freak of a drunken mountaineer, who declared he would follow the stream that rushed through it until he found a mill, and was never heard of again.

The news from Poteet's was not so easily lost. It dropped over the sheer walls of the chasm, three hundred feet down, and refused to be drowned out by the rush and roar of the waters, as they leaped over the bowlders, until it had accomplished its mission. For here in Prather's Mill Road burned the slow fires that kept the Government officials in Atlanta at a white heat. They were burning now. If one of the officials could have crawled to the edge of the gorge, where everything seemed dwarfed by the towering walls of rock and the black abyss from which they sprang, he would have seen small fitful sparks of flame glowing at intervals upon the bosom of the deeper and blacker night below. These were the fires that all the power and ingenuity of the Government failed to smother, but they were now blown out one after another by the blasts from Sis Poteet's horn.

The news that was wafted down into the depths of Prather's Mill Road upon the wings of the wind was not at all alarming. On the contrary, it was received by the grimy watchers at the stills with considerable hilarity. To the most of them it merely furnished an excuse for a week's holiday, including trips to both Gullettsville and Villa Ray. Freely interpreted, it ran thus: "Friends and fellow-citizens: this is to inform you that Hog Mountain is to be raided by the revenue men by way of Teague Poteet's. Let us hear from you at once." There was neither alarm nor hurry, but the fires were put out quickly because that was the first thing to be done.

Teague Poteet owned and managed two stills. He was looking after some "doubblings" when the notes of the horn dropped down into the gorge. He paused, and listened,

and smiled. Uncle Jake Norris, who had come to have his jug filled, was in the act of taking a dram, but he waited, balancing the tin cup in the palm of his hand. Tip Watson was telling one of his stories to the two little boys who accompanied Uncle Jake, but he never ended it.

"Sis talks right out in meetin'," said Teague, after waiting to be sure there was no postscript to the message.

"What's the row, Teague?" asked Uncle Jake, swallowing his dram.

"Nother raid comin' right in front er my door," Teague explained, "an' I reckon in reason I oughter be home when they go past. They useter be a kinder coolness betweenst me an' them revenue fellers, but we went to work an' patched it up."

Tip Watson appeared to be so overjoyed that he went through all the forms of a cotillion dance, imitating a fiddle, calling the figures, and giving his hand to imaginary partners. The boys fairly screamed with laughter at this exhibition, and Uncle Jake was so overcome that he felt called upon to take another dram—a contingency that was renewed when Tip swung from the measure of a cotillion to that of a breakdown, singing:

"I haint bin a-wantin' no mo' wines—mo' wines—  
Sence daddy got drunk on low wines—low wines."

"Come, Tip," said Teague, "yess shet up shop. Ef Sis aint a caution," he said, after awhile, as he moved around putting things to rights. "Ef Sis aint a caution, you kin shoot me. They haint no mo' tellin' wher Sis picked up 'bout thish'ere raid than nothin' in the worl'. Dang me ef I don't b'lieve the gal's glad when a raid's a-comin'. Wi' Sis, hit's movement, movement, day in an' day out. They haint nobody knows that gal less'n it's me. She knows how to keep things a-gwine. Sometimes she runs an' meets me, an' says

se'she: 'Pap, mammy's in the dumps; yess you an' me make out we er quollin'. Hit'll sorter stir 'er up'; an' then Sis, she'll light in, an' by the time we git in the house, she's a-scoldin' an' a-sassin' an' I'm a-cussin, an' airtter awhile hit gits so hot an' natchul-like that I thes has ter drag Sis out behin' the chimby and buss 'er to make certain an' shore that she aint accidentally flew off the han'le. Bliss your soul an' body! she's a caution!"

"An' what's 'er maw a-doin' all that time?" inquired Uncle Jake, as he took another dram with an indifferent air.

Teague laughed aloud as he packed the fresh earth over his fire.

"Oh, Puss! Puss, she thes sets thar a-chawin' away at 'er snuff, an' a-knittin' away at 'er socks tell she thinks I'm a-pushin' Sis too close, an' then she blazes out an' blows me up. Airtter that," Teague continued, "things gits more homelike. Ef twan't fer me an' Sis, I reckon Puss 'ud totally fret 'erself away."

"St. Paul," said Uncle Jake, looking confidentially at another dram which he had poured into the tin cup,—“St. Paul says ther er divers an' many wimmin, an' I reckon he know'd. Ther' er some you kin fret an' some you can't. Ther's my ole 'oman: the livin' human bein' that stirs *her* up'll have ter frail 'er out, er she'll frail *him*."

"Well," said Teague, by way of condolence, "the man what's stabbed by a pitchfork haint much better off 'n the man that walks barfooted in a treadsafte patch."

The suggestion in regard to Mistress Norris seemed to remind Uncle Jake of something important. He called to his boys, took another modest dram, and disappeared in the undergrowth. Teague Poteet and his friends were soon ready to follow this worthy example, so that in another hour Prather's Mill Road was a very dull and uninteresting place from a revenue point of view.

### THIS LILY.

If summer unto summer uttereth speech,	Through all the fair, far, unremembered seasons,
As wise ones say,	Its sweets have thrilled;
This tender lily, here in my rude reach,	Who ponders here a little while, and reasons,
Hath lived for aye.	His fears are stilled.

'Tis death and darkness that have been your making,  
O lily white!

'Tis *here* you meet with blight, and loss, and breaking,—  
Here in the light.

E. M. Booth.



## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### A New Departure.

WITH the beginning of the present series of this periodical under the name of *THE CENTURY* (November, 1881), a new enlargement of the contents of the magazine took place, amounting to about fourteen pages in each number. This enlargement was effected by the omission of ruled lines and the extension of the printed page. The pressure of original matter on our columns has since then so greatly increased, that it seems necessary to make still more room for the work of both our old and new contributors. There are several causes which tend to create the pressure of which we speak. Our readers are aware of the fact that most of the American authors whose names were conspicuous in the early volumes of the magazine are still living, and many of them are still writing for *THE CENTURY*. In addition to these, several well known American and foreign writers have since been added to our list of contributors; and, in the meantime, the magazine has drawn around it a brilliant company of young writers who must be provided with an outlet for their teeming stories, essays, and poems. Moreover, it would seem that during the thirteen years since we began the preparation of the magazine's first issue, the average of literary ability throughout the community has risen in quality,—at any rate, we know that we find ourselves constantly compelled to decline contributions well worthy of acceptance, for the sole reason that we have no room for them.

Under these circumstances, and in order to make room for a larger amount of original work,—for matter of greater pith and moment,—we purpose to omit the three departments of "Literature," "Home and Society," and the "World's Work," and in place of them to establish a new department (not necessarily regular in its appearance) entitled "Open Letters." This new department will be the place for brief and pithy signed essays on all subjects; and in this department, and elsewhere in the magazine and in the remaining regular departments, we shall continue to treat—we trust not less well than heretofore, though not so constantly—of the most important points in current literature and current invention. It seems to us to be the province of a magazine like *THE CENTURY* to make room for original and creative writing, for the work of the imagination, for novels, short stories; for criticism of the highest order on literature, art, politics, and morals; for fresh and authoritative reports from the world of science (science in its broadest sense); original accounts of travel in new lands and old; and original historical and biographical writing,—it seems to us, we say, the province of this magazine to make room for contributions like these, rather than to encumber its pages with departmental records, such as may be elsewhere and earlier obtained, namely in our weekly and daily periodicals.

This further virtual enlargement of the magazine will give opportunity for still greater variety of theme and thoroughness of treatment in the contents of each number of *THE CENTURY*.

### The Effects of Civil Service Reform upon Parties.

THE probable effects of Civil Service Reform upon our national parties is an interesting subject of speculation. Hitherto it cannot be said that either party, as such, has done anything to promote the reform, though neither has offered any but a passive opposition to it. The majority of the leaders on both sides in the Houses of Congress cast their votes for the measure; but it was evident that most of them did so because they had become convinced that the people demanded reform, and not because they cared for it themselves. As for the mass of voters, there can be no doubt that the great majority in both parties are heartily in favor of reform, although its leading advocates have been, for the most part, adherents of the Republican organization. Thus far, then, neither party has gained any particular credit by its conduct toward civil service reform, while at the same time neither can be set down as its avowed opponent.

But now that the reform has been begun, it remains to be seen what attitude the two parties will assume toward it, and what effects it will have upon them. In the first place, then, it is not likely that either party will actively oppose the reform; for if party lines were drawn on this issue, the defeat of the opposition party would be certain and complete. The people are so well informed on the subject and so determined on reform, that no party could now take its stand on the old doctrine of spoils with the least chance of success. There are indications, indeed, that some of the Democrats, believing that their party will win the Presidential election in 1884, are inclined to retain the old system, so far as possible, that they may reap a rich harvest of offices on their accession to power; but, in view of the strong and ever increasing sentiment in favor of reform, these bad counsels are not likely to prevail with the masses of the party.

Meanwhile, the Republicans, owing to their control of national administration, will necessarily have the largest share in carrying out the reform, and they have it in their power, by administering the new law with fidelity and zeal, not only to make the reform a complete success, but to win back for themselves some of the popularity which they have lost. But the conduct of the Republican managers in the past does not promise on their part any special devotion to reform methods in the future; and therefore, if parties remain in their present form, their attitude toward civil service reform will probably be neither one of open hostility nor of active support, but of reluctant acquiescence.

But there is another aspect of the case which is deserving of consideration. If the civil service is reformed, and the offices are thus removed from partisan control, will not the change have the effect of loosening the bonds of party, and thereby help to break up the existing organizations preparatory to the formation of new ones? Under a normal condition of affairs such a result would be impossible; for political parties, as a rule, have some higher object than the mere dis-



tribution of spoils. A party is supposed to be based upon some principle or some system of policy, which its members believe in and which their organization is designed to carry into effect; and so long as the party is working for the success of its principles, no question of spoils can dissolve or divide it. But our national parties at the present time are not based upon principle, nor is there a single measure of living interest to the people, on which the members of either party are agreed. Under such circumstances, it would seem natural and eminently desirable that the old parties should be dissolved, or else re-organized on a new basis so as to represent some positive principles, and there is already in the country a strong sentiment in favor of such a change. But hitherto the traditions of the past, the power of organization, and the desire for the spoils of office have held the old parties firmly together and effectually prevented the re-arrangement which so many desire.

But the force of tradition is now virtually spent, as last autumn's elections abundantly prove, and hence the existing parties have no motive to action except the desire for office, and no bond of union except the power of organization, which is wielded by the office-holders and office-seekers themselves. If, then, the offices are removed from partisan control, this last remaining bond will be snapped asunder; and it is hard to see how, in that case, the existing organizations can be longer maintained.

We look, therefore, for a re-arrangement of parties before many years, as a consequence of reforming the civil service; and if this should happen, it will not be the least of the benefits which the reform will bring us, for a more unsatisfactory division of parties than that now existing it would be hard to conceive, and almost any change would be an improvement. For some years past the case has been that a man, in casting a vote, had not the least idea what principles or what policy his vote would promote,—whether one that he approved or one that he disapproved; and so long as this state of affairs continues, it is impossible for any man of convictions to attach himself cordially to either party. A man of principle can only belong to a party of principle; and as existing parties have no principles at all, such men have nowhere to go to. Young men in particular, and educated young men most of all, find nothing in the old parties to attract or rouse enthusiasm, and they will welcome civil service reform with additional pleasure if it shall have the effect of dissolving these bodies and thereby preparing the way for new parties based upon principles and animated by ideas.

#### The Appointment of Postmasters.

THE new measure of civil service reform seems to be all that is needed for the offices to which it relates, and, if properly executed, it will effectually remove the clerkships and many other minor offices from partisan control, besides improving the quality and self-respect of the officers themselves. At first, indeed, the operation of the law is restricted to the larger offices having fifty or more persons employed; but provision is made for extending the system to the smaller offices also, after it has been established and tested in the larger ones. In this way the appoint-

ment of all the minor officers will be provided for, with the exception of the postmasters; but for these no provision has yet been made. It is obvious, however, that the reform will not be complete until some method is adopted for appointing these officers which will remove them also from partisan control and make them the servants of the people and not the servants of a party.

At the present time all postmasters whose yearly salary is less than one thousand dollars—and there are more than forty-four thousand of them—are appointed by the Postmaster-General; and according to the pernicious custom now in vogue, he is expected to make both appointments and removals at the instigation of members of Congress. The postmasters thus appointed are commissioned for an indefinite period, and, if the service were conducted on business principles, would hold their offices as long as they filled them well. But, under the present system, they are liable to removal at any time when the member of Congress from their district so demands; while, on the advent of the opposite party to power, there may be a wholesale removal of all the postmasters in the country. The effect of this partisan management is to make the postmasters the agents of the party that controls the administration; and so long as this system is retained in the post-offices, the reform of the civil service will be but half accomplished.

It seems clear, however, that in the case of postmasters the method of selection by competitive examination will not serve, for no such examination can test those qualities which in a postmaster are most imperatively required. The clerical duties in the smaller post-offices are of trifling amount and fully within the competence of any person who can transact business of a simple kind; but certain moral and other qualities are required in a postmaster, which no examination can reveal, and which can only be ascertained by personal acquaintance. Both the Government and the people have to trust the postmaster, the one with its money, the other with its letters; and he to whom such matters are confided ought, above all things, to be a man of known integrity and responsibility and of good business habits, and it is obvious that such qualities as these cannot be determined by competitive examination.

Moreover, the public convenience must be consulted; and hence in a thinly settled district it is often necessary to appoint the most available man, whether he is ideally fitted for the place or not. In many post-offices the salary is not sufficient for a man to live on, and they must therefore be held by persons engaged in other business; and in such cases it may be necessary to appoint a man whose place of business is so situated as to accommodate the people, though his scholarship may be slight and his other qualifications not all that could be desired.

These considerations, we say, show that the system of competitive examination cannot be applied in the case of postmasters, but that their fitness must be ascertained by other means and, in particular, by the testimony of those who are personally acquainted with them. It is obvious, however, that the Postmaster-General cannot himself make the investigation necessary to determine the fitness of candidates for such a mass of offices, scattered as they are over three million square

miles of territory, and he must, therefore, depend in each case on the advice of persons living in the neighborhood in which the officer is to serve. Hence the custom has arisen of taking the advice of Congressmen, the effect of which is, as above remarked, to make the postal service an agency of the party in power; and what we want is some method of appointment that will free the service from this partisan influence.

Some have suggested that the choice of postmasters should be given to the people; but this cannot be done without a change in the constitution, and besides, there is nothing in such a method of selection to recommend it to the friends of reform. We have too many elective offices now,—so many that it is impossible for the people to ascertain the qualifications of all the candidates,—and it is very undesirable to increase the number. Nor is it by any means certain that choice by the people would always put the fittest man into a purely business position like a post-office, while it would not improbably perpetuate the partisan character of the service, which it is the special object of civil service reform to abolish. It seems far better to retain the method of appointment by the Postmaster-General, only adopting some means for determining the fitness of candidates without resorting to the advice of members of Congress.

Now, it would seem that persons already employed in the postal service and living in the vicinity of the office to be filled would be the best judges of the qualifications of the candidates, and it would seem to be easy to make the services of such persons available for this purpose. Suppose that there be appointed in each State one or more boards of examiners, composed of persons employed in the postal service, and charged with the duty of examining all applicants for

post-offices and ascertaining their qualifications. In the performance of this duty they should not be restricted to the methods employed in the case of clerks, but should use whatever means should be necessary to determine the character and business capacity of the applicants. The natural place for such a board to meet would be at one of the large distributing offices, where they would have ready means of communication with the neighboring towns, and where information about the candidates could be readily obtained. Each board would have a definite territory assigned to it, and its members should be so selected that they could easily assemble for the performance of their duties. Then, when a post-office was to be filled, the board of examiners within whose district it was situated would inquire into the fitness of the applicants and report to the Postmaster-General the names of those best qualified, with the comparative merits of each, and he would appoint the officer from among this number.

Such a method of selection could be easily established, as the appointment of the examining boards and the general supervision of the system would be intrusted to the Civil Service Commission; and the work of examination and inquiry could be easily performed. No objection can be made to the plan on constitutional grounds; for the Postmaster-General owes his power of appointment to an act of Congress, and Congress, in conferring the power, may undoubtedly impose rules and regulations for its exercise.

That some such method of appointment, if successfully put into practice, would result in the improvement of the postal service, seems hardly doubtful; for it would free it from the dictation of members of Congress and divest it entirely of its partisan character.

## OPEN LETTERS.

## On the Late Dr. Leonard Bacon and the Abolitionists.

It is to be regretted that Dr. Leonard Woolsey Bacon, in paying a tribute to the character and memory of his eminent father, in *THE CENTURY* for March, did not confine himself to themes which he is qualified, by adequate information and a judicial temper, to discuss, instead of reviving and seeking to justify his father's old controversy with the abolitionists and setting up in his behalf the preposterous claim that his name is above every name on the roll of anti-slavery worthies.

This claim, as "a matter of interest to public morals," I am constrained to challenge, and if in doing so I speak of matters concerning which, in charity to the dead, I would gladly be silent, the responsibility must rest upon him who has forced upon me the unwelcome discussion.

That Dr. Bacon, senior, opposed the abolitionists with might and main his filial eulogist frankly admits; but he insists that this opposition originated in a discriminating estimate of the character and surroundings of slavery and of the duties of slave-masters, and in repugnance to the "false positions, bad logic, and

in some cases malignant passions" of Mr. Garrison and "the little ring of his personal adherents," whose great fault, it seems, was that they did not, like Dr. Bacon, confine their denunciations of slavery to the "system," and fill their mouths at the same time with excuses for the poor unfortunate slave-holders,—who were assumed to be in an agony of desire to rid themselves of slavery, while unable to do so, being in the condition of the boy who locked himself into a closet with the key in his own pocket, and so was unable to get out when his father called him to turn the grindstone.

The vocabulary of the abolitionists, too, it appears, was very objectionable, including, as it did, such words as "man-stealer" and "pirate," which they applied, Dr. Bacon says, to "the legal guardian of a decrepit negro," or to "one holding a family of slaves in transit for a free State with intent to emancipate them." Dr. Bacon, no doubt, believes this to be true; but he is mistaken—it is only caricature. The abolitionists neither uttered any such nonsense, nor made any such application of their principles. Their definition of slavery was elastic enough to cover every genuine case of conscience. They always sympathized

with any slave-holder who, convinced of the wrongfulness of slavery, desired in good faith to find a way of escape from the grip of cruel laws. They had in their ranks not a few men of this class, who had thus escaped from the "system." The names of Nelson, Birney, Brisbane, and half a score of others, will readily occur to those acquainted with the reform. We always lent a helping hand to such men, never breaking the bruised reed nor quenching the smoking flax. The criticisms of the late Dr. Bacon and others upon the doctrine of the sinfulness of slave-holding were exactly upon a level with those of a certain class of Gradgrind philosophers upon the Beatitudes and the Golden Rule. The late Joseph Barker, it will be remembered, could demonstrate the absurdity of these in five minutes at any time. It was only necessary to quibble over the words with an astute pettifogger's ingenuity. The abolitionists were practical men; they said bluntly, "Slavery is a sin," and meant it; they accepted the definition of slavery written for them in the statutes of the South, dealing with slave-holding in a common-sense way as a sin to be repented of and forsaken, and refusing to be turned aside by apologetic casuistry, from whatever source it might come.

The abolitionists learned their vocabulary from authorities older than the late Dr. Bacon. They remembered that it was John Wesley who said, "Slavery is the sum of all villainies"—"men-buyers are exactly on a level with men-stealers." They remembered also the words of Jonathan Edwards: "To hold a man in a state of slavery is to be every day guilty of robbing him of his liberty or of man-stealing." They called to mind, moreover, the words of the Presbyterian Church, which, according to Dr. Bacon, "represented the thought, culture, and conscience of the South," and which, in 1794, in a note on the eighth commandment, said: "The law was made for man-stealers. \* \* \* Stealers of men are all those who bring off slaves or freemen, and keep, sell, or buy them." The height and depth and length and breadth of their fanaticism may thus be measured. They followed the light of these great examples, from which the ministry and churches—led by Bacon, Stuart, and Hodge—revolted and turned away. When the abolitionists struck at slavery, these men started up with their casuistry and their metaphysics to break the force of their appeals, seeking to "pinch them between the jaws of a definition," as if the letter had been devised to entrap and stifle the spirit! The whole purpose and effect of their ingenuity was to shield from censure the religious slave-holders, whose example was more powerful than that of any other class in sustaining slavery. Whenever a slave-holding clergyman or pious layman was arraigned, these men always set up the cry of persecution in his behalf, and thousands of people were led to think that slave-holding, if only well mixed with prayers, hymns, and hallelujahs, and flavored by a flaming zeal for revivals, missions, etc., was really quite a scriptural and commendable practice. Notwithstanding this class of slave-holders had taken part in enacting the laws forbidding emancipation, and never so much as sought their repeal, those laws were held to be their sufficient excuse for continuing to hold slaves. Just here was the practical issue between the abolitionists and their religious opponents. It was this attitude of the Northern churches

and clergy that encouraged the South to resist the antislavery movement, to deny the right of discussion, and finally to organize the rebellion.

There was a time when Dr. Bacon's opposition to slavery or, rather, to slavery extension, was earnest and effective, and, remembering this, we should not be unwilling to let the blots upon his earlier record pass unnoticed, if his champions did not compel us, "as a matter of interest to public morals," to set them in the light. The simple truth is that Dr. Bacon was one of the blind leaders of the blind multitude who, fifty years ago, "did not see how slavery was to be got rid of," and who were forever wandering about in a metaphysical cloud, throwing obstructions in the way of those whose vision was clear. Against the "system" of slavery as "thoroughly bad and wrong," he could inveigh most eloquently; but of what avail was that so long as he excused slave-holding? His followers were forever saying, "We are abolitionists as much as anybody, BUT"; and the "but" was the only emphatic word, the rest being mere wind. Dr. Bacon's opinion, in 1830, was that the slave-holders then upon the stage were guiltless in upholding the system; for he said, in so many words: "For the existence of slavery in the United States those, and those only, are accountable who bore a part in originating such a constitution of society." The guilty, in other words, were dead, the living were innocent! Here is the explanation of his opposition to Garrison, who held, on the contrary, that the slave-holders were wrong-doers, and summoned them to undo the heavy burdens and let the oppressed go free. Dr. Bacon, instead of fighting slavery, fought the abolitionists, as the bull fought the locomotive, and with a similar result. He and Joseph Tracy invented a society by which they hoped to divert popular support from the antislavery associations; but it fell still-born, because it aimed at point-no-point, and was like "a cake turned"—cinders on one side, dough on the other.

Dr. Bacon early in life fell into the toils of the Colonization Society—a circumstance which his son carefully avoids mentioning. He supported it with his voice and pen for more than twenty years, and never, so far as I know, publicly renounced it. That society, as may be seen by its official documents, commended itself to the South as calculated to "contribute effectually to the continuance and strength of slavery," and to "augment instead of diminishing the value of slave property." It opposed emancipation, except upon "the condition that the emancipated shall leave the country." It held it to be "an ordination of Providence, no more to be changed than the laws of nature," that the improvement and elevation of the negroes in this country was impossible. Dr. Bacon himself wrote: "Here a slave cannot really be emancipated. You cannot raise him from the abyss of his degradation. You may call him free, you may enact a statute-book of laws to make him free, but you cannot bleach him into the enjoyment of freedom." Was this, I wonder, the "lucid and tenacious argument" that inspired Lincoln to issue his immortal proclamation? Holding to this doctrine of the invincibility of "negrophobia," it was only natural that Dr. Bacon, when the people of New Haven, with Judge Daggett at their head, rose up in a tempest of wrath to prevent the establishment in that city of a manual labor school for

negroes, should have had no plea to make for the education of the colored race. And when the Legislature of Connecticut, under the inspiration of leading colonizationists, passed a law making it a crime to give instruction in that State to any colored child from another State; and when that noble Quaker woman, Prudence Crandall, broke the law and was sent to jail,—it was equally natural that Dr. Bacon should look on in silence.

When all the efforts, vigilantly pursued for years, to put the abolitionists down, had utterly failed, and their movement had become a power that could be no longer successfully resisted; and when the Mexican war opened even the eyes of the blind to the designs of the slave power,—then it was that Dr. Bacon and his followers wheeled into line, and did good service in resisting the further encroachments of slavery. I do not begrudge those men their penny—nay, I would even increase their wages a hundred-fold; but the claim that they bore the heat and burden of the day, and should be crowned as leaders, I resent as a fraud upon history.

Whatever light President Lincoln may have gained from the writings of Dr. Bacon, it is certain that he did not recognize him as the leader of the antislavery movement. When he wished to avail himself of the advice of the oldest and wisest of the antislavery host, it was not Dr. Bacon, but Garrison, who was invited to the White House; and when he sought to honor that host in the person of its truest representative, it was Garrison who was officially invited to witness the raising of the redeemed and regenerated flag above the battered walls of Sumter. And when the victorious antislavery workers, including all the great leaders of the Republican party, desired to testify their grateful appreciation of the labors of the man who, above all others, was the founder of the grand movement, they did not so much as think of Dr. Bacon, but joined in placing in Garrison's hands the sum of thirty thousand dollars as a support for him in his declining years.

Dr. Bacon wishes "the ingenuous youth of America" to understand that "Mr. Garrison and his society never succeeded in anything," and that "the final extinction of slavery was accomplished in pursuance of principles that he abhorred." What principles are here referred to I am at a loss to conceive. If they were in any sense antislavery principles, certainly Mr. Garrison was far enough from abhorring them. Does Dr. Bacon mean to accuse the Republican party of opposing slavery on principles that were *not* antislavery? As to measures, Mr. Garrison, it is true, did not always agree with the party,—as, for instance, when it set itself about returning fugitive slaves and refused to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, as an inducement to the rebellious South to return to the Union; but these measures can hardly have been adopted "in pursuance" of any principles deserving to be called antislavery. The one great measure for which Mr. Garrison contended was immediate emancipation, and "the final extinction of slavery was accomplished" in just that way. The freedmen, moreover, were not colonized in Africa, as Dr. Bacon said they ought to be, but emancipated on the soil, and made citizens of the United States. What is more, Mr. Garrison had his way in the final

annulment of those compromises of the Constitution which he said were "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell." Nothing is more certain than that "the ingenuous youth of America," to the end of time, will discern in all this a measure of success justifying the words of that noble Englishman, John Bright: "To Mr. Garrison it has been given, in a manner not often permitted to those who do great things of this kind, to see the ripe fruit of his vast labors,"—a measure of success, moreover, which came as a fit reward of the devotion and self-sacrifice of a life of which Whittier, our American poet of freedom, has said that "its fitting garland should be the Alpine flower that symbolizes noble purity."

Oliver Johnson.

#### On Culture in New England Villages.\*

ARE there any truths, any facts, that the story-teller is bound to respect? Mrs. Stowe's "Old Town Folks" takes us into the very heart of a New England community a hundred years ago. We hear its racy speech, its dialect,—which was not simply bad grammar and false pronunciation,—its brave defiance, its bold orthodoxy, and feel its deep, underlying humility. Behind the veil of Hawthorne's weird and somber imagination throbs the real, actual life of the times of which he wrote, and generations yet to come will turn to his pages, finding there the very souls of their ancestors as well as the records of their ways, their dress, their food, their modes of speech.

Old New England is well taken care of. But what kind of an idea will our descendants form of country life and manners in the New England of to-day, if they take some of its own story-tellers as its exponents.

For example: In a recent number of one of our best periodicals, there is a story of to-day, the scene of which is laid in an Eastern village, whose name is given, so there is no room for doubt. We know that this town has its railroads, its telegraphs, its marble quarries, its well-tilled, profitable farms. It has good schools and substantial churches. It takes the city dailies and the best magazines. It is next door, as it were, to an academy of more than local repute, which sends many of its students to Harvard, Yale, and other colleges. Now, does any one suppose that such a town would tolerate, year after year, in its most influential pulpit, a clergyman who persistently violated the plainest rules of grammar, and all the proprieties of English speech? The "parsons" of New England are educated men, men of thought and culture. As a rule they are the conservators, not the violators, of refinement and good-breeding. They do not vex the ears of the dying saints to whom they would administer consolation by saying "scripiter," nor "continooally," nor "speritooal," nor "sech." Men of enough social standing and influence to be elected deacons in the principal church of a thriving, intelligent New England town, do not to-day speak of their young daughters as "gals," nor do their wives interlard their speech with such choice morsels as "I haven't nothin' to say to sech remarks." The leading "ladies" of such towns, even if their leadership has

\* [Mrs. Dorr's remarks are an unintended supplement to Mr. Warner's, in this number of THE CENTURY.—EDITORS.]



more to do with church sociables and sewing societies than with five-o'clock teas, are certainly not guilty, nowadays, of such solecisms of speech and manner as they are charged with in this and kindred stories. A provincialism is one thing; gross ignorance or vulgarity is quite another. A recent critic, speaking of Mr. Howells's *Marcia*, says: "There are girls, even in village life, whose horizon is wider, whose culture is more generous." But why that somewhat condescending "even"?

Let me give an outline of what is going on this winter in, at least, one New England village. It has had for ten years or more its Shakspeare Club, under most competent leadership. Under the suggestive name of "Friends in Council," a company of women meet on every alternate Wednesday from the first of October to the last of May. A scheme of study is made out a full year in advance. Each member knows just what is expected of her, just what thought or knowledge she must contribute for the general good. Greek, Roman, and mediæval history have been successively studied, with the aid of books, charts, pictures, essays, and talks. The contemporaneous history of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries is the study of this winter. This society, limited by its constitution to twenty-five members, has very little red tape, no "refreshments" of a material sort. It aims at doing solid work, and it does it. Four years ago another society, having a somewhat wider scope, was formed in the same village. It is called "The Fortnightly," and is under the auspices of one of the churches, meeting in the church parlors on alternate Saturdays. Any woman, or girl over sixteen, whose name is presented with proper indorsements, can become a member of "The Fortnightly" by signing the constitution and the payment of a small annual fee. It embraces all ranks—from the wives and daughters of governors and senators to sewing and shop girls, and they meet on terms of perfect equality. It has three standing committees—one on benevolent work, one on studies, and one called the social committee.

"The Fortnightly," ever since its formation, has had large and enthusiastic classes on history, art, and literature; and it cares for a mission school. This winter its members are studying the lives and works of representative women—biography, rather than history. At each of its regular meetings there are essays, readings, recitations, and talks.

Two book clubs, and several musical associations and reading societies keep, at least, this one village from the dull torpor, the intellectual stagnation, on which some of our American novelists dilate with such unction in their stories of country life. The truth is that the quieter lives of country-women give them some advantages over their city sisters. It is they who during the long winter evenings do the reading and thinking. Books take the place of the dinner-party, the dance, the opera.

Julia C. R. Dorr.

#### Will the Jews Return to Palestine?\*

MISS EMMA LAZARUS has won such merited praise for her warm and impassioned championship, both in verse and prose, of the Jewish race, that it may

seem ungracious in an American Israelite—who has long been aware of her genius and powers—to take exception to the logic and tendency of the article from her vigorous pen in the February issue of your magazine, under the title "The Jewish Problem." But the importance of the subject referred to and the necessity of due caution in its discussion lead me to regret that Miss Lazarus has written in so positive and unqualified a strain. I refer, not to her just and admirable summary of Jewish history, but to her advocacy of a separate Jewish nationality.

1. It is most assuredly an exaggeration to state that "whenever two Israelites of ordinary intelligence come together, the possibility, nay the probability, of again forming a united nation is seriously discussed."

2. To Mr. Oliphant's personal efforts in behalf of the persecuted Russian Hebrews, I bear grateful testimony; but the difficulties in the way of colonizing at present a strip of land in Gilead—his special project—which have been pointed out by experienced critics, counterbalance, in my opinion, the extravagant laudations of a few enthusiastic advocates, who, because Scripture has been interpreted as predicting the restoration of Palestine to the Jews, deem it a religious duty to favor every scheme for its colonization. Neither the land nor the Jewish people is ready for such a utopian movement. When the Turk is expelled from Europe, and the Jewish proletariat abroad—who alone appear most desirous of emigration—are better equipped for industrial and agricultural work, it is a possibility that the fertile valleys of Palestine may be settled by colonists—but not by large numbers, who will be attracted elsewhere.

3. It is most unfortunate that Miss Lazarus cites the views of a young Russian Jew as summing up "the desires and ambitions of the nation." Among such views it is stated that "the religious mission of the Jews belongs to the past." No objection is made to intermarriage, and a central government, either in Palestine or South America, is advocated. If the mission of Judaism is past, the Russian Jews might save all further persecution by becoming Christians. If it be true that "the racial tie binds Jews together, even though they discard all religion," why form a separate nationality, unless to establish a little free religious and atheistic *commune*, under the Jewish name? Certainly a new Ezra, whom Miss Lazarus states the Jews of our generation "can surely furnish," if he be at all worthy of his ancient namesake, would be rather uncomfortable for such utopians.

4. It is unwise to advocate a separate nationality for the Jews at a time when anti-Semites are creating the impression that Jews can never be patriots, but are only Palestinians, Semites, Orientals. In fact, at the recent Anti-Semitic Dresden Congress, it was resolved that the Jews be sent back to Palestine. Even those Jews who share the traditional belief in a future restoration,—and who are rather proud of being recognized as Americans in America, Frenchmen in France, Englishmen in England, and so on in every land which guarantees them civil and religious liberty,—would resent such a polite invitation. In fact, to advocate such a plan now, in this century of political emancipation in every country save Russia, Roumania, and Coney Island, is a tacit confession that our

\* [See Sidney Lanier on this subject,—page 131.—EDITOR.]



enemies are right, and that the Jews cannot be patriots, and have no fatherland but Palestine. There are, however, reverent Israelites,—among them some of our most scholarly and representative rabbis,—who think that Judaism's best work has been done outside of Palestine, and believe that the traditional view about a literal restoration must be modified or abandoned. At any rate, the most conservative Jew will understand that if, in Miss Lazarus' words, "it has been reserved for Christians to proclaim the speedy advent of that Jewish triumph"—the restoration—the conversion of the Jews is an event generally associated by pious Christians with the final ingathering of the Jewish nation.

5. But, it may be asked, if the prospect of emigration *en masse* to Palestine and the establishment of a separate nationality be denied them, what hope is afforded the million and more Russian Israelites, and the several hundred thousand in Roumania, belonging to the poorer classes? The answer is, they must remain where they are, and it is the duty of their leaders and spokesmen to champion their rights, even as the German Israelites have finally acquired their political emancipation. It has been a long contest in Germany since Moses Mendelssohn taught the German that the Jew could be both a man and a brother. Let the Russian Mendelssohn, let the Russian Heine, let the Russian Börne, let the Russian Zundt and Riesser and the rest, step forward and champion their brethren at the bar of European public opinion. The world will respect such action as indicative of a nobler manhood and a higher faith. Riesser did not spare his own brethren. Mendelssohn and his school fought the bigotry and superstition which degraded their co-religionists, and made their religion a mass of antiquated forms and nerveless practices. Let the true restoration be preached to the hundreds of thousands who are ignorant of modern culture and modern industries. Let the best preparation for citizenship in enlightened lands begin in the scattered towns and governments of Russia by better schools and improved facilities for training the children, so that they may be transformed into men akin in spirit and aim to the brilliant writers, poets, philanthropists, and statesmen who are the pride and boast of other lands, where once the stone of reproach weighed heavily upon the Jew, which he has bravely rolled away. To begin this work is the duty primarily of the wealthy Russian Israelite; and the example of a few like Baron Guinzberg, Abraham Brodsky, and Poliakov, is worthy of wider and more general emulation. Nor can it be doubted that in such a movement might be enlisted the aid of the "Alliance Israélite"—which was not founded to colonize Palestine, but to educate the illiterate Jewish population of the East, and plant schools in all directions. If, in addition to such efforts on the part of Jews to secure political emancipation and social and educational reform, the Church shall more generally imitate the action of a few of its representatives in Russia, and strive to awaken a Christianity more in accord with the gentle teachings of its Founder,—who can doubt that in a decade or two the Jewish problem in Russia will have been solved, and the Russian Israelite will have no more ground of complaint than his brethren in France, England, and America?

In the brief space necessarily accorded a communica-

tion of this kind, and in a magazine like THE CENTURY, I have not attempted any detailed criticism. Let me add that paper schemes for the colonization of Palestine, which are chronicled with all the gravity of an item about the sea-serpent, are not original with Mr. Oliphant or George Eliot. In the "New York World," of September 28, 1866, Mr. Henry Durand, of Geneva, Switzerland, had a far more practicable plea for the settlement of Palestine by Jew and Christian, and the revival of the Orient by the development of its industry and commerce. It was expected by Mr. Durand and his friends that the Jews would aid, Turkey would cooperate, the Rothschilds provide capital, and the Emperor Napoleon give his support. But Mr. Durand's scheme shared the fate of all the pseudo-Messiahs who appear in the East from time to time—it ended in smoke; and so will every attempt, under present circumstances, to colonize Palestine on any large scale with a view of organizing a Jewish nation. That such a phantasy should be seriously advocated in our day is not so surprising when one reflects that the present whereabouts of the Ten Tribes still forms a subject of effervescent dispute, and within recent years a unique literature has appeared devoted to the claims of the Anglo-Saxon race to be considered their lineal descendants. It is only in England, perhaps, that such ideas can germinate "with miraculous rapidity."

Abraham S. Isaacs.

#### On Higher Education for Women.

DEAR MR. EDITOR: I know that you'll think it perfectly horrid of me and too forward and dreadful for anything to write to you in this bold way without knowing you at all, but I do hope that you'll excuse me, as there is something I feel it my duty to write to you about. (It seems too funny to write "Mr." instead of "Miss" or "Mrs.," as I most always do, for upon my word and honor, I never, never wrote to a gentleman before except once when I ———) But any way, I feel ever so safe, as you can't possibly know what my monogram stands for, and my signature is *ex officio*, or whatever you call it when you don't give your real name. But as I was saying, I want to speak to you about this just too dreadful fuss they are all making about what they call higher education for women and co-education. Horrid, tiresome old things, I'd just like to shake them.

Why, I declare! It's simply too ridiculous for anything, the way they go on; just as if any sensible girl, with any sort of romantic feelings, wanted to know anything about Greek and philosophy and things, and then grow up for all the world like those absurdly dreadful old frights that wear spectacles, and have straight hair brushed back, and sleeves that never fit at the shoulders, and carry their change in a bag, and ask for the "franchise" (whatever that is), and make all kinds of ridiculous plans, and don't know any more about flirting or dancing the German than the man in the moon. It quite makes the cold shivers run down my back to think of them. (Don't you consider this description just too awfully cutting and sarcastic for anything?)

I know well enough that they tell all of us girls that what women need is more *real* knowledge; but,

I'm sure, I simply can't see the good of it. It's awfully true as the poet says, "What is knowledge but grieving?" (Don't you consider Owen Meredith just too splendid and grand for this world? I quite dote on that sweet and dreamy Lucille.)

I'm sure you can get all the knowledge and accomplishments you want at lots and lots of establishments like Madame de Sagesse's. (Why, they even teach calisthenics there!) That's where I graduated last spring, and they gave me a diploma which was just every bit as large as the one Cousin Jack took at college ever and ever so many years ago, and exactly like it, only it was in English and didn't have a lot of letters after my name like his—A. B. or Ph. B. or whatever they are, just as if you were a drawing pencil and had to be stamped to show if you were very, very soft or only middling. But it was thick and crackly and real, *real* parchment; and it was tied with the most lovely shade of *clair de lune* blue that you ever saw in all your born days, "*gris grain*," too, and must have cost, oh! ever and ever so much a yard. French I think, because it exactly matched the bows on my white muslin. (Worth!) It was just too becoming to live, as Cousin Jack said. (I've ripped off one of the bows and send it to you around this manuscript, it looks so neat. You can keep it.)

But I am afraid you may think me frivolous and wandering from my subject; but really I feel so awfully nervous at the idea that this will be printed, and that then I will be a real live authoress just like George Eliot, or May Agnes Fleming, or Rosa Bonheur, and lots and lots more, that I really and truly can't write quite my best. (Though, upon my word, I should hope that now, when I have finished my education and received a prize for English composition, my writing is not so awfully bad that I have to apologize for it, because if I thought so, I would just throw it in the fire and burn it, and sink right through the floor, and it would be the death of me, and I would, as Byron says, "wither like a flower and like a flower die." Isn't that sentiment quite too soulful and heavenly? I know it's awfully wicked for a girl to read Byron; but I do just whenever I get a chance, and I think he's perfectly grand and divine, but I haven't read much lately, because the key of the book-case fell down the register last year, and so I can't open it.) Oh, dear me, what a frightfully long parenthesis! Almost a page. But please don't think that I can't keep my mind fixed on one subject, for I can, as you will easily see when I tell you that I was marked "double 10" for Logic, one whole term, while at Madame de Sagesse's.

But I must not let my thoughts wander any more or you may get the idea that I am not serious-minded. It's just too ridiculously preposterous the idea that a girl with any sort of pretension to good looks should just go and ruin her chances by seeming to know anything about all those dreadful mathematics like Soshiology (Dear me! I hope that's spelt correctly, though somehow or other it don't look quite right to

me). It only makes all the men afraid of her. So where's the good of it? What's the use of bothering your brains if the men won't like you any better for it?

Then they give another reason for the need of "higher" education, *viz.*: That many women are poor and want to earn their own living and want a diploma from a college to certify as to their fitness. As for the diploma, I have shown that you can get it at a school if you think it's going to do you any good. As for being poor, I don't see the need of that either. Why don't they go and live with some relations? Or marry some *rich* man? Or if they are ridiculously stuck up and want to be "independant," why there are lots of ways of making money. They can do spatter-work or worsted work, or paint plaques. It's awfully easy. I never took any drawing lessons at school (because the drawing teacher wasn't a bit young and poetic-looking, as an artist ought to be) and have taken only six painting lessons in my whole life, and yet I paint beautifully (this may seem conceited but it isn't). This winter I made a plaque and only painted seven weeks on it, and sent it to a fair and it sold the very first night for ten dollars. I'm sure that shows it was good. In fact I didn't like to part with it, so I made Cousin Jack promise to buy it for me and he did. He's just devoted to me.

I forgot to tell you that I'm the secretaryess of the North-American—literary—society (no real writers, you know, but only amateurs who could be if they wanted to), and so I have a great deal of experience in reading the very best essays, and I have often noticed that most of those that cry about the "right" of women are those "left" by men. (Isn't that an awfully well turned sentence?)

Anyway, I feel sure that you can get lots of culture now in New York, if you really want it and can get invited to the right places. What with the "Causeries de Lundi" and the "Goethe Lectures" and "Tasso Readings," and "Raphael Conversazione" and "Nineteenth Century Club" and "Biology Class" and so on *ad infinitum*. (You see I can quote Latin too, if I want to, but I don't think it's good taste to air your learning—it seems too dogmatic.)

But I shall have to stop now as I am afraid you will (Ought you say *will* here or *shall*?) get angry with me, if I keep you any longer from your printing; and besides, I have a most important engagement with my dressmaker, and anyway if I cross this sheet a third time I am afraid you may, here and there, have some difficulty in reading it *current calamo*.

Believe (I'm never quite sure whether it is *ie* or *ei*, but I haven't time to look for the dictionary) me—

Yours for health,

PINKIE ROSEBUD.

P. S. — You may have this even if you don't think you can afford to pay all it's worth; but I should like to receive something, so as to be able to say that I have been paid for my writing, because you know that always shows it's good.

P. R.

## BRIC-À-BRAC.

### Time's Revenge.

WHEN I was ten and she fifteen—  
Ah, me! how fair I thought her.  
She treated with disdainful mien  
The homage that I brought her,  
And, in a patronizing way,  
Would of my shy advances say:  
"It's really quite absurd, you see;  
He's very much too young for me."

I'm twenty now, she twenty-five—  
Well, well! how old she's growing.  
I fancy that my suit might thrive  
If pressed again; but, owing  
To great discrepancy in age,  
Her marked attentions don't engage  
My young affections, for, you see,  
She's really quite too old for me.

*Walter Learned.*

### Childer and Wife.

I WAS going home, one snowy winter day,  
When a poor old creature stopped my weary way.  
Have you any pennies?" (crouching like a slave)  
"For I have two childer, and their mother's in the grave."

Though I have a wife, I don't care much for pelf  
When I meet a man who is poorer than myself;  
Beaten by the world, I feel no longer brave,  
For my two children are lying in the grave!

I gave my brother pauper pennies four or five—  
Enough, I hope, to keep him another hour alive.  
My pocket was opened by the reasons that he gave,—  
His two little children, and their mother in the grave!

*Richard Henry Stoddard.*

### A Song.

If you love me, come and be  
In my heart of hearts, and see  
How I think of naught but thee!

If you hate me, tell me so;  
I should love you still, I know:  
Hate to love will sometimes grow.

If you neither love nor hate,  
For your grace I ne'er will wait;  
You will never be my fate.

*Oscar Fay Adams.*

### Aphorisms from the Quarters.

Your luck aint always ekul to de lenk o' your fishin'-pole.

Grass don't grow high roun' de corn-crib.

De man aint put togedder right dat don't lub his own dorg.

Sunset mighty pretty to de plow-hand.

It takes a hones' miller to keep lean shotes.

Don't kill de old goose in sight o' de fedder-bed.

De full moon is a po' han' to keep secrets.

Old ben got 'nough l'arnin to tell her own chillun in de dark.

*J. A. Macon.*

### Plowing.



GOOD mornin', sir! A clearin' sky—  
What? Want to talk with me, sir?  
You tracked across that piece o' rye,  
But we wont disagree, sir.

I'm sure yer welcome on this sod.  
The piece was heavy-seeded;  
The finest catch there, where you trod,  
Since the old farm was deeded.

Whoa, boy! It's gettin' warm ag'in—  
That colt is just a-learnin'—  
Come, boy! Come Fan, come in! *Come in!*  
They're rather slow a-turnin'.

The air, I guess, don't smell so sweet  
Where you live, in the city,  
No grass or shade-trees on the street?  
Now, that must be a pity.

I calculate a farmer lacks  
Some things you make a show of;  
But there may be some curious facts  
That city folks don't know of.

You see the nest on that pine-bough?  
Do you know what there's hid in't?  
D'ye know what bird 'tis singin' now?  
No? Well, I thought you didn't.

You mus'n't think a pleasin' thing  
Is lost on country people;  
The birds that in that maple sing  
Beat chimes in any steple.

And as for good, fresh thinkin' stuff,  
Paved streets can't be so givin';  
While this one field has got enough  
To last you while you're livin'.

Kin Boston beat that row of stumps  
The little lot is fenced with?  
*Who-o-o-a!* Woodchuck holes are wuss'n mumps!  
The beasts might be dispensed with.

You'd like to hold the plow awhile?  
All right, sir. I am willin'.  
*Whos there, I say! Don't go a mile!*  
You'd ought to kept its bill in.

What threw the plow out? Oh, a stone  
*They're* rather apt to turn her.  
 I guess I'll go it best alone—  
 You do well for a learner.

Why, I have seen men lean and try  
 To push the plow before 'em!  
 'Twould make a horse laugh till he'd cry;  
 But one fool makes a quorum.

I s'pose they think that Kingdom Come  
 Depends on them for motion;  
 Be' of the Power that's pullin' some  
 They haven't the slightest notion.

It's like good times to plow sod loam,—  
 To hear the coultter ripplin',  
 And the soft earth, like fallin' foam,  
 Into the furrer drippin'.

But when you strike a stretch o' stone  
 It's sickness and low prices!  
 The plow not only shakes each bone  
 But kinder wakes yer vices.

A plow's a contrary concern,  
 A young calf can't out-do it;  
 To guide the point the handles turn  
 The opposite way to it.

Cut furrer wide, lean handles right—  
 You know how 'tis, I dare say—  
 Lift up, and it dives out of sight,  
 And t'other way, vice versa.

Not married? Well, you'll hardly swim  
 Before you go in swimmin';  
 But p'raps you'll find that in this whim  
 A plow is like some wimmin'!

Nags like the furrer—softer ground—  
 Their crowdin's apt to balk us;  
 They're like two politicians bound  
 To carry the same caucus.

The colt lags, don't he? 'Pon my soul,  
 I guess the mare's the stronger!  
 I'll move that clevis up a hole  
 And make his end the longer.

Young hoss, if you don't stop that prank  
 I'm 'fraid you'll get a floggin'.  
 This knoll grows quack-grass mighty rank—  
 The meanest stuff for cloggin'!

I'm blamed if quack-grass aint like sin,  
 It grows where land's the poorest;  
 Ag'in a hoe it's sure to win—  
 Guess buryin's the surest.

I tried a new plow at the fair;  
 'Twas neat, but I refused it.  
 This "Rough and Ready" stands the tear,  
 And our folks allus used it.

Old plows and old beliefs are strong,  
 And good yet if kept shinin'!  
 Things that have stood the strain so long  
 Kin stand *some* underminin'.

I like to watch before the plow  
 The grass a-tumblin' over;  
 The big and little have to bow,  
 The June-grass and the clover.

A plow reminds me, then, of Time.  
 Does't other folks, I wonder?  
 There goes a violet in its prime—  
 I hate to turn *them* under.

But when above the buried weeds  
 The yellow wheat is wavin',  
 'Twill teach that buried years and deeds  
 Still live, if worth the savin'.

A life-time dwindles like these lands  
 In which the lot's divided;  
 When the dead-furrer's reached one stands  
 And wonders where it's slid.

Tell how I run a furrer straight,  
 And keep my sights when sowin'?  
 Yer competition would be late,  
 So I don't mind yer knowin'.

I set that pole this side the lot,  
 Then start from over yonder,  
 And range that pole with some fur spot  
 And never let it wander.

I've sometimes thought if we would range  
 Our daily walk with Natur',  
 Our lives with things that never change,  
 We'd draw our furrer straighter.

I'm apt at preachin'? So I've heard.  
 Yes, I 'tend church on Sunday.  
 Why, if I didn't hear the Word  
 I couldn't work on Monday.

Ah, ha! That whistle blows for noon,  
 And dinner-time, I'm thinkin';  
 Well, I don't think it blows too soon,—  
 I feel like eatin' an' drinkin'.

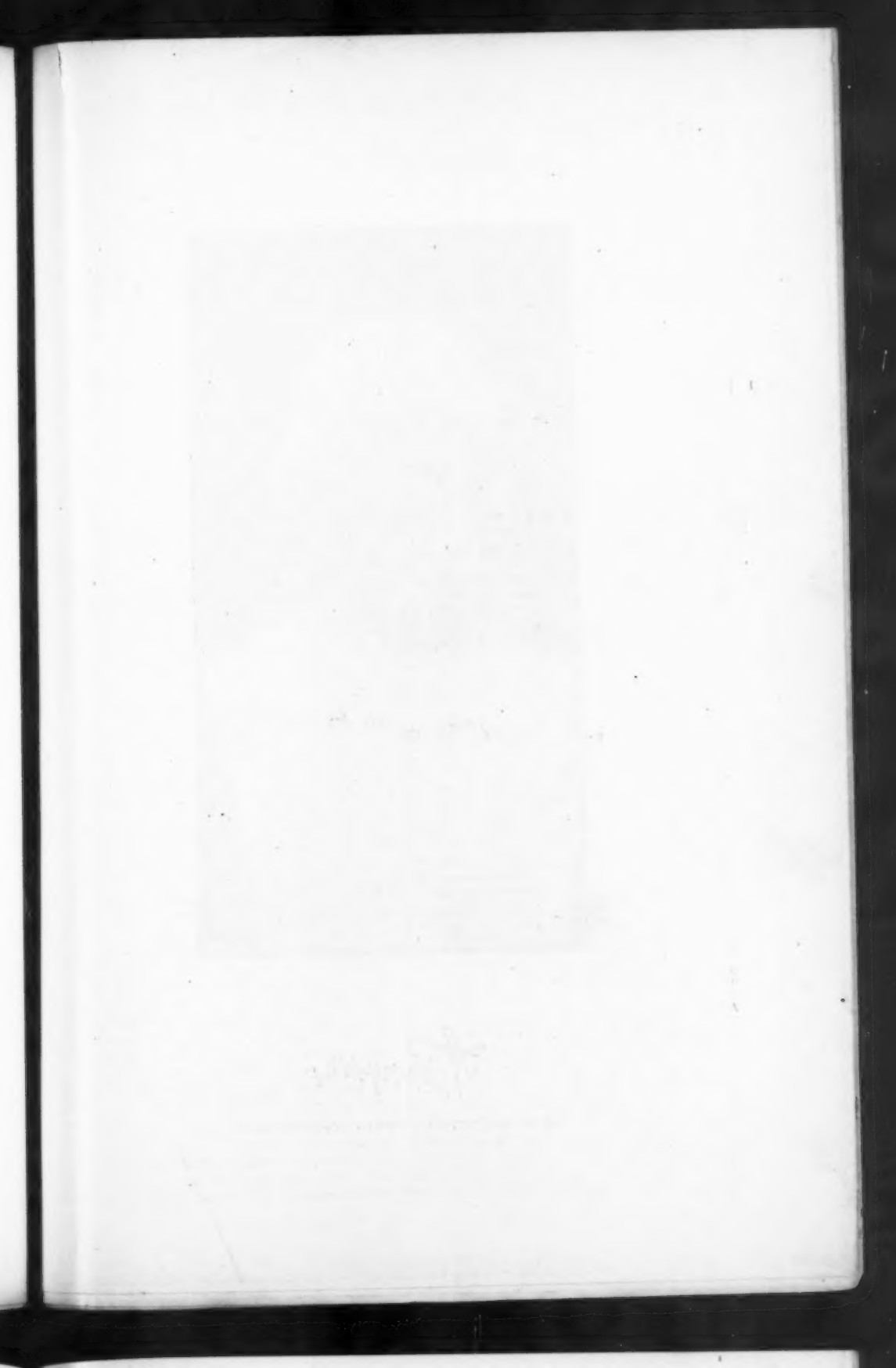
Ned's callin' me, my little son,—  
 Jest five years ter his story;—  
 He makes us seven, countin' one  
 That's now a child o' glory.

How proud that team steps now that they  
 Are p'intin' for the stable!  
 A pretty tune their trappin's play,  
 Judgin' as I am able.

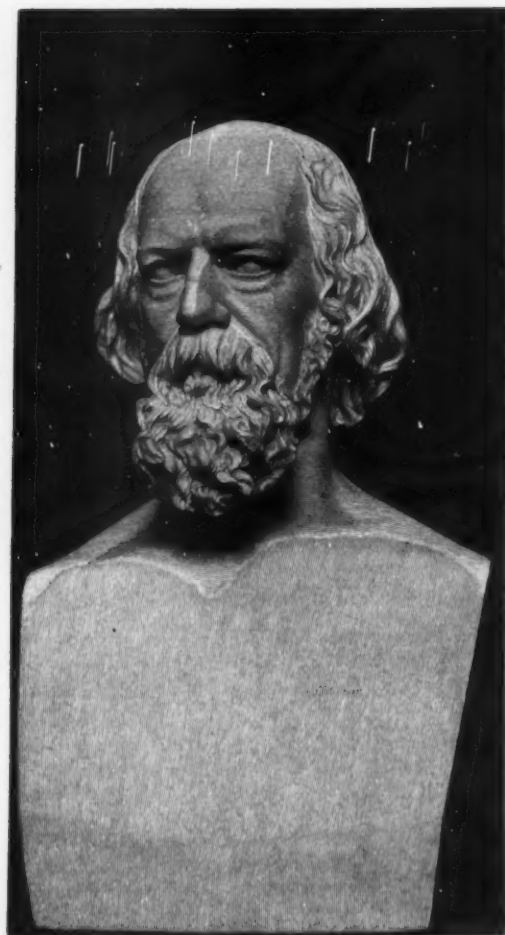
Come in the house and see my Nell—  
 I think she aint bad-lookin'—  
 And she's just as reliable  
 At counselin' as cookin'!

Charles H. Crandall.









*A. Tennyson*

(ALFRED TENNYSON, AFTER A BUST BY THOMAS WOOLNER.)

lo  
gr  
an  
les  
of  
lo  
w  
sp  
th  
he  
lo  
ci  
he  
de  
in  
ha  
R  
th  
be  
L  
tw  
of  
a  
an  
fa  
of  
ev  
ag  
by  
bl  
ti  
hi  
B  
hi  
in  
Y  
ac  
m